

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

APRIL
1926
WINNIPEG, CANADA



William
Houple

A WESTERN HOME MONTHLY COVER BY WILLIAM HOUPLE

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T. B. Robertson

"The Man from Quebec"

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"An Ideal Western Bungalow"



Birthdays matter little

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The Western Home Monthly

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

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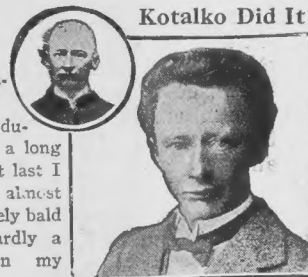
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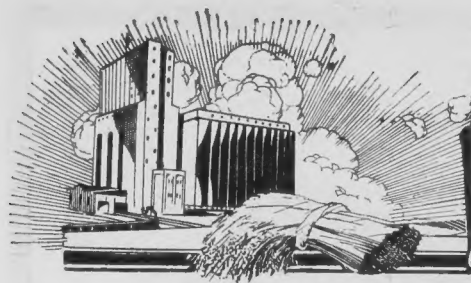
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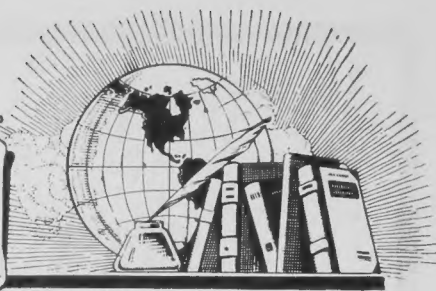
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EDITORIAL



The Treatment of Criminals

ONE of the criminals who recently paid the death penalty, left behind some written statements which are interesting reading. One section of the diary apparently reproduces the religious instruction received during imprisonment, and gives every evidence of conscientious and sympathetic effort on the part of his spiritual adviser. Nothing could be better. The other section consists of comments by the young man on the treatment he received during life. Some will say: "A criminal always blames somebody else for his crimes"; others will say: "A man approaching his grave will surely tell the truth." The question for every good citizen to ask is this: "Are we doing our utmost to prevent young people from becoming criminals, and are we treating criminals after their release from prison in such a manner that they will likely go straight and enter upon useful careers?" Before discussing the point let us take at random a few sentences from the diary which by courtesy we are permitted to print:

"I went once to a place to get employment. I was asked where I worked last. I told the truth: I was just released from prison. I was told 'we don't want convicts and jail-birds.' I finally got a job, but didn't tell them I had been in jail. Through some source they learned the fact, and I was politely told to look for another job."

"I am not saying all men who are in prison are good, but if these same men, who are, as society says, hardened criminals, were treated with kindness in the early period, they would not be where they are today. I have often heard the remark: 'When I get out, somebody will pay for this'—Result: another crime."

"Some are born richer in gold than others; some are born with weaker minds than others. If people believe what they profess to believe they would help one another."

"One time I was on a prominent street corner of a certain city, and a man I knew well, who had a large business connection, talked with me for a few minutes till he saw another man and a girl coming down the street. Then he said: 'Goodbye, I can't be seen talking to you, people will think I am as bad as you are. Come to my office where we can talk. Nobody will know anything about it.'"

These extracts are only typical, but raise the whole question of the cause of crime and its remedy.

Crime may originate in heredity, in environment, or in the will of man. We know that between seventy and ninety per cent of the feeble-minded are so by heredity, and that from this great class is drawn a very large percentage of the moral degenerates, who are found in prisons and penitentiaries. So serious is the influence of heredity that some nations have prevented the marriage of those who are sub-normal. It may be that before long Canada will be wise enough to adopt a regulation of this kind. A study of eugenics by public-spirited citizens is very much required.

The second force referred to is environment, as indicating all the influences thrown about the child by his home, his school, his community. A noted psychologist has said that: "The imagination grows by what it feeds upon," and common experience justifies the conclusion that in our lives we reflect the sum total of our associations. Our speech, our conduct and our thoughts indicate to the world the orbit in which we are moving, and reveals the stratum in which our loves be. Good and evil are infectious; habits, tastes and dispositions are caught as well as taught; families, communities and nations have their destructive markings. And the environment of nature and of books is quite as potent as the environment of people. Well may a child pray that he may have a wisely-directed

home, a well-taught school, a morally-inspired community. As Canadians we have much to be thankful for, but there are excellences yet unrealized. There are districts in which irreligion and immorality thrive, where home life and social life are demoralized; where no pretence is made at supervision of the activities of children and youths. What need we expect? Those who sow the wind must of necessity reap the whirlwind.

True, there is the third factor—the individual's own will power. But what is a will until it is moved by or towards ideals? And how can there be ideals unless there is an environment to suggest them? There must be something to set the mind at work, and for the comfort of the few leaders in every community, let it be said that when an ideal is attractive it is impelling. One seed thought, one illustration of the beautiful, the good or the true, may be enough to energize a thousand wills. So let us hope for parents, teachers, preachers, writers who, with the power of true love and holy conviction "Will winnow the air of all pestilence and superstition" and inspire to loyal and holy devotion. Then may we hope that our children will grow to be men and women all may admire. Then may they be saved from inglorious failure.

And when there is failure from any cause the punishment meted out or the help extended should look towards restoration. The man who will not help towards reinstatement is guilty of a crime—not against the state, but against the individual.

Beside the Big Neighbor

AN AMERICAN writing in the Spectator on the relation between Canada and the United States points out that in two ways it is unfortunate to the younger nation that it is side by side with the older and greater nation. In the first place there is the tariff, in the second place there is the American policy with regard to immigration.

The natural trade route for Canada is north and south. The high tariff imposed by the American government prevents the normal exchange of goods. The duty on fish, potatoes, wheat, livestock makes Canadians seek more inconvenient markets in other parts of the world. Canada is America's second best customer, but she receives no better treatment than Mexico. Though Canada entered the war more whole-heartedly and earlier than the United States, and though proportionately to her population and wealth, she paid infinitely more in men and money to block German aggression, she has had no opportunity of recovery, because of this tariff restriction. Nor are Canadians whining. They are not going to play the part of Lazarus at the rich man's table. Even though she has a plant and equipment vastly greater than her man-power warrants she is going to see it through, and no one doubts the outcome.

The second barrier that America has raised is the legislation with regard to immigration. Against all lands except Canada there is a stringent exclusion law. The quota of immigrants must not exceed a fixed number. But Canadians are not barred. All the native-born could move across the line in a month if they so desired. From a Canadian point of view it would be better that the law of exclusion were the same as that which applies to the Japanese. The States, with their greater opportunities, more numerous jobs and higher pay have been a magnet to doctors, lawyers, engineers and workers of every kind—who almost invariably achieve success and often distinction.

As Canadians we can forget all of this article but this last sentence. Our day is coming. Indeed, it is here. The trek is already back to the Northland, the land of wheat and timber and "illimitable possibilities."

And though Canada can say nothing as to tariff legislation—seeing that she lost her opportunity to have reciprocity—and though she cannot change the policy as to immigration, she can protest against the great theft of our water supply, and in this protest every Canadian, regardless of party or business association will join most heartily.

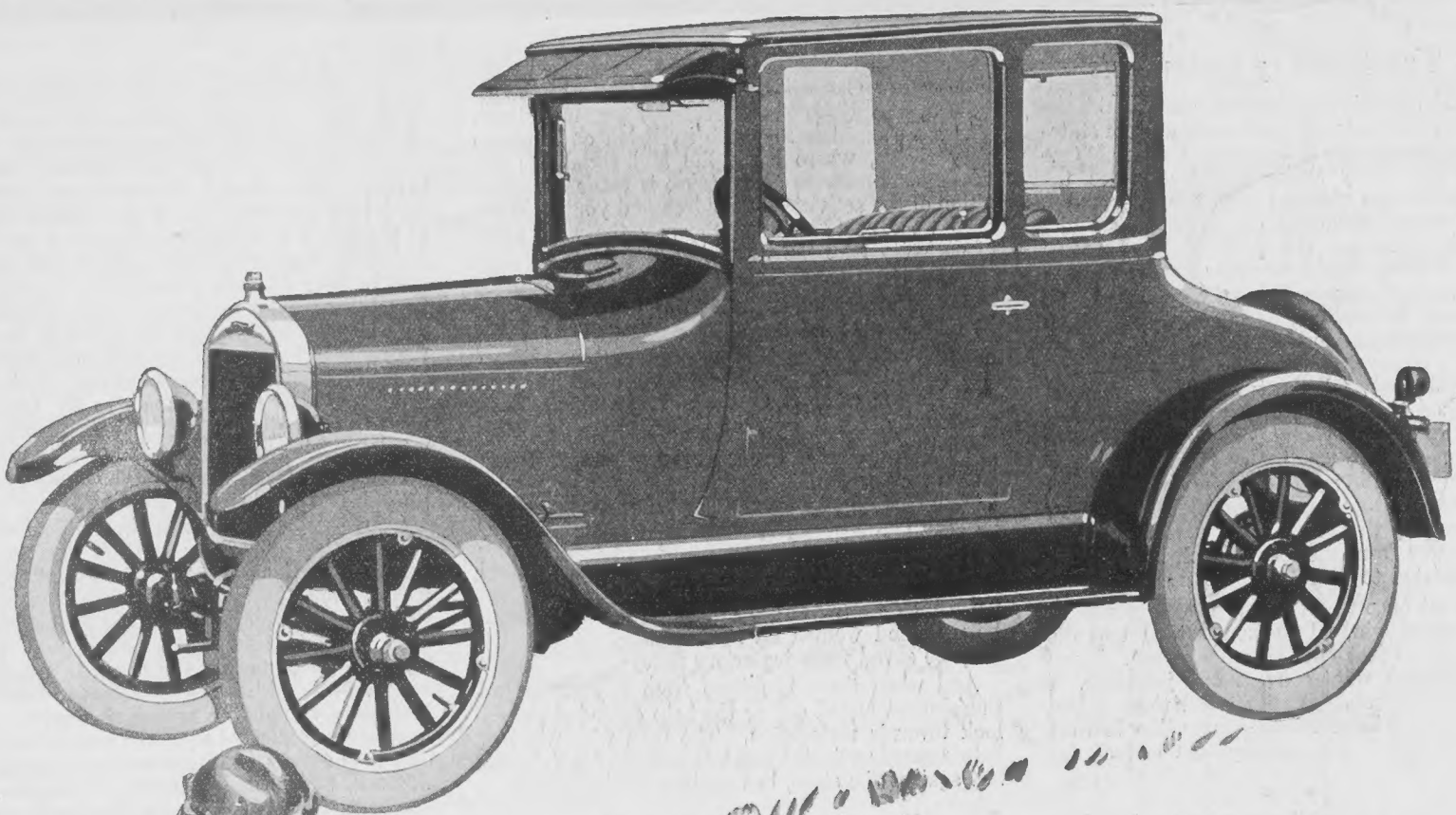
Monopoly in Education

IN THE Saturday Review, in an article on "Osteopathy and Medicine," which at the present time is of more than ordinary interest to people of this country. It seems that certain doctors, with propriety, no doubt, wished the House of Commons to appoint a committee on "unqualified medical practitioners" and the aim apparently was to have all such practitioners suppressed. It was taken to be an attack on osteopathy. The House of Commons took no action in the matter, taking the ground that it could not create a monopoly of healing without blocking up channels by which new ideas might come to the medical profession. The Review puts it very plainly in these words, which are a rebuke not only to doctors but to all who are trained in the traditional schools, whatever their purpose:

"But the danger (and again the doctors are like the first-class university honours men from whom our civil service is recruited) is that while ideas from within the service are eagerly welcomed, a very different reception is given to ideas produced from without or made in circumstances and fortified by arguments that show that their authors are not 'of us,' and have never attended 'our' school. Ridiculously credulous among themselves, they reserve their suspicions and their scepticism for ideas that it is sought to introduce from outside. Civil servants, priests and ministers of religion, literary academies all have the same fault, and sometimes nothing less than a revolution will get a new idea past the serried orthodoxy of the learned. Happily, osteopathy has not required a revolution to secure the measure of sympathy that it has now received in the medical trade union. As a panacea and an all-embracing theory of disease osteopathy has made no advance but gone back, but as a new technique and a new broken light into the obscure and complicated machinery and mechanism of the human body it clearly has its usefulness. Had Dr. Little put his case more skilfully, he would have been content to lay down the principle that osteology is a supplement to, not a substitution for, general medical knowledge. He would have shown the dangers, which are indeed obvious enough, of applying any technique without the complete medical knowledge that only systematic scientific study can give. He would have pointed out that no visions, inspirations or intuitions can dispense with the necessity of general study, and that in medicine as in all other branches of science general knowledge must precede specialization. The whole question would then have reduced itself to the practical measures that should be taken to distinguish the genuine scientific osteopath from the frauds, charlatans, and empiricists. The Medical Council would then have had the sympathy of almost everyone.

"After all, every orthodoxy has once been a heresy. We want a body which shall be the repository of the true scientific spirit and of the great traditions of medicine. But the finer the conservatism—and it is true of politics and science—the greater the need of the quickening impulse from without. It is not forgotten that Harvey, Lister, and Pasteur had their enemies, and that their reforms and innovations were obstructed. People want some guarantee, too, that the traditions of medicine will be protected, not on the principle of a trade union or of a caste anxious to preserve its prestige and privileges, but of an open-minded and enlightened trusteeship. It may be that there should be on the Medical Council some lay representation to make sure that the arrival of new ideas shall not be obstructed and delayed by the trade unionism of scholars."

The knowledge that is not allowed to expand is in danger of shrinking until it is no longer of value to mankind. Scientific discoveries that make for the alleviating and prevention of disease must not be prescribed by any narrow limitations or selfish considerations. Let us hope that the day is coming when every governing body in our land will regard the health of the people as a first essential.



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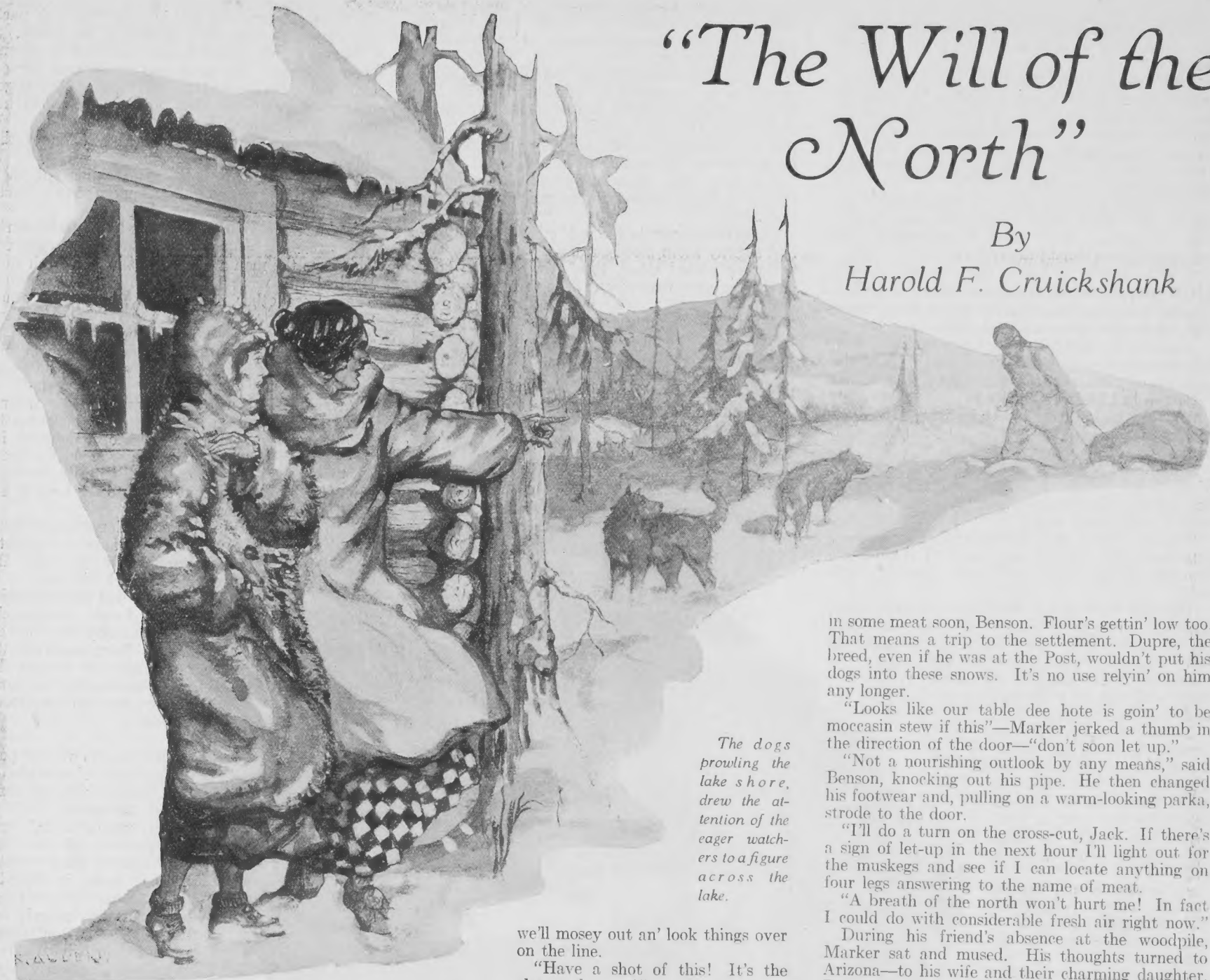
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PRODUCTS OF TRADITIONAL QUALITY

"The Will of the North"

By

Harold F. Cruickshank



The dogs prowling the lake shore, drew the attention of the eager watchers to a figure across the lake.

"BY THE time you get through distillin' them prunes, Benson, you'll have no blood left and I'll be plum' eaten up with scurvy."

The gods of the north had turned an unfavorable side to the two trappers of Smoky River district. Swirling snows launched themselves, persistently, against the sturdy little log cabin which housed Jack Marker and his "prune distillin'" partner, "Lightning" Benson.

Marker had run into Benson in an Arizona mining town five years previously. Benson had gained his *nom de guerre* from the fact that he was very speedy on the "draw" in a crisis.

Both Marker and his partner had each got his man—Marker defending the name and honor of his wife; Benson assisting Marker, who was hard pressed at the time.

It was unfortunate for their future safety that Benson's "man" happened to be the district deputy sheriff, thus calling for action from the long arm of alleged Southern law.

They had lost out. Fate had stacked the cards against them and there was but one alternative—flight.

To Benson, flight meant nothing more than a change of atmosphere. To Marker, however, it meant separation from his wife and his lovely daughter, the latter a charming girl of seventeen.

"As I was saying, Benson," continued Marker when his pipe was properly filled and lighted, "you're a mighty big man when you lay off that gut-rottin' evaporated fruit juice. Why in hell don't you take a tumble and set yourself up? You're not eatin' a thing. As soon as the weather clears, we'll have to buck some mighty cold snaps out on the line.

"You'll have no more blood than a partridge and you know what that means, partner, against the will o' the north!"

"'S all righ' Jack. Don' go fussin' roun' my morals. Tomorrow I'll be plum temp'rance an'

we'll mosey out an' look things over on the line.

"Have a shot of this! It's the clear o dee vee!"

Marker shrugged his huge shoulders in disgust. Idleness for over

two weeks had revived in Benson an old habit. He distilled and drank quite heavily, a blood-thinning wash from the stock of dried fruits.

Marker could see that Benson was slipping and it hurt him to see such a fine specimen as his partner truly was—physically and mentally, allowing the demon Bacchus full sway.

The following day was a repetition of the previous one—snow and a biting wind.

Marker, his pipe well aglow, sat greasing some traps before the sheet-iron stove.

A deep yawn from the lower of the two rude bunks which served as beds for the partners, heralded the fact that Benson had survived his souse.

"Merry Christmas, Jack! My bawth water ready? Has Santy slipped us any better weather during the night?"

A broad grin spread over Marker's features. It was evident that the real Benson had awakened this morning.

It was Benson's humor, Benson's ready wit and cheeriness in his "off the prunes" days that had helped both men to realize the fact that even in the clutch of the north gods, in such weather as this, life still held something worth while.

A man who could defy the north in mid-winter, with a grin and a wholesome jest had the guts and earmarks of a white man.

Kicking his feet into a pair of lynx-paw scufflers, Benson proceeded to an attack on the coffee and mush pots.

Both men were silent while Benson caught up on several missed meals.

The dishes put away and his pipe lighted, Benson drew a seat up nearer the stove, where, for a few moments, in silence, he watched his friend at work.

"How's the moose pile, Jack?" Benson ventured the question after a prolonged period of silence.

"Not more'n a couple or three pounds left," was the grim reply.

"One of us has got to hit the muskegs an' tow

in some meat soon, Benson. Flour's gettin' low too. That means a trip to the settlement. Dupre, the breed, even if he was at the Post, wouldn't put his dogs into these snows. It's no use relyin' on him any longer.

"Looks like our table dee hote is goin' to be moccasin stew if this"—Marker jerked a thumb in the direction of the door—"don't soon let up."

"Not a nourishing outlook by any means," said Benson, knocking out his pipe. He then changed his footwear and, pulling on a warm-looking parka, strode to the door.

"I'll do a turn on the cross-cut, Jack. If there's a sign of let-up in the next hour I'll light out for the muskegs and see if I can locate anything on four legs answering to the name of meat.

"A breath of the north won't hurt me! In fact I could do with considerable fresh air right now."

During his friend's absence at the woodpile, Marker sat and mused. His thoughts turned to Arizona—to his wife and their charming daughter. Dolores would be quite a woman by now; and her mother—Marker's lovely wife—a dark-eyed southern beauty whom he loved tremendously—what of her? Was she still alive?

To Marker, who thought of the past, there seemed no solace—naught in this great frozen hinterland which savored of anything but a furtherance of persecution and damnation.

The door opened and with Benson's entrance came the icy breath of the north; a mockery to the heart of Marker.

"She's breaking, Jack! Not more than you'd notice, but there's every sign of a break! Down to forty and more sure as hell tonight!

"Let's cut the cards o' timer! Low hits out for the timber and meat. High treks to the settlement for flour."

A deck of cards was produced. Benson deftly shuffled and handed the deck to Marker for a blind, preliminary cut.

Benson cut an ace, and smiled as he tossed the cards onto a bunk.

Marker, who had not cut, reached for the scattered cards.

"There's four aces in the deck, Benson. I might cut a draw."

Marker cut and drew the ace of hearts. The cards were re-shuffled for another cut.

Benson cut an ace again—the ace of spades—the same card he had drawn before. A smile flitted across his face as he watched his partner who, in turn, glanced at Benson through lowered brows.

Marker cut the nine of diamonds.

"Damned strange what a fondness that lil' black ace has for you, Benson! Seems like its you for the meat pile son! I wish it was me for that trip.

"I have a chance on the settlement trip. All I've got to do is follow the river. You don't know where you're goin'; and there's precious little for you to follow but the end of your nose!

"I'm not aimin' to hang th' crape, Benson, but I don't think you're in condition to tackle the bush. Better let me take it. Better switch, Benson; I never felt fitter than I do right now."

Benson busied himself slinging together his kit. He would leave as soon as he had eaten a bite of lunch.

"Don't worry about me, Jack. Why, man alive! anyone would think I was a derelict—no guts, no sand, no innards left at all. We both stand exactly the same chances of living or cashing in, so there's no use in bargaining and trading. Snow and zero weather are the same ol' devils no matter which way you head these days.

"I'll hit for our cache cabin on Echo Lake if I'm stuck. If I don't make it and the worst comes, well: *'ca ne fait rien,'* which in back-home English means: 'we should worry.'"

FOR the first few miles Benson headed in a westerly direction, following the frozen river whose high banks offered considerable shelter.

Leaving the river, Benson was confronted by a full realization of the will of the north. Now the question of physical fitness made itself known.

Benson had hurled a challenge at the north gods which they had accepted. As he struck the open country and turned to the north, he felt the sting of the frost in his lungs.

A dull grey pall hung in the sky—the aftermath of the heavy snows. In keeping with the cheerless heavens was the gripping silence: no sound save the wail of the demon wind.

Towing a hand sled, Benson's tall figure swung in steady gait over the deep snow. His head was lowered, for the intense cold made breathing difficult.

The odds were against much game being at large. Although there were signs of a break, the break meant further cold—when the temperature would hover in the neighborhood of the forties for some time. In such weather, with the snow so deep, moose and deer were hard to locate.

Benson was used to the north. He loved the north, for in winter the north was an adversary with a punch, and Benson loved a good fight. He had spent a winter at Fort Smith. He went up with the mail. Such a trip!

As he plodded on, Benson thought of the winter at Fort Smith and grinned. It was the winter that the flu found its way to the remotest corners of the globe.

Indians perished in dozens throughout the north. The few whites at the posts did what they could. They were not immune, however. Benson was one of those who gave his splendid manhood to battle the cold and the flu scourge.

Such thoughts serve as company to the trekker in the north. There is naught else for the musher on the trail. Cogitation and soliloquy compensate somewhat for the mighty grip of silence.

Dusk had set in early. By the time Benson had reached the timber it was time to prepare a suitable camp. He was tired and cold; and he coughed—a short rasping cough.

Taking an axe from the sled Benson set to work on a windfall. There would be a good fire. That would be in spite of everything.

It seemed to Benson that he was somehow handicapped. A few strokes with the axe and breathing became difficult. There was an unpleasant wheeze when he breathed, but he cut on until there was sufficient firewood for the night.

The spot Benson had chosen for his camp would, under half decent circumstances, have been ideal, but the camper, as he started his fire, was worried. That cough. . . .

Benson let his mind wander back to the can of firewater he had left behind at the cabin. "A shot of that fruit juice would set a fellow right up on a night like this," he muttered aloud.

Night settled still and calm. There was no more wind, for which Benson was thankful. A maze of stars studded the cold, deep grey of the sky.

Timbers snapped in the bush, like giants might crack their huge joints.

Save the trees cracking with the cold, and since the dying of the wind, there was nothing to disturb the overwhelming silence.

Benson sat hunched on the hand sled. He smoked

steadily as he watched the sparks from his pine wood fire soar upward—flinging themselves into cold, empty space.

A long, dismal howl broke the silence. Benson started as he recognized the familiar wolf-call. The sound might have filled a weaker-minded individual with terror, but Benson had no horror of the wolf, but as he listened for the answer to the lone call, he was visited by another fit of coughing.

The long, deep inhalation which always follows such a fit, stung Benson's lungs like the thrust of a knife.

Came the answer to the wolf call. It was nearer and slightly more blood-curdling.

Benson cursed aloud, then grinned. The howls of the timber wolves meant little to him; but that damnable cough!

A wolf is something a man can fight, something a man has a chance to conquer. But a frosted lung, on a night like this . . . "Hell!" Benson cursed aloud, "a man's helpless; he's gutted before he has a chance to draw!"

Finishing a steaming cup of coffee, Benson looked to his Colt's automatic. He carried both rifle and the automatic. He was more comfortable with the

the power, Benson was just in time. The wolf pack had drawn in—they were already in the attack.

Benson's gun flashed round the circle of green-eyed invaders. His hand was steady and served him well. He backed himself against the huge, up-turned pine root that formed a wall to his camp, dragging with him his axe.

The blood scent had acted as a tonic to the wolves who once more leapt in.

Benson's automatic spat again and again, then suddenly there was no more response than a feeble click—the clip was empty.

Benson's last volley had got in some useful work. The remaining wolves were temporarily checked. This gave the man a chance to slip in a fresh clip. He had two more left, but he must be careful. There were other nights; there might be other wolves. Yet tonight there was that cough; that lung. It might be weaker another night.

Benson slipped his automatic into its holster and picked up the axe. It was lucky for him he acted quickly.

Savagely he struck at the grey shapes around him. His axe missed its mark, causing Benson to lose his balance. Down on his face in the snow he felt the weight of a wolf on his back. He also felt the sharp teeth rip through his parka and sink into the flesh of his shoulder.

With all his remaining strength Benson heaved his big frame in a mighty effort to fling off the wolf. He was able to reach his gun.

Then again, that hellish cough!

Benson fought desperately against heavier odds than he had ever known. Torn, smeared with blood; gasping for breath, he emptied his automatic, then sank in a huddled mass to the blood-soaked snow.

ECHO LAKE was the parent body of a chain of small lakes which are common to the north.

The name "Echo," was appropriately given this larger lake by some traveler who had heard, in the winter, the roar as the lake's frozen surface cracked; and the echo—long and reverberating, which bounded back from the fairly high, timbered banks surrounding the lake on three sides.

It was close to the south shore, almost hidden by a clump of spruce, that Marker had built a cabin of logs. This cabin served as a cache—a place to store surplus pelts and meat. It also served as a haven port for an occasional musher, for it lay close to the mail trail north.

Someone was making use of the cabin now. A thin spiral of smoke curled its way upward above the roof. Inside sat a young white woman and a young Cree squaw.

"I wonder what keeps Marcel, your husband," inquired the white girl. "Did he not say he would return by dark of last night?"

"Have no fear for Marcel. He will return soon. The snows are deep and the moose and deer are not close. Marcel travels far; but he will return. He hunts well. He was taught by my people near the waters of the Great Slave. My people are mighty hunters, and Marcel, there is none better in the hunt!"

It was noon. The snarl of a husky caused both women to start.

"Now, comes Marcel!" exclaimed the squaw. "We shall soon learn if he is the great hunter I say!"

Pulling on their parkas the women stepped outside.

The dogs, prowling the lake shore, drew the attention of the eager watchers to a figure crossing the lake.

The Indian woman's eyes dilated as she scanned the approaching man. This one pulled a sled. Her man had no sled. Yet it was Marcel, her half-breed husband.

"It is Marcel," exclaimed the squaw, "but how comes he to be pulling a sled? Look! There is someone—a man—on it. Perhaps he is dead! Who knows?"



Benson cut an ace again—the ace of spades.

latter in his hand. Fear for the night had not entered his head. He could keep from freezing with a good fire and hot coffee.

The thought of any immediate effect of his cough did not concern Benson. But what of the morrow? It would be colder tomorrow. Tomorrow he must hunt. Marker, his faithful friend, was bucking the frost too—he must have meat.

A kick at a smouldering log shot a cloud of sparks skyward. Benson noticed a dark shadow leap to one side some fifty feet from the blaze.

The crack of the automatic split the night air as "Lightning's" trigger finger got to work. A streak of flame spat into space in the direction of the shadow. It was a random shot but evidently Benson had wounded his venturesome visitor. It was not long till the kill-call of the wolf sent its message to the night—the wounded wolf had fallen victim to his hungry fellows.

Such is the law of the north—"the survival of the fittest."

Cheerless dragged the night. Benson's head had fallen forward till his chin rested on his chest. His breathing was heavy and he wheezed more. He was asleep, while about him lurked death. Death from the lean gray shapes which had become bolder as the fire burned lower; death from the breath of the north, which got colder every hour.

Perhaps it was instinct; perhaps . . . what? that caused Benson to wake with a start. It might be better to call the influence luck, but whatever

With the help of the two women Marcel carried the inert, bloodstained man from the sled and placed him gently on a bearskin sled-robe in the cabin.

Silently the half-breed and his squaw worked on the unconscious form. No one spoke. Not even the white woman, whose heart beat wildly in anxiety and curiosity.

From a buckskin bag the squaw took a smaller package containing a greasy looking ointment. This substance was applied to the man's wounds. His face was badly frozen and his fingers had suffered, while his left shoulder was torn. It was not till all the wounds were properly dressed that the half-breed spoke.

"She lives, but it will not be long. I foun' him close to where I camp.

"I had killum big buck, but it was dark, an' Sacre! the col' she's too moch! I am too far to return, so I mak' d' camp!

"She's more col', maybe forty, maybe forty-five below. Soon I hear d' damn wolf. Sacre nom! Such a night! Then she shoot. Queek, like she's two, t'ree gun.

"Soon's come d' daylight then I fin' him. She's hunch up in d' snow an' d' wolf—damn!—seex, seven. She's killum all! Such a man! There is no bettaire! If she's live I mak' d' frien', sure.

"D' fros', she's mak' big trouble inside him. Here." The breed illustrated by tapping his own chest.

"Maybe she's live one day, maybe two, t'ree more; but with d' fros' inside—who knows?"

TWO days had gone by since Benson had been rescued by the half-breed. Two days he had lain unconscious. Save for an occasional groan or fit of coughing there were no other signs of life from his badly used-up frame.

Benson opened his eyes with a start. He tried hard to call out, but difficulty in breathing prevented him.

To the white girl who sat watching, Benson's awakening came as a great relief. She had scarcely slept a wink since he had been carried into the cabin, so concerned was she for his recovery.

"Who are you, Miss? How did I get here?" Though feeble, yet Benson's voice was intelligible.

"Don't try to speak and I will tell you," replied the girl, in a soft, low voice.

"I am Dolores Markham." Benson started, then checked himself.

"I have come a long way. I am looking for my father, who I believe is somewhere here in the north.

"Five years ago, my father and another man killed some men who had injured the good name of my mother. Father and his friend were quite justified, for the others, I will not call them men—they were swine! They had made light of a woman's sweet name—my mother's.

"I was told that father sought them out, alone. He was being bested when a stranger came to his aid. Father and this stranger killed the other two, then together they fled from Arizona.

"A sheriff's posse followed their trail till it crossed the border.

"A year after father's flight, mother died. I have spent all my time since in searching for father. I was told that a man named Benson was at the Post at Fort Smith. It is from there that I have come.

"We ran out of meat, and Marcel, the half-breed went out for a deer. He found you and brought you in. You have been very near to death but I hope you will get better quickly. Maybe you have heard of my father? Markham is the name. No, don't speak! I will get you some coffee. Perhaps when you are better you might help me to find father."

The girl's story had noticeably touched Benson. Tears dimmed his eyes as he watched her prepare his coffee.

Benson was determined to muster every effort in the girl's interest and in the interest of his friend and partner who could be no other than the girl's father.

The end was near. Benson felt this to be certain, but, if he must go, here was a chance to go out like a true son of the north—clean, white, and fighting a real fight.

While Dolores Markham busied herself prepar-

ing Benson's coffee, the latter's mind was working hard.

"It's strange how I bungled the name," thought Benson. "Marker, very much like Markham. It's a wonder he never corrected me."

The hot drink had a wonderful effect on the sick man. Dolores watched him thirstily swallow two cupfuls. As he finished the second cup, Benson looked gratefully into the girl's lovely dark eyes.

Those eyes! Benson had seen eyes as beautiful before. Such thoughts spurred his mind to action.

Beckoning Dolores closer, Benson spoke in a low voice. His breath came in short gasps for a time, but he gripped himself and was careful not to over-exert his weak lungs.

"You have been very kind, Miss. Will you do something more for me? If you will do as I ask I will try to help you find your father.

"A day's mush from here is my cabin, close to the mouth of the Smoky. I left there to hunt up some meat. My partner left also for the settlement down the Peace.

"I should have been back long since. He, my partner, will be anxious. I am afraid something has happened to him too, or he would have been looking for me here. This is our cache cabin.

"Have your guide hitch up the dogs and mush

A situation the north musher dreads as much as any is thin ice, and a break-through in zero weather.

When Marker broke through, the temperature ranged in the vicinity of forty below. Hampered by his snowshoes, he had little chance. The result was a badly frozen foot. A miracle alone saved the other.

Five winters in the north may not slip by without the experience of an occasional frozen limb. Marker had experienced many minor accidents of this nature. But he was not always alone; it was not always down to forty below.

Blessed with the true spirit of the north, Marker thanked his stars that both feet were not frozen.

Cold—sure, it was cold. It seemed that every fiend of the Arctic was on his trail as he dragged himself over those last few miles of snow to the post. He worried about Benson.

With a frozen foot, how could he get back in anyway half decent time? How was Benson making out? Such thoughts troubled Marker.

In answer to the questions in his mind, came the shooting pain from his frozen foot, and the lash of the north wind's whip.

Dupre, a half-breed, was in the habit of mushing out to the trappers at odd intervals during the winter. He took them their supplies. Marker claimed that Benson's "prune-shine" was the big attraction to the breed. This winter Dupre had not made a single trip. Hence the necessity of Marker's expedition to the post.

The lords of the north are merciless to the weakling. Had Marker not possessed the grit of a real man, he might easily—yes, very easily, have lain down to a fairly quick and painless death. Such thoughts forced entrance to his mind as he struggled painfully on—bucking the teeth of the north gods.

But there was Benson. There was the urge to conquer. Even if both feet had gone, Marker would have somehow crawled. So great was his strength of mind . . .

Donald Cameron, the factor, aimed a savage kick at a husky which had found entrance to the house.

No doubt the dog would not have come in for such treatment had not Cameron been discussing Benson with Marker. The latter had been fortunate in finding the good Father Legrange at the post, whose knowledge of surgery served Marker well.

The frozen foot was doing well, and there was no danger of complications.

"Ye shouldn't have let him go, Marker. Even though ye had to hog-tie him, or knock him on the head. He stands no more show, out there in this weather, than a naked bairn. If his lungs are queer, as you think, well, I doubt poor Benson's a long way frae hame right now.

"A grand man, too! I was at Smith, the time of the flu. God, what a man! Still, I've no doubt," continued the factor, in a softer tone, "that ye did all ye could to dissuade him. He's a strong head, poor devil."

Marker had been two days at the post. It was now almost five days since he had seen Benson, for he had left the cabin the day following the departure of the latter.

Dupre, the company's musher, was down at one of the lesser posts, so there was no one whom Marker could send to ascertain his partner's position. This fact troubled him not a little. He would gladly, at any time, have given his life for Benson.

Outdoors, a furious snarling, mingled with the high-pitched curses of a man, broke in on the silence that followed Cameron's remarks. It was evident that a dog team had arrived. The sled dogs of the post, together with the Indians' curs were greeting the newcomers in the manner of their kind.

Cameron opened the door. "By heavens!" he exclaimed, "It's yon Chartier, the breed who took the white girl up to Smith."

Handing his team over to an Indian, Marcel Chartier joined the factor at the door.

"Cre nom! Cameron, she's much col', eh? One devil's treep I mak'!

"I look for Mark'am, d' trappaire. She's die—d' other one—Benson!"

Continued on page 83

The Immigrant

By Kathryn Pocklington

*"A crocus blooming, Boy from London town,
And dewdrop clinging to its leaves of down."*

*"In the Strand, from tall chimneys light smoke wreaths are falling,
And eager flower-women their violets calling,
There is music of footsteps, and bells of Saint Clement's
Are ringing their melody, 'Oranges and Lemons'."*

*"But look how green and wide the prairie waves,
The walls of far-off mountain-hold it laves."*

*"In the Square where the roads of the universe meet,
Still Nelson keeps watch on the throngs at his feet,
Still buses roll past where the clear fountain plies,
And from Charing Cross corner a news-vendor cries."*

*"Above the willows see the mallard pass,
A meadow lark is singing in the grass."*

*"Up and down on the Thames go the barges, smooth-trailing,
And craft gay with awnings and sunshine are sailing,
All about, in and out, silver sea-gulls are wheeling,
Below the long bridges, long shadows are reeling."*

*"How lofty lifted here the span of blue!
And underneath is hope and port for you."*

*"I know this waiting land rolls broad and free,
That suns are bright, airs buoyant—bear with me,
For sometimes—is it strange?—my heart must yearn
A moment, and to things it loved return."*

out to the Smoky. If you have a pencil I will send a note. Please lose no time. Mar—my partner may be worse off than me.

"Tell your guide to hustle and if my partner is able to travel, get him back here as soon as possible."

Benson's voice had become weak and jerky, but he struggled on:

"I am going out Miss! I can't last much longer and I would like to see him before I leave."

His strength was gone. Benson, the hero of Fort Smith, sank back on his bunk exhausted.

MARKER stumbled into the trading post on the banks of the Peace, the second day after he had left the cabin.

To the Hudson's Bay Company's Post from the trappers' cabin was, under normal circumstances, but a good day's trek.

Marker had experienced great difficulties, however. He was lucky to make the post at all. Benson's conjecture at the cabin that "they both stood equal chances of cashing in," had the earmarks of truth.

Although the rivers of the north are reputed to be frozen tight for many months, it often occurs, in the coldest weather, that an air-hole will flood. This flooding may freeze enough to hold a fall of snow with the result—a treacherous trap.

Marker was unfortunate in falling foul of a flood trap his first day out, when but half of his trip was completed.

Second Chance

By

Thyra Samter Winslow

Illustration by Charles D. Mitchell

WHEN George Warener married Myrtle Cannady he did not give a thought to the possible impermanency of marriage. Most people he knew lived in seeming contentment with their first legal mates. The older couples, like his parents and aunts and uncles, celebrated tenth, twenty-fifth, and sometimes even fiftieth wedding anniversaries. Usually the man died first and his widow went to live with one of her married children.

George knew only two or three couples who had actually been divorced and few people who married again, even when widowed by death. Myrtle was just the kind of wife he wanted and he was quite in love with her. Didn't he come back to his home town for her after having lived for four years in New York?

George knew Myrtle Cannady from the time the Cannadys moved to Galesville, Mo., when he was seventeen. George was a junior in high school then, and when Myrtle entered his class he started going with her immediately. He even felt a sense of triumph because he was able to win out over the other boys. A new girl in school was always an event. George fell in love then, but as all of the other boys and girls were having affairs designated by their elders as "puppy love" no one took him very seriously.

When Myrtle and George were graduated from high school they both went to the same nearby college, a "fresh-water" institution which never gained fame outside of their State. It consisted of nearly a dozen college buildings in rather an uncertain style of architecture slightly flavored with Gothic, the president's house on the campus, and nearly half a dozen fraternity buildings which had been private residences before the fraternities bought them.

Myrtle was popular at the university, so when she liked George best of all it pleased him a great deal. She was a pretty girl with straight brown hair which she wore in the style of the day—parted in the middle and in a knot at the back of her head. She wore stiff linen blouses, called shirt-waists then, and kept up rather smartly with the fashions. She was pleasant-spoken, jolly, with an affable manner. Even then she was inclined to be a little stout, but no one thought any the less of her for it. Her cheeks were round and of good color, and her pleasantly curved figure, pulled tightly into a straight-front corset, was much admired.

George joined a good national fraternity and wore his pin conspicuously on his vest. Myrtle was rushed by both of the national sororities and after much discussion joined the one she had liked better from the start. They both took part in various social activities and were a bit snobbish. George did not go in for any form of athletics.

During the year George found out definitely what he wanted to be. He had laughed when his father had suggested that he enter the hardware business. He wanted something better than that. He considered law—too many dull things to learn. He almost decided on medicine as a profession, but he didn't like the idea of operations and, besides, doctors he knew had terrible lives—long hours and being called any hour of the night. Then he wanted to be an artist or a writer. He had always liked to sketch, and in the high school had made his fellow students laugh by caricaturing the teacher in charge of the class.

Now, at college, he wrote for the weekly magazine and later began to make sketches for it. His writings did not attract any attention, but his sketches were somewhat of a vogue. He attended all of the art classes which the school offered, and took a course in design.

It was considered just a bit effeminate in Galesville and even at college for a man to be an artist, but George decided to ignore public opinion.

After his year in college George persuaded his parents to let him go to an art school.

George left for Chicago just before his twentieth

birthday, an earnest boy, a little over medium height, slender, with brown hair and pleasant but not remarkable grey eyes. Hundreds like him came to Chicago every year. He took a room in Indiana Avenue. At the Art Institute he worked mostly in charcoal, but tried oil and pastel during his second year. He was ambitious. He meant to be a real artist and to do portraits for which he would get large sums of money and much fame.

During these years George wrote rather regularly to Myrtle, and though he thought himself in love with her he was not above half a dozen slight flirtations with other women.

HE FELL rather in love with a girl named Flora Miller when he was twenty-two, but he had no money and Flora wanted marriage. She was a thin, rather affected girl, given to odd expressions and enthusiasms. She, too, was going to be an artist and had dreams of a future. If she had been a little more natural George might have found himself entirely in love with her. Flora's posturings and a certain superiority repelled him. He didn't especially care for a woman who thought herself the more important of the two when they were out together.

When he was twenty-three George decided to go to New York. Not that the Art Institute wasn't awfully good and not that he hadn't liked Chicago; he had enjoyed the busy streets, the noise, the theatres, the people, but New York had been in the back of his head for a long time, though. When several other students from the Art Institute decided to go east he didn't see why he shouldn't go too.

He went home for the summer and was delighted to find Myrtle even more attractive than he had remembered her. In fresh, full-skirted summer

"George met Celia in Garden Hills one Saturday night. Ordinarily, he would have been slightly put out with any woman who had not seemed at home in the group. Now, suddenly, the entire group seemed cheap, foolish."

dresses, her waist still small, she was quite a contrast to the girls in Chicago, who always wore musty-looking clothes and were too busy with their own careers. Myrtle didn't have any career. She wanted marriage, of course, but she believed or appeared to believe that a man really was important and his opinions more valuable than a woman's.

When George left Galesville in the fall, after a summer of drives with Myrtle (automobiles were coming in, but were not very popular in Galesville), to make Myrtle his wife became an important part of his ambition.

In New York at the Art League his ambitions began to crystallize. His parents rather more than hinted that they could not afford to continue his training, and although he pretended to dislike it he found himself turned toward commercialism. He did some work for a calendar firm, and this led to a regular position with an advertising agency. George went to the Art League at night after he had started this work. When he was twenty-six he was making a fair salary, working mostly in wash and line-drawing for the advertising agency. At the Art League he worked in oils from a model and still dreamed of success.

On a vacation he went to Galesville. It was his first trip home since he went to New York. He had not met many girls in New York except students, whom he did not care for, and stenographers, who seemed usually banal and stupid. He had a small-town snobbishness, and because the girls he met were without any formal higher education and had come from homes which he considered below his





own—a different kind of people—he did not become interested in them.

In Galesville, Myrtle seemed more charming than ever. A bit plumper, she was jolly and full of fun. She was popular. She had a comfortable home in which to entertain; her people had gained a position in the town and were well liked and respected. The right kind of a girl! You knew where you were when you had married a girl from your home town.

Myrtle, at twenty-five, was eager for marriage. There were few matrimonial possibilities in Galesville. Myrtle liked the idea of living in New York. She knew that George was making a comfortable living. Then, too, she liked George. She did all of her tricks that summer; was always willing to go on any sort of picnic or tramp with him; was domestic, pleasant, jolly. When George asked her to marry him and go to New York with him she felt highly elated and triumphant.

In New York, George and Myrtle took an apartment in Greenwich Village. Myrtle did not like the Village. It seemed dirty and irregular to her. It didn't seem right living next to foreigners, with fat, uncorseted women leaning out of the windows and dozens of dirty children overflowing into the streets. In Galesville it was important where you lived and who your neighbors were.

Myrtle rather criticized George's friends because most of them seemed artificial and affected. She thought their mannerisms absurd and their pretentiousness ridiculous. Although he had rather prided himself on his artistic friends, George was able to

see these people through Myrtle's fresher, Galesville viewpoint.

When his salary was increased and he was able to take a half-time job, they moved into a larger, newer apartment, and George had a studio with a north light where he could work in his spare time. He secured a commission to do some illustrations for a popular magazine. These were well liked and led to further orders.

Myrtle and George went to the theatre, occupying, according to their financial condition at the time, gallery or orchestra seats. Neither one of them cared for music, though they attended a concert or went to an opera occasionally and pretended a far greater enthusiasm than they felt. They knew perhaps a dozen people whom they liked, artists mostly, and writers.

ON THE whole George felt that his marriage was quite a success. Myrtle did not like many of his friends, but she was a jolly, friendly girl, and he didn't care if she had unexpected blind spots and did not seem to catch on to the more sophisticated conversation of the group. She didn't like to read the newspapers, so knew nothing of current events. She read a book if some one lent it to her or advised her to read it, and often pronounced silly something the group thought merited serious discussion. She liked lighter forms of fiction—a good love story was her favorite. She thought talk about psychology or any abstract subject a bore and could not view anything objectively. A thing had to be extremely personal to appeal to her at all

and there were times when she said, truthfully: "I haven't the least idea what you're talking about." There were many occasions when she nodded and laughed at the right place, though she didn't quite know what it was all about.

On the whole, though, George was well satisfied with Myrtle. She was always ready to prepare sandwiches or Welsh rabbit and coffee at any time of night—had a way of making his friends feel at home.

For a long time after their marriage George tried to remake Myrtle in little ways; to soften her rather strident laughter, to make her voice lower

and more pleasant; to teach her some of the little things that she did not seem to understand. When he saw that he could not effect a change in her he ceased trying and was fond of her anyhow. A nice, comfortable girl—better than these funny New York girls with their queer ideas.

When they were married four years their first daughter, Sylvia, was born, and two years later, Bernice, the ir second child, arrived. They had no other children. George thought the names Myrtle gave his daughters were rather silly. There was money enough now for Myrtle to take the children to the country in the summers, and George spent several weeks with them. On these vacations he did landscapes and out-of-door portraits.

When Sylvia was four years old—George was thirty-six now—he agreed with Myrtle that they move to the suburbs. They decided on Garden Hills, twenty-five minutes out by electric trains. By making a down payment of several thousand dollars they were able to build an attractive brick home with a garage attached and a nice garden for the children. There was a large studio on the third floor with a good north light, and the rooms downstairs were spacious and comfortable.

Myrtle had developed fair taste in furniture and George left the furnishings of the home to her. She used mahogany in most of the rooms, with comfortable, overstuffed furniture for the living room, chintz, bright pillows, a little enameled table. Sylvia and Bernice each had a room to themselves, one in white and the other in ivory enamel.

Shortly after they moved to Garden Hills they got acquainted with their neighbors. George, because he was an artist, was a valuable asset to the social life of the community. He and Myrtle were invited to innumerable bridge games. On Saturday nights there was usually some sort of a party at the home of one of their friends. At these parties there was dancing to phonograph records, drinks at intervals during the evening, and something to eat around twelve—a Welsh rabbit, usually, or some original concoction by a more original hostess.

Sometimes the group would drive to a road-house a few miles away for food and drink. There was always an interplay of affection among the members of the groups, the wife of one man would form a sudden and inexplicable affection for the husband of one of her best friends, and there was much laughing about it and a little sly love-making—a kiss in the kitchen, a stolen embrace during a motor ride. These affections waxed and waned and no one took them seriously.

The second year they were in Garden Hills they bought a moderately priced car, and George, who was taking on weight, joined a neighboring golf club.

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The Flame of Courage

By George Gibbs

Illustrations by
Grattan Condon

THIRD INSTALMENT

At this moment she wondered how she could be thinking of this man, seeking from him so constantly the confession that never came. Where was her pride that she should care so much for a man who, though he loved her, constantly turned his back to the door of his own happiness. In moments like these, and there had been many of them, she thought that she almost hated Monsieur Davol.

As night approached and her temper cooled, she thought in slightly different terms of her imprudence in doing what no lady of Quebec, save perhaps Angelique de Pean, had ever done. She knew little about Beaumanoir that other ladies in Quebec did not know and yet some of the phrases of the warning of Jacques Davol kept recurring to her ears.

She found herself with the coming of darkness a little curious but a little frightened too. Was Beaumanoir a sorcerer's castle from an ancient fairy tale, populated by the ghosts of sin? Or was it merely a handsome palace in the woods where gentlemen repaired to hunt the wolf, moose, and bear and afterward to drink themselves, as the custom was, soundly asleep?

Monsieur Davol had tried by fear to deter her from doing what he did not wish her to do. Well, she would go with Monsieur Bigot to see this enchanted castle and find out for herself whether her own enchantments would not make her proof against its evil. But it was a skilful game that she must play, for she realized that Monsieur Bigot had long been patient as well as eager.

The morning was bright and chill with a pale-green sky brushed clean of clouds. Monsieur Bigot arrived promptly in his sleigh, which announced its approach across the Place d'Armes by a joyous tinkling of bells. At Monsieur Bigot's careful direction

Batiste wrapped the robes about Armande, the whip cracked, and with a wave of her hand to Madame de Brinvilliers, who appeared for a moment in her mob-cap at the window, Armande gave herself up to the exhilaration of the fine air and the quick passage of the sleigh down the hill into the lower town. At the gates of the Intendancy two horsemen in uniform emerged and followed them closely.

"A guard in your honor, through the forest, Mademoiselle," said Bigot gaily when questioned. "There are hungry lynxes and other wild beasts that might devour you."

Leaving the bridge of *bateaux* across the frozen Saint Charles, they drove merrily over the gently rising plain toward Charlebourg. Monsieur Bigot said little, smiling constantly and cracking his whip over the horse's ears so that the sleigh sped nimbly over the frozen highway.

A glance over her shoulder showed the men behind them riding within easy hailing distance. Why this escort should seem necessary now when Francois Bigot had never employed them before was a mystery, for the road, at least as far as the inn of the Coronne at Charlebourg, was as well travelled as the road to Montreal.

Passing the church, Monsieur Bigot turned from the main road and took a narrower one that led them presently into the forest. Here she saw the *habitants* who had been ordered out to cut away the snowdrifts and make smooth the road that His Excellency the Intendant might drive with comfort with his lady to the chateau. The men sprang aside at the approach of the sleigh and touched their fur caps or hoods as Monsieur Bigot passed, for this was a habit of subservience to royalty's representatives that they could not forget. But Armande looked carefully into their faces—surprising the looks they sent after her, sombre glances, dark with malevolence or pale with hunger.

She felt a shock of misgiving, aware now for the first time that these simple peasants only saw in her a visit to Beaumanoir another light of love for

"You pretty devil!" he cried
with a laugh as he disarmed her.

THE invitation from the Intendant to go to Beaumanoir had been received but a few hours before the visit of Jacques Davol. He wrote that all the farmers along the way had been ordered out to see that the road was in proper condition for his sleigh to pass.

He desired, above all, that she should see the splendors of his hunting-palace, designed in the days of the Grand Monarque, but refurbished and decorated after his own tastes. There were some excellent paintings, a portrait of Madame de Pompadour by Monsieur Quentin de la Tour, and some excellent pieces of sculpture. They would dine *a deux*, and then together they would see his library of the French poets and perhaps read Moliere together.

The invitation had attracted her, in spite of the evil name that the place possessed, for what could be more agreeable than an hour or two in the pleasant company of Francois Bigot? He had been very docile of late even in his pleadings that she assent to the early announcement of their *fiancailles*. And though she had given him no promises he seemed still content with the mere enjoyment of the favor of her society. But she knew that this condition of affairs could not long continue. It was too much to believe that her influence with Monsieur Bigot could be of any avail in the web of corruption woven around almost every public office. The dream of what she might accomplish for France was, after all, only a dream.

As their personal relationship grew closer she was more and more oppressed by the falseness of the situation in which she had placed herself, a situation which must sooner or later be revealed. And

with this revelation, which might come from a chance word in Quebec, or from dispatches to Monsieur Bigot, to the Governor, or to General de Montcalm from Paris, her personal influence with Francois Bigot would be ended. She knew that she had played her game almost to the last card and yet she wanted to be sure that the last card was the trump.

Her note in reply to the invitation of Monsieur Bigot had been a refusal. It was upstairs upon her table, for she had not sent it before the visit of Jacques Davol. Now she tore the note of refusal into small pieces and wrote violently one of acceptance, which she despatched by Batiste directly to the Intendancy. Having thus, in a fury of retaliation against Monsieur Davol, committed herself to the visit against which he had warned her, she sank into a chair by the window and gazed out over the gardens of Fort Saint Louis, a bleak prospect of naked branches and white battlements.

There was no smile upon her lips and her eyes burned darkly under her frown. She would go to Beaumanoir with Francois Bigot. She feared nothing from him. What should she now fear from Francois Bigot that she had not feared before? He was, more than Monsieur Davol, her valiant and devoted servant. Monsieur Davol should see how little she cared for his opinions.

the dark palace of Monsieur Bigot. She wondered at her temerity in braving public opinion and her own better judgment. But there sat Francois Bigot smiling at the blue sky between the branches above them, cracking his whip over the sweating horse and commenting pleasantly upon the beauties of the day, the same Francois Bigot with whom she had driven forth to Beauport and the Plains of Abraham on many of the fine afternoons of the long winter.

Was there a difference in his manner? He had paid her no compliments nor, according to his custom, made love to her. Perhaps, as the afternoon lay before them, he was deferring these personal expressions until a more propitious moment. She foresaw difficulties, for this would be the first time that she had ever visited any house with Francois Bigot alone. She was prepared for his exhausted patience, even for his ardor, and had already made her plans to evade for a last time any attempt of her host to make him give her the answer he awaited. She had succeeded so often; why should she not succeed once more?

The road climbed a hill through a forest of pines, their dark fronds dressed in snow, and they emerged suddenly upon a plain, dotted like a park with clumps of noble trees, beyond which, against a rugged hill, rose the grey walls, mullioned windows and steep roofs of Beaumanoir, a palace indeed, fair to the eye; no ogre's castle, but a splendid abode fit for royalty.

"Is it not beautiful?" he asked her. "Do you wonder that it is my pleasure to come here with a few chosen friends to rest after the trials of a busy day?"

stiffly down the steps; another man appeared from somewhere and ran to the head of the horse. Armande glanced toward the outer gate where the two horsemen had dismounted. What were the wild animals against which these horsemen guarded Monsieur Bigot at Beaumanoir? This mystery was unsolved, for her host got out, helped her to the carriage step, and then led her into the great hall of the palace.

A grateful sense of warmth invaded her, a sense of beauty, elegance, and luxury, such as she had not felt in Quebec or elsewhere. At the ends of the room great logs of pine sputtered and flamed. Groups of candles illuminated the darker corners of the great room, in one of which by the great log fire a small table was laid for two. As her eyes became accustomed to its shadows, she saw the decorations of the ceiling, the portraits of which Francois Bigot had spoken, the King and Queen, Madame de Pompadour, the Grande Monarque, and Louis de la Valliere. A stately room, but even at this gay hour of a sunlit day, dark and forbidding.

As Francois Bigot helped her to remove her furs, she asked him:

"Why do you close the blinds on a day so beautiful?"

He laughed. "A whim of mine. Loveliness is never so lovely as when shrouded in a mystery of shadow. See, Armande, how inscrutable Madame de Pompadour smiles upon us. In the broad daylight even Monsieur de la Tour could not keep her from smirking, or frowning. In the dimness I do not know which she is doing. What do you say?"

Was there a laugh in his voice or a sneer. They

"It is not a smile that I see," he went on, "but a frown. A smile for you, a frown for me."

"What do you mean, Monsieur Bigot?" she asked with an air of calmness.

But he only laughed and turned away, giving orders to have the dinner served at once. As the servant brought it Monsieur Bigot pulled out her chair, seating her with an extravagant gallantry that he might have given Madame de Pompadour herself. Monsieur Bigot was in high spirits, and though his wit bubbled like the wine, she found herself again vaguely uneasy in spite of an excellent appetite made no worse by the delicious soup that was set before them.

"At last we are alone," he said, leaning toward her. "All this is mine. Come, my dear," and he filled her glass with champagne. "To your *beaux yeux*. Have you no health to give me?"

She paused for a moment, looking at the bubbles bursting at the brim.

"To France!" she said. "May she ever be victorious!"

"A better one," he cried; "to Francois! May he ever be victorious!"

He laughed and took her hand in his. She did not withdraw it. "Will you drink that?" he asked gaily.

"More willingly if France and Francois were one."

He frowned and drank. "I am in no humor to be censured today. It is my mood to be merry, for this is the day of days, the day of revelation, the apocalypse. I have waited long for it; too long, it seems."

She stared at him, frightened.

He laughed and drank deeply.

She tried to draw her hand away, but he held it the more tightly, as though obsessed. His dark eyes gleamed, and the shadow of a thin smile



Daval drew his sword quickly and drove the man back.

"Yes, splendid—a reflection of Versailles."

"From a design by Perrault. They did things well under Louis Quatorze. Majesty must be well housed, my dear, and the ladies that condescend to majesty must have their background."

There was a touch of pride—or was it cynicism?—in his voice. If pride, she wondered why it had never made her feel uneasy before. They had reached the gates, which were hastily opened by the lodge-keeper, and they drove up a wide avenue through a garden, laid out after the French fashion in beds with hedges, clipped into figures, now curiously twisted into fantastic shapes, like tortured gnomes under their burdens of snow.

At closer view the wide portal of the house had in its dignity a forbidding grandeur, like the great door of a prison. Armande shuddered under her furs, a tremor of excitement perhaps or anticipation, perhaps even of cold; for she would not admit to herself that there was anything to fear.

A thin old man in a dark velvet livery came

stood so that she faced the portrait of the great lady, memories of whom came flooding down from the pretty face.

"She smiles, I think," said Armande.

"Upon you or upon me?" he asked quickly.

"A curious question," she replied uncertainly. "Why not upon us both?"

played about his lips. She was frightened, for it seemed to her that he had suddenly become a creature of evil, unclean, with thoughts that violated the sanctity of things that were sacred to her.

She was too much disturbed even to follow his words, and sat, trying to appear calm, though her bosom rose and fell with the effort to control the wild beatings of her heart.

Then suddenly, for no reason except that his mood seemed to change, he released her fingers and burst into a gay laugh.

"I pray you to be more moderate, Monsieur," she said; "you frighten me."

"Fear? You fear?" He laughed. "Am I not still Francois Bigot, the doting suitor who has for months been hanging upon your wishes, paying court to your smiles, offering you an empire for a kiss? You will give it to me now, my dear, will you not?"

He bent toward her, but she sprang away from him. There was nothing of coquetry in the gesture, but sheer repulsion that she could not control. He straightened, staring at her over his glass, which he slowly set down upon the table.

She did not dare to look at him, but she knew that the moment of decision had come. Was it too late? The sudden horror of her situation, alone in this hermitage in the woods surrounded only by his servants, came to her in one blinding moment. If she had thought that his manner toward her had changed as they drove through the forest, here in this evil, beautiful room, he seemed already to have thrown off all reserve, doffing with a gesture the garments of graciousness and speaking in a language with which she was unfamiliar.

She was frightened, but there was fascination for her too, in the splendid virility of his mind and of his will, which exercised upon her a kind of spell that deprived her of her volition. Or was it a cloud like a fog about her thoughts through which they struggled to escape?

With an effort she aroused herself, seeking by her art to pass over lightly the movement of recoil that had offended him.

"The empire of a woman's soul is not to be bought with a kiss, Francois. If you would have my love, speak to me in the poetry of quiet things, for love only grows great through gentleness."

He laughed again. "Prettily said, my dear. Only you overact your part. We've done with trifling, you and I."

"What do you mean, Monsieur?"

"That the day of revelation is at hand. The poetry of quiet things is not for me. I have shut out the snow and cold and the pallid sunshine so that you and I might be alone with the fire and the darkness. The red glows in your eyes, my dear, like broken shreds of flame from your spirit. You are not Armande de Lusignac, the fair, bright star of my destiny. That star has fallen into the waters of bitterness and I have drunk of them."

And as she shrank away from this partial revelation of his meaning, he seized his glass and thrust it at her, so that it spilled upon the table. "Come, you too shall drink of the waters of wormwood that you have poisoned in your falling."

"Be gentle with me, Monsieur."

"I have done with acting, as you shall be done with acting," he cried violently. "We have rehearsed our scene too long. I am weary of the farce. We are now for the tragic drama, Heloise Gueret," he finished grimly.

He knew. He had known when he had written asking her to come with him to Beaumanoir.

Heloise Gueret was wide awake now, her mind, in sheer terror of his knowledge gaining a sudden lucidity. The table was still between them. He had not moved. But there was something more ominous in his quiet tones and ironic smile than in the wild phrases that he had uttered. She understood that passion now, the meaning of the star like a torch that turned the waters bitter. Herself. He had drunk of the waters, for he knew that she had betrayed him. How had he learned?

The admiration, the love that she had inspired in this man, the response of his keen intelligence to hers, the appeal of her purity to some forgotten vestige of youthful idealism, all these were gone, burned up in the quick flame of fury that had followed the blow to his pride. She, Heloise Gueret, the provincial actress of Rouen, had driven Francois Bigot, the Intendant

of New France, to his knees, at her feet, while she led him from one futility to another that she might better betray him. And the payment for this? He meant to exact it to the last humiliation, the last agony.

She read his cruelty now in every line of his face. She thought it curious that this was the same face that had looked such adoration. A face transformed like to one she had seen when he had turned his back to Angelique de Pean. There was a fascination even now in watching his bold eyes as they passed over her figure from head to foot, scorching her and sully-ing her as the touch of his hot fingers might have done.

"Well, you don't answer, Mademoiselle Gueret," he said softly. "Is it that you have nothing to reply?"

She sought words and failed.

"Do you feel ill? A glass of water—"

"No, no," she gasped. "Nothing," and then as she gathered strength again. "It—it is true," she gasped valiantly at last, leaning upon her chair back, "I am Heloise Gueret. I—I was sent here to do what I have done. It was against my will."

He leaned forward toward her, his voice in soft tones that denied the significance of his words.

"Was it against your will that you wrote Madame de Pompadour last week of the transaction in October with Gradis & Son? Or of the present price of the wheat that the Grand Company is selling to the habitants?"

"You have seized my letters!" she cried in dismay. "You dare not!"

"You shall see what I dare," he said quietly.

She straightened, trembling, and faced him.

"I demand, Monsieur, the Intendant, that you send me at once in safety to Quebec."

He smiled at her and drank again. "What! My pretty lady no longer seeks the adoring compliments of Monsieur Bigot? She no longer wishes to play the *Precieuse Ridicule*? We have not quoted Moliere to no purpose. Surely Mademoiselle de Lusignac can tolerate the attentions of her adored Francois a few hours longer."

He was teasing her as a cat will tease a mouse, sheathing its claws behind the soft cushions of its paws, but ready, when it wished to strike. And like the mouse, she was paralyzed with fear, her muscles, only by force of her will, sustaining her upright. But she kept her eyes upon him, watching him closely, trying to plan what she should do if he came toward her. If she had the strength—there was a fruit-knife upon the table. But he did not move, only smiled at her amusedly.

"You thought, my dear lady, that you could play this sentimental drama as successfully as you have played others upon the stage, trusting to the protection of Madame de Pompadour to prompt you in your lines and bring down the curtain at the end of the piece with great applause. It is a pity that you have not been successful."

"It may interest you to know that I have already written to Madame de Pompadour at some length upon the failure of your mission, sending her a large share in the enterprises of the Grand Company. Your influence in that quarter should be waning. I don't know. Madame, your *patronne* and mine, loses patience quickly with those who fail in her interests."

Aghast at the seizure of her letters and at the threat of his words, she sank into her chair, clinging to it desperately in the effort to revive her courage. For her terror was not relieved by the quiescence of his manner or his easy posture at the table. They were alone. He was merely prolonging the moment of his triumph. As her glance flitted about the darkened room in search of a means of escape, she knew that there was none.

But she summoned her will in a desperate defiance.

"I dare to hope that madame will defend me."

He smiled again. "Hope, then, Heloise Gueret. It may be that you have more to hope for from Madame de Pompadour than from Francois Bigot. Did you know, Mademoiselle, that there is no betrayal of my confidence that has ever gone unavenged? That is a matter of pride to me. I am no weakling, nor are you. I have played my game, you have played yours. You have lost. I have won."

"What are the fruits of this victory? Surely you will not think me content merely to see you discredited in France or in Quebec. This is a matter more personal to me. I gave you some glimpses of a soul weary of intrigues and hypocrisies, a soul unmasked, while you played your masquerade to betray me. The woman who dares as you have dared, surely has no fear of the consequences. Even now I should dislike to think of that rare creature, Armande de Lusignac, as a coward. As to Heloise Gueret—"

He emptied his glass of wine and rose. She watched him. He shrugged and leaned against the table. "The case is different. As Armande you were a woman to be won; as to Heloise Gueret, what shall I say? A woman who pays her debt of dishonor in coin of my choosing."

As he approached she rose, seizing, without his noticing it, the knife upon the table. She took a pace back, the swift rush of courage clearing her head.

"You dare not—"

He stood with folded arms, gazed at her in admiration, for her eyes were bright and two spots of color had come into her cheeks.

"I do not think, my dear, that you have ever been so handsome. Defiance becomes you even better than coquetry. The heroic drama—Racine—fits you better than Moliere. You are more gorgeous a creature, more splendid, more vital, than the fair virtuous Armande. Perhaps in killing the gentle love that I gave her, you have aroused a more vital passion. Have I not said that the violent emotions were the only passions for great spirits like yours and mine? Come, Heloise, a blow or a kiss. I care not which, but let it come, with the passion of fury or of relinquishment."

There was no escape. He took her violently. She drew back and raised her arm swiftly.

"The blow then—"

But he caught her wrist as the knife fell.

"You pretty devil!" he cried with a laugh as he disarmed her. "It is a passion worth the pains."

She stared at the red upon his knuckles. The sight of it inflamed him. She struggled, struck and struck at him, but he held her, his lips close to hers. Yet suddenly his eyes distended, his grasp relaxed, his head turned as he listened intently to a sound outside the hall. The old valet in black velvet who had served them at table came running through the door as he released her.

"What is it, Bertrand?"

"Excellency!" gasped the man. "Monsieur Davol! He has killed Gaspard and wounded Etienne."

"Davol!" cried Bigot. "Cowards! Why have you not killed him?"

"I came to warn you, Excellency."

"Where is he?"

Davol burst through the door. His coat was torn, his shirt stained with blood, and he was very pale, breathing quickly. His eye found Monsieur Bigot. Bigot caught up his sword and faced him.

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Resume of Previous Instalments

The second instalment of this story, which appeared in the March number, fully upheld the intense interest that Gibb skillfully and thrillingly creates and succeeds in sustaining. In brief, it deals with the exposure of the corruption that attended the administration of Bigot, the unscrupulous and unworthy intendant of New France. Through his association and connivance with the Grand Company, a commercial institution that carried on an extensive business in both the new and the old land, the Intendant acquired considerable wealth, and the public from whom it was illegally extorted suffered correspondingly. Armande, charming actress and popular and successful spy, is conscious of Bigot's admiration, if indeed not affection for her, and she resolved that out of such a situation she would make some capital that would be for the public good. She appeals to him in the hope of making him realize, in a measure at least, the seriousness of his responsibility to the people and make him so arrange his own affairs and that of his business associates that misrule and misappropriation would disappear from the new land. In the midst of a passionate declaration of his love for Armande, Bigot is suddenly and inconveniently interrupted by Madame de Pean, his innamorata. This selfish mortal realizes that her position and power with the Intendant, in which she was so long secure, is getting into a tremulous and uncertain state. At this juncture Armande receives a call from Davol and he again warns her against the perfidy of the Intendant, as well as the very questionable conduct of the Chevalier de Chabannes at Fort Duquesne. After the battle of Fort Duquesne a large number of wounded British soldiers were mercilessly slaughtered by order of the French officer in charge. The Marquise de Brinvilliers—a lady of voluble and indiscriminate speech and with strong gaming propensities—had lost heavily at cards in the meantime. She is intrigued by Major de Pean in return for cancellation of gambling notes to reveal her own and Armande's real position and relation to things in the new land. Information secured by him is quickly supplied to Bigot, who invites Armande to dinner at his castle.

An Ideal Western Bungalow

Drawings
and
Descriptions

By
V. W. Horwood

Registered
Architect



IT WILL be admitted by everyone who has built his own home a delightful experience—that the measure of comfort is the result of a scrupulous attention in building to a multitude of small details. Swift says: "When I have a kingdom of my own I will look out for a cottage in it," and this bungalow might have attracted him with its generous but compact planning. It has, as all bungalows should have, only one floor with a basement. En-

trance is directly from the porch into the living room, which should appeal to every home lover, with the cosy ingle nook planned with its box seat and red brick fireplace. What a place to muse on a wild winter night on a wide seat with a good book and a good fire blazing in the fireplace!

The design of the room is simple and quaint. The walls above the wainscoting finished in a rough plaster and tinted a dull yellow; the ceiling beamed with 2"x4" having quarter round in the angle, and the wainscoting some five feet high of wide six-inch Vd flat-grained fir boards stained dark. If good plastering cannot be obtained use wall board, and from the floor up to the five-foot height use a heavy panel strip 1"x3" over the joint, and a good 10" base, with above the panelling the ordinary panel strips. The ingle nook is treated in the same manner, but the ceiling should be lowered.

As a living room in constant use it should be as comfortable as possible. There is a tendency nowadays to design furniture in periods, and a very good idea it is, but in a living room, never forget comfort. No stiff furniture should be allowed. Quiet restfulness is what is wanted. It must be remembered that whatever it contains is lived with from day to day and with that idea its furniture, decorations and hangings should be carefully chosen. The lighting fixtures should be preferably of the hanging type.

The dining room is separated by two glass-panelled doors. The divisions of the glass should be the same as in the windows and if of bevelled glass the appearance is exceedingly handsome.

It is well to consider the shape of the dining room. The plan shows a good size and one that could be made larger by opening the doors into the living room. In its decoration it might carry out that of the living room, but in rather brighter colors. The walls could be panelled to the height of the door heads, carrying the moulding around the panelling, and above either on the plaster or wall board use a flat color merging into the ceiling. In its furniture it could be more formal and in the furniture stores

are good examples of what is suitable for such a room. In choosing a table, be wary. It seems almost impossible to get a dining table which combines strength with beauty, but there must be some. Use hardwood floors if at all possible, at least in the dining and living rooms. Good floors have a character, dignity and charm. There is something in the very feel of a hardwood floor beneath the feet that gives pleasure, and when a few rugs are laid, with the glitter of the brighter dining room seen through the glass doors contrasting with the more sombre living room, with outside winter and winter snow, inside brightness and warmth, sparkle and color, your efforts will be rewarded.

The dining room is separated from the kitchen by a pantry, which has the usual cupboards and working table with large bins or cupboards under capable of taking a bag of flour or sugar. Although the kitchen is treated by experts on domestic economy it is very rarely that its relation to the rest of the house is explained. No longer do women believe that running water and a gas range make a modern kitchen. They know that even with these

is so depressing, everything seems an effort, so this kitchen has ample light. Second: it must be convenient to the rest of the house, to save steps, and be fully furnished. Of all rooms in the house, the hardest and longest hours are spent in the kitchen, and it should be planned to the last detail. The plan gives a suggestion of where the fixtures might be placed. The housekeeper in preparing food stands in certain places and uses certain things which should be within convenient reach and all this governs the arrangement. Keep the kitchen as small as your fittings will allow without cramping. Ventilation in the kitchen is of chief importance, and a cross-current of air comes from the window to a transom over the door, while if gas or coal or wood range is used a hood should be placed over it and connected to a flue in the chimney, but do not connect a gas hood to a flue that is used or there will be an explosion some day. The windows are kept three feet from the floor to allow a table to go under, and are carried to the ceiling. The enamelled sink is on an inside wall and close to the plumbing of the bath room. It is rather risky to place fixtures on an outside wall in this country. The kitchen cabinet, a most excellent piece of furniture, can be placed where most convenient. The table is shown but has an objection that it is often in the way.

Casement windows are designed. They are becoming more popular and their perfect satisfaction is assured when equipped with the right weather strips and hardware. They are designed for either out-swinging or in-swinging.

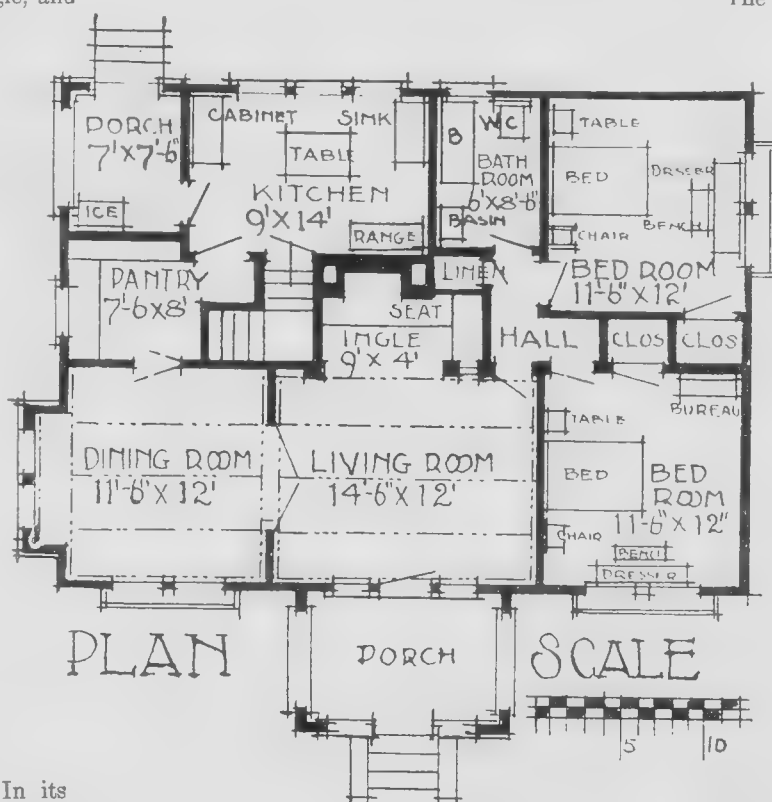
The walls could be either painted burlap about four feet high or close-jointed wood work used with painted plaster above. A covering called Sanitas, if properly put on, makes a good wall surface for washing. The wood work is best in an oil finish or an enamel.

If the floors are not hardwood they should have a linoleum or oilcloth put down, and in any case it is better to have some washable covering for the floor as it is much easier to stand upon than the bare hardwood. The covering of the kitchen floor should be of the best to wear under the continuous usage and washing it must get.

An attractive sun porch opens from the kitchen, which is to be used as an adjunct to it in the warm weather. The entrance to the basement is by a good stair.

The bathroom generally gives the character to the house. How good is good enough? Whatever style of fixtures are used, get the best of the kind. Character in speaking of plumbing fixtures resolves itself into their degree of endurance. There is really no half way in plumbing. It must be of the best for the safeguarding of the health from the poisonous gases

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At the River's Bend

By Claire Donovan

FROM the earliest dawn of summer days until the shadows of night swayed beneath the silver sheet of moonlit skies, and the whip-poor-will sang the last note of its midnight song, the tourist autos formed their joy-riding processions as they glided by the deep park that surrounded our country home; but each auto would slow up at the river's bend, in order to allow the eyes of the joy riders to linger where the vain weeping willows spent their summer days gazing on their reflections in the winding river, at the river's bend, one of the masterpieces of art, of God, the Master Artist of the world.

Day by day, as I caught glimpses of the joy riders I became more dissatisfied with my own life of toil, grinding economy and lack of pleasure; until one morning the creaking pump completely overtaxed my strength, and the pails of water, seeming heavier than ever before, fell to the ground.

The hundreds of song birds only mocked me with their joyousness. I could only moan:

"Why in that hour of bitter discouragement, did I think I could make my life easier for myself by marrying Douglas Fraser? I might have chosen the alternative, borrowed money, gone back to the convent, finished my education, and fought the battle of existence as many another orphan had done."

Two questions burned in my brain; in that hour of weakness, which was the greater temptation, the handsome Douglas Fraser, who I imagined possessed brain power which would eventually place him far above many of his fellow beings; or, was it the safety of home in the great, rambling house on his big farm?

I let the conundrum go unsolved. This was to be my day—mine only. I cared not whether dinner was ready for the men or how grouchy Douglas would be. On and on I followed the river. I cared not for food. Liberty, sweet liberty, seemed the most desired thing on earth.

After hours and hours of walking, I was amazed to see I was so near to where the river joined the lake. It seemed impossible I had walked so far, and that great ball of fire floating on the distant waters was the sun sinking.

A big motor launch was anchored almost where the river joined the lake. I had no choice but to seek shelter in the launch for the night. Greedily I ate the crust of bread and the piece of dry cheese I found in an old tin box.

I caught sight of my reflection in the long mirror in the door. It was the first time I noticed how shabby I appeared in my dress of cheap gingham, and worn canvas shoes. I had no hat, and, worse still, I was penniless, miles from home, and would be alone in the water-rocked launch for the night; yet I seemed to have no care what befell me.

Utterly wearied, I laid on the couch. My only light was the moon rays filtering through the window. The constant swish-swash of the waters sent a lonely feeling creeping over me as the launch swayed up and down with the waves; until finally I sank into a deep sleep.

It must have been midnight when I was awakened by the sound of fog horns on the passing ships. I was conscious that the launch was rocking like a toy in the heavy waves that roared in my ears.

Seized with terror, I sprang to the window; then I knew that the launch had not been safely anchored; like myself, it had broken the ties of bondage, and drifted far out into the lake. I knew nothing about working the engine. Each time the launch turned I thought it was the end of all things for me.

There we tossed in the stormy waters, the runaway launch and the runaway woman. We sought our liberty; and it was an awesome, perilous thing.

I wondered if the wrecking crew would gather us in as so much flotsam; then I was thrown headlong on the floor. My head struck some hard object. I knew the little warm stream that trickled down my face was blood. The pain in my head was maddening. I screamed, as the launch gave another lurch; then I knew no more.

When I opened my eyes I was lying on a comfortable bed in a freight ship; a kindly woman was bending over me fixing bandages on my head. The runaway launch had been taken in tow by the big freighter. I had been taken from the launch and taken care of.

After the woman had given me a dainty supper, strength of body and mind returned to me. She informed me that her husband was engineer in the big freighter and she was doing the cooking. Her helper had deserted her at the last port. She was very tired, and wanted help.

As I listened it seemed the gates of opportunity were thrown open to me. She laughed as I begged her to give me the job. The fifteen dollars a month

THREE weeks later, when I left the hospital, there seemed to be everything in life to live for, as I pressed serious-faced baby Douglas Fraser to my heart. I paid a woman to take care of him during the hours I worked as a waitress in a first class restaurant.

I took the night course in a business college; there I found my advanced education was a great help to me. I devoted every spare hour to study; then came the red-letter day of my life, when the teacher recommended me to a big shipping firm, and I obtained the position.

How pleased my employers were with me, and the way I threw myself into my work, and the great interest I took in everything pertaining to the business. When, later, they gave me an advance in pay, the troublesome thought ran through my mind: why did Douglas Fraser never thank me, or try to lighten my burden, in his greed for money?

When I came down the steps of the mammoth office building a feeling of pride surged through my veins; I felt I was a part of that vast business world; also, I felt a joy in my pretty business clothes; tenderly I pressed my hands on the silken lining of my coat. It seemed impossible that only a year ago I was picked up as so much shipwreck, out of a shipwrecked launch. I was penniless, bareheaded, wearing cheap, shoddy clothing, and was delighted to get a job peeling potatoes, washing dishes, and waiting table on a freight boat at fifteen dollars a month.

As the months passed by, I became more and more in love with my work; until nearly two years passed by, yet it seemed impossible for me to shut out of my mind all thoughts of Douglas Fraser, until one evening some spirit prompted me to write to my beloved aunt who lived beside the river's bend; the river bordered with weeping willows, that seemed to know all my dreams, joys and sorrows.

I was surprised to find myself so anxiously awaiting her reply, and still more surprised at the rapturous joy that took possession of me when I received her letter within a week. Hurriedly I opened it, and read:

"My Dear Niece:

"How delighted and surprised I was to receive your letter; it must have been in answer to my constant wish. I understand all, and knew your Spartan-like spirit would guide you. I am glad—glad that you are safe.

"You are too proud to ask about Douglas Fraser, but I shall tell you all.

"When he came home that day you made your break for liberty, and found no dinner ready, he was very grouchy at first, then angry; but towards evening, when you did not return, he became alarmed, and had the whole neighborhood helping him look for you.

"For three days and nights we kept up the useless search; but Douglas is still keeping it up. No tongue can tell what he suffered in those days.

"As the weeks went by he began to realize you were all the world to him; also he realized the misery you had endured trying to make one dollar do the work of three; until, finally, he understood what it was like to see everything through tired eyes. He rented the farm to a man and woman with grown-up sons and daughters, and it keeps them all busy.

"He took a goodly share of cash and went away long ago to a big city to start in business for himself. No fear but what he will make a success where money is concerned.

"Maud, do try soon to come back to the river's bend and see us all.

"Ever your loving Aunt Mary."

I sank back in the big chair by the window, and just kept my eyes riveted on that apparently insignificant piece of paper that fell to the floor. It seemed impossible that that inanimate white paper could cause my whole being to be set agog to some intense emotion. I wondered what this course of his would mean to me. I moaned aloud:

"No, no, he must never get baby Douglas away from me. I have endured slavery, grinding economy; it was enough; I shall never forget the urging call of youth in my veins—calling, calling, to get



A Spring Lesson

By Blanche Adcock

*Crocus, growing by the way,
What is this you seem to say,
Waking from your bed of sod,
Answering to the call of God?
Tell me, did I hear you say,
"Voices call, I must obey?"*

*First of all the flow'rs of Spring,
Joy and hope to all you bring;
Now the cruel winter's past,
Spent the fury of its blast,
"Cheer up, friend!" I hear you say,
"God is in His world today."*

*Dainty, prairie pioneer,
Naught of harm you seem to fear,
In your blizzard cap so warm,
Fearless of the latter storm.
"He who calls me," did you say,
"Will take care of me today?"*

*Crocus, crocus, flower true,
Face upturned to Heaven's blue;
Teach me lessons true to trace,
As I look into your face!
Tell me, did I hear you say,
"Trust in God, and then obey?"*

I was to receive seemed a fortune to me. I decided I would do more than my share of the work. I knew I would have hours of leisure, and the pleasure of the trip, and, greatest boon of all, I would not have to make a thousand excuses to Douglas Fraser to wring a few dollars out of him. Nevertheless, a voice back somewhere in my brain kept up its noiseless words: "You are the wife of the rich Douglas Fraser; but you had better try to forget the fact, for the present."

Mrs. McPherson, the cook, gave me two gingham dresses, for which I was to pay her at the end of the month. I was very grateful when, as a present, she gave me an old coat of which she had wearied; I was very glad of its warmth as I sat on the deck in the evenings.

Often in the evenings as I sat on the deck looking at the great, dark waves lap the ship, I wondered if Douglas would be very angry when he came home that day and found no dinner ready, and, worse still, no supper. "Work and slave" was his slogan; now he could live up to it.

How happy I was at the end of the month when I received my fifteen dollars. Mrs. McPherson went ashore in the big city, and purchased for me some absolutely necessary clothing, leaving me a few dollars for safety.

I always feel I owe so much to that good, staunch hearted woman. It was my stepping-stone, for she introduced me to her friend, a stewardess on one of the passenger vessels, and I hired for thirty dollars a month for the three remaining months of navigation season. At the end of the season, between wages and tips, I had the fabulous sum of seventy-five dollars, and wild dreams of a future.

out and enjoy the companionship of other young people; the music, the laughter, the harmless joys of life. It was just stay at home and work, work; and all because Douglas was always wanting more money to buy more land to raise more feed to feed more hogs, and to just keep right on in the same old way."

He was always too tired to go anywhere.

In imagination I could see him in his business office: his stern, set face, that steely glint in his eyes, that manner of self assurance as he would look across the table at some prospective customer. He would take no chances where money was concerned.

I was interrupted in my line of thought when baby Douglas came toddling into the room. I raised him in my arms:

"Oh boy! I hope your daddy does not get after us. We are not asking him for money."

When morning came I went back to my work. I could see great anxiety written on the face of the president of the company as he dictated to me a very important letter. For a moment the room seemed to swim around me as, in the most matter-of-fact way, he pronounced the name, Douglas Fraser. I knew then, by his letter, that Douglas was right here in the same city as myself; also, that he was a keen competitor of my employers, and that they were under obligation to him.

All my sympathy went out to my employers, who were my friends and benefactors; the people to whom I owed all for furnishing me with the position whereby I earned my money to make a living for myself and baby Douglas.

I could understand they had only two more days in which to meet the heavy demand from the company with which they had become heavily involved. Should they fail to meet the obligation, then the merchandise would pass into the hands of the powerful competitor, Douglas Fraser.

The success of my employers meant everything to me; their failure meant all manner of inconvenience, discouragement, perhaps failure. I owed them a great debt of gratitude, and decided on a course of payment.

When the day of tortuous anxiety ended, I knew they had still failed to solve the great problem.

With earliest dawn of the next morning I was up, and doing what to the casual observer would seem the most ridiculous thing in the world, for a woman on the very threshold of calamity, namely, looking over my wardrobe, criticising as never before the good points of each garment. I wanted perfect euphony in everything from hat to shoes.

I must admit that when I finished my toilet I was unsurpassable as an advertisement for the firm that produced that most exquisite, fragrant powder. I was decidedly pleased as I looked at the picture of perfection in business dress that was reflected in the mirror. I even hired a taxi to take me to the office.

Early as I was, my employers were there ahead of me; their haggard, worried faces made me more determined on my course. I imagined a look of surprise passed over their faces, as they saw me looking my best in the blackest hour of calamity. The president followed me into the private office to dictate a letter; he even forgot his great dignity enough to say: "I am sorry, girl; if this day does not help us out of the quandary."

I was alarmed, as my own voice floated out in the stillness of the room—it seemed close, and pleading, as I said:

"Could you not form an amalgamation with this Douglas Fraser?"

"It is hopeless. You do not know him—hard, grasping, ambitious, unapproachable."

He finished the words with utter hopelessness in his voice.

He looked at me in shocked amazement as I requested him to phone the office of Douglas Fraser and inquire if he was in. He looked still

more surprised when I asked him leave of an hour's absence, perhaps half a day.

It seemed as though my brain was trying to quell the riot in my heart as I stood in the outer room of Douglas Fraser's office, and gave the office boy my card, inscribed: "Mrs. Douglas Fraser begs an audience with you." The five minutes I waited seemed an endless eternity; then I saw a man leave the office and the boy said:

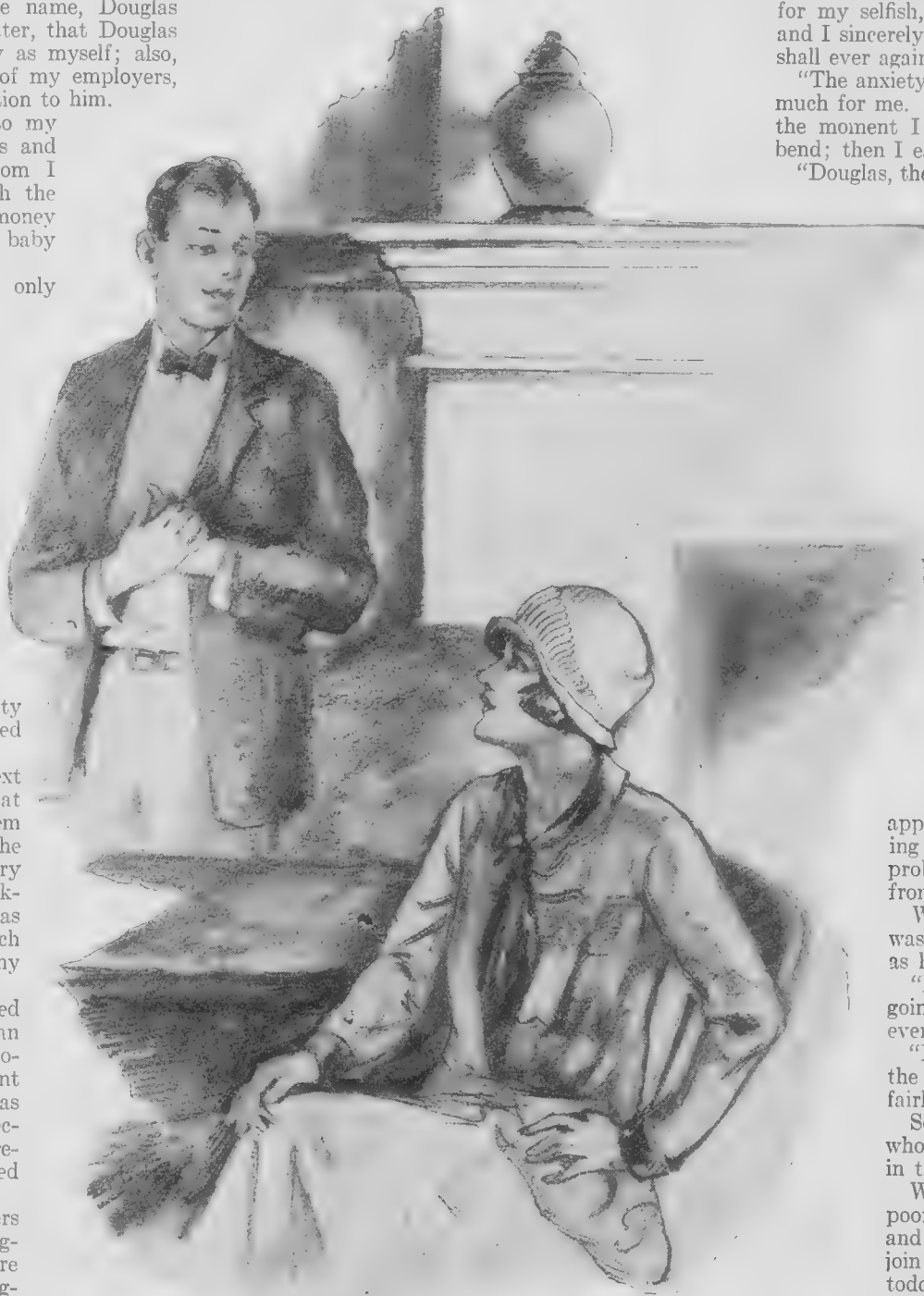
"Mr. Fraser will see you."

Just for one short second the power of locomotion left me; then I regained my equilibrium, and with an easy, steady step, entered the room.

Douglas looked at me with that steely glint in his eyes, his face stern set; then, like one recovering from a shock, he arose and shook hands with me, and I just allowed my hand to linger in that long, tight clasp as he drew a chair for me.

At first my voice seemed far away; then it sounded clear as I determined to go through with it all, and said:

"I suppose you wonder to what you are indebted for this visit from me?"



He did not answer, but just stood there staring as one who sees an apparition, until finally he found his voice.

He did not answer, but just stood there, staring as one who sees an apparition, until finally he found his voice:

"Maud, I understand all, and just how you felt when you gave me that awful jolt; but first tell me about our babe."

"Douglas, that is one reason why I am here. I feel a great depth of gratitude to my employers for the position I hold in their office, which gives me money to support myself and babe. Any success I have attained, I owe it to my employers. Their success is mine. Their failure is mine, for the time being, anyway."

"They have gone into a heavy speculation that looks like disaster if they cannot tide over present difficulties; in fact, they have only today in which to meet the demand."

He anxiously enquired:

"Who are your employers?"

"Lexton, Linton & Co., Amalgamated."

The steely glint in his eyes softened, as he said: "Maud, let us go to where you live, and talk this matter over."

When I was in his car, speeding through space as I longed for in olden times, I told him how I lived in a small apartment, and a woman took care of baby Douglas during the day for her room and board.

When we entered the apartment, that stern, set-faced Douglas Fraser did the most unbusiness-like thing imaginable: he pressed his lips to the soft face of baby Douglas, and tossed him on his shoulder, then turned to me:

"Maud, if your employers gave you the position which gave you money to keep yourself and our boy decent and comfortable, I owe them a debt of gratitude. My wife, let me try to make amends for my selfish, cruel thoughtlessness of the past; and I sincerely trust that neither you nor our boy shall ever again want for the comforts of life."

"The anxiety of the past few days had been too much for me. I told him all my experiences from the moment I first left our home at the river's bend; then I earnestly added:

"Douglas, there is only one way we can pay that debt of gratitude to my employers. Do please try to consider amalgamation with the firm. They are clever, trustworthy men."

Like two happy sweethearts we returned to his office.

There was a new tone of content in his voice, as he phoned the firm of Lexton, Linton & Co., Amalgamated, to call at his office within an hour.

I glided into the little room off his private office. An hour later I knew the two firms had amalgamated.

My breath came in little gasps when I heard Douglas say:

"This transaction is out of gratitude for the position my wife held in your office, which gave her the money to make a living for herself and son."

The following day, when I went to the office to bid my employers good-bye, I was very pleased to receive their words of appreciation and gratitude for assisting them to solve the great business problem with which they were confronted.

When I returned to the flat, Douglas was waiting for me. He was so happy as he said:

"Maud, pack your grips; we are going for a few weeks joy riding wherever you wish to go."

"Douglas, I would like to go back to the river's bend." "So would I," he fairly shouted.

Some days later, we invited the whole countryside to the big reunion in the deep park at the river's bend.

When evening came, and the whip-poor-will sang its old time sweet song, and we were ready to enter the car to join the joy riders, young Douglas came toddling along clattering an old rusty tin pail he had found behind a rickety old pump beside the maple tree.

I recognized the pail. It had a red band painted on it, and it was mended in three places.

Once again I visualized the terrors of that brief voyage while on the runaway launch; how the gates of opportunity were opened for me by the kind woman on the freight ship; of my subsequent determination to fit myself for the business world and the great day, when baby Douglas was put in my arms; I thought of the secret heart-aches I had felt upon reading Aunt Mary's letter; and I straightaway put the pail in the car to have it painted for a big flower-pot in memory of the day I let it fall to the ground and went my way.

It was the weight of that pail, filled with water, that first pushed us into the road to content.

The Man From Quebec

By Thomas B. Robertson



HON. ERNEST LAPOINTE

Who successfully led the Government forces while Premier King was seeking re-election

ERNEST LAPOINTE is a large, portly man, with a big, serious face, severe expression and a genial disposition. He will be fifty years old next October.

When Mr Mackenzie King lost his seat in the general election of October, 1925, and consequently could not take his place in the House of Commons when Parliament met in January, it was Ernest Lapointe who led the government in the Prime Minister's absence.

Ernest Lapointe, therefore, next to the Prime Minister, is the most important man on the Liberal side in the House. He is a French-Canadian, and is not so well known in Western Canada as he should be. He has been a member of Parliament since 1904; some twenty-two years.

THE COMMONS' CHAMBER at Ottawa is a magnificent, high, spacious apartment done in white stone, carved oak and velvet hangings. The ceiling—which is a false ceiling of canvas—is painted with Canadian heraldry. The carpet on the floor is vivid green. A grand oak throne stands at the head of the Chamber; this throne is Mr. Speaker's chair. It stands on a platform of several broad steps, and while Mr. Speaker sits in his chair the page boys of the Commons recline on the steps, unless they are summoned by finger-snapping members.

On Mr. Speaker's right hand, running all down the right-hand side of the Chamber, are the benches of the government. A series of stall desks; each stall consisting of two desks; each desk top covered with a clean sheet of green blotting paper.

On Mr. Speaker's left hand, run the benches of the Opposition. The green floor, like a verdant forest walk, separates the opposing parties. And in the middle of the floor is a vast oak table at the far end of which the mace lies on its cushion.

In one of the double-stall desks on the Government side, a few steps distant from the Speaker's chair, sit Mr. King and Mr. Lapointe. They are paired together. Across the floor, straight across the oak table, in a similar double-stalled desk, sit Mr. Meighen and Sir Henry Drayton. This arrangement brings the leadership of the government and of the opposition face to face. And across that great oak table some of the bitterest and keenest interchanges have flashed back and forth between these four men. Mr. Meighen stabbing and piercing with his pertinacious, keen relentless and sardonic challenges and taunts, and Mr. Lapointe

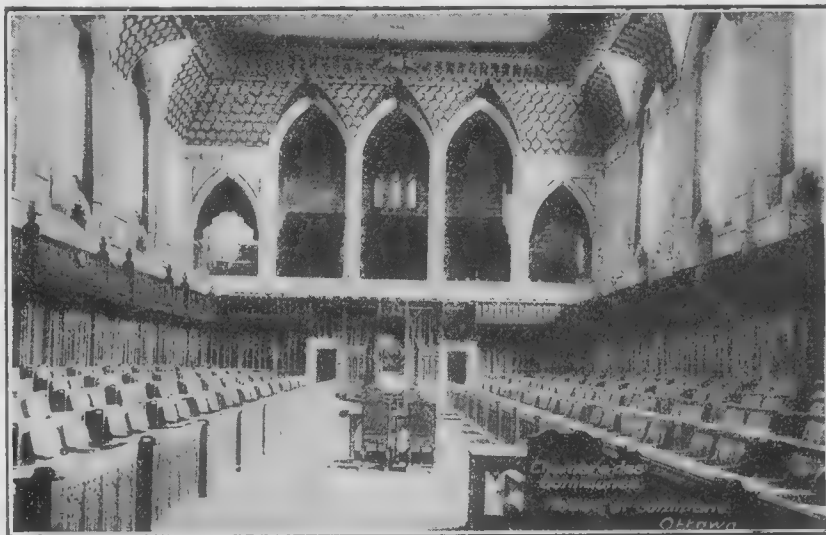
rising like a roused lion, flushed and vehement, to throw them off and crush his adversary. Mr. Lapointe, as we have said, is a French-Canadian.

THIS point of his nationality becomes conspicuous when he is engaged in speech. His English is supple enough and ready enough in the casual and ordinary passages dealing with ordinary business and routine. But when Mr. Lapointe is engaged in strenuous debate it is not that English fails him, but that it does not give him the help and volume that he needs.

Mr. Lapointe warms up; his thoughts expand and soar; his mind teems with the figures and ideas which pour out of his subject. And his English keeps sullenly at a walk. Consequently, Mr. Lapointe in the throes of debate is rather exciting to watch.

He is not only gathering up and marshalling his ideas, he is spurring a tardy language. He is wild to fly forward, and his laggard steed will not mend its pace. So, mentally, he is leagues ahead of his utterance. The ideas are not discharged fast enough in speech. They crowd at the outlet and choke it. The flow stops. Mr. Lapointe, bent far over his desk, his large smooth face aglow with effort, a driven look in his eye, his arms thrown wide for help, seems ready to explode. The reluctant phrases come at length and are expelled, hurled out, bits of lava shot from a volcano with the velocity of bullets. And then another jam. And then another explosive liberation.

Such an occasion was the night of March 20, 1925, which was a Friday. On that date the Government announced that the debate on the Peterson Shipping Contract would end and the vote be taken. Seven full days had been given to the question.



Common's Chamber at Ottawa

Shortly after eleven o'clock at night Mr. Stevens, Conservative member for Vancouver, and one of the Tory champions, rose and discharged a hurricane of criticism at the Government. One of his main complaints was that the Government was bringing on the vote that night—a Friday night. On Fridays many members left Ottawa for the week-end, and, consequently, when the vote was taken, the full opposition strength would not be present. Mr. Stevens poured out his scorn and contempt for such an action with the force and fury of a cloud-burst. The House was full; the galleries were packed; the page boys cowered on the steps of the throne; the Prime Minister sat slumped and brooding in his chair. The whole thing was rather tremendous.

It had just gone midnight when Mr. Stevens' gale blew itself out. All Ottawa outside the glowing, rosy Chamber was fast asleep or going home to bed. The cold, dark river crept round the curving slope of Parliament Hill. Pretty ladies in their brilliant clothes leaned over the private galleries and looked down on the members to see who would come next.

Mr. Lapointe came next. He began quietly enough. He was trying to be reasonable. He was trying to show Mr. Stevens that the Opposition had really no complaint. He began quietly enough.

Mr. Stevens interrupted him. Mr. Lapointe answered; and went on.

Mr. Meighen interrupted him. He answered. He went on. Mr. Meighen pushed in again. And was met. And struck again. And was parried. And thrust. And was deflected.

It became exciting.

Mr. Lapointe swelled and grew vehement. With Mr. Meighen, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Boys, hanging on his flanks, he battered his way forward through the debate.

Mr. Stevens' thunder? It was stage thunder. The thunder made by rolling rocks in an empty barrel. Mr. Meighen's interruptions? "I wanted to be brief," explodes Mr. Lapointe, "but my right honorable friend is responsible for the prolongation of my remarks."

"I accept that," says Mr. Meighen; and he sits down and stays down.

Mr. Boys is brushed away like a midge on a mill-race. "I was just going to ask—" chirps up Mr. Boys, and is swept away like a tale that is told.

"I do not know," booms Mr. Lapointe, arms, flying, face shining, eyes shining, eye-glasses shining; thick, powerful body full of force; bending forward, words like

bullets. "We have been discussing this matter seven days. If we have to vote tonight it is because my honorable friends have been discussing it all week. And now these honorable gentlemen are protesting."

Words fail him. He chokes and glares, and stares and swells. "They claim they are being unfairly treated." It is not so. It is not right. Mr. Lapointe is on his toes. He is mounting. He is far, far out over his desk; arms to the world. "This charge of unfairness I throw back at my friends over there."

"Throw back?" Hurl back! Explode back! Cannon balls! with blast and crash. "I throw it back at my friends over there." And he sits down to a thunder of applause from the Liberal benches.



Rt. HON. ARTHUR MEIGHEN
In Fighting Attitude

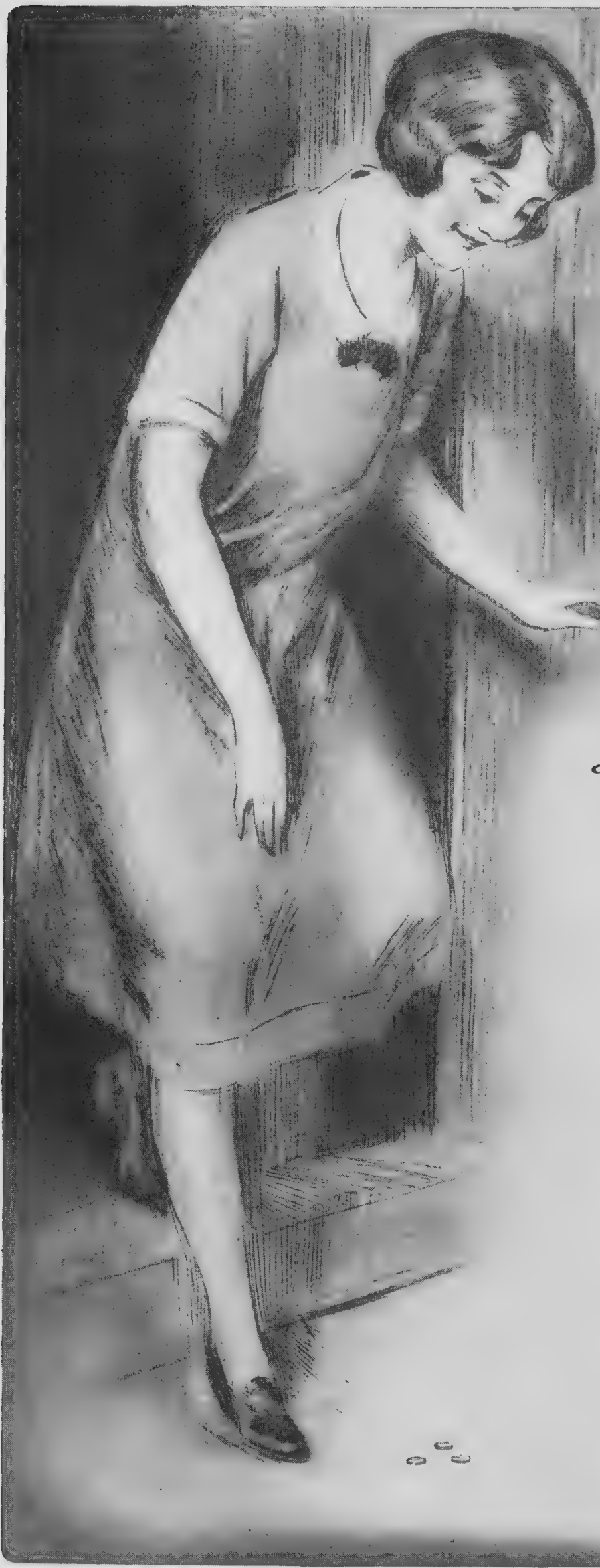
But such occasions are rare. Mr. Lapointe for the most part remains calm and self-contained while the proceedings of the House go forward. Sitting in his stall beside the Prime Minister; heavy, massive, watchful; interrupting on the instant a speaker who leaves the track of accuracy as Mr. Lapointe understands accuracy. One of the big figures in the House of Commons.

As you look at this portly man in his place of importance in Parliament you remember he began his parliamentary career twenty-two years ago when he was a young man of twenty-eight. He was first of all returned by acclamation for the constituency of Kamouraska in Quebec, 1904. In 1904 a general election came on, and he was re-elected. In 1908, 1911 and 1917, he was re-elected, sailing victoriously through the raging breakers of four general elections. In 1919 Sir Wilfrid Laurier died. Sir Wilfrid sat for Quebec East. Mr. Lapointe resigned his own seat and offered himself to the voters of Quebec East to take Sir Wilfrid's place. He was returned by a majority of 3,939; October 27, 1919. At the general election of 1921 he was re-elected. At the general election of 1925, Mr. King down, George Graham down, half the Cabinet unhorsed at the polls, Mr. Lapointe was re-elected; came out of the melee brandishing his victorious lance to rally the liberal army and lead it in the Commons till the Prime Minister could amble into the House on a fresh palfrey.

THE PAST twenty-five years have seen a revolution in Canadian politics. The old traditions have been outgrown, the old faiths have not been capacious enough to accommodate the new impulses. Venerable political ideas have had to give way to new and aggressive political movements. Canada is not the country it was before the war. Its national problems are more keenly felt and more widely recognized; its international position is now seen clearly to be vitally connected with the country's future. The politician and statesman of today must have grasped the changed conditions, and have projected his policy to meet it, or he will be of little service to Canada; he will inevitably disappear from the political scene.

The fact about Ernest Lapointe is that he has become steadily more prominent as a national figure. In 1921 he was appointed Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and in this office he became conspicuous by arranging the Halibut Fisheries Treaty with the United States.

Continued on page 31



Like finding 3 cents every washday!

Would you pick up pennies if they lay at your feet? Would you? Every time you use Fels-Naptha Soap in your washing machine you can "pick up pennies" just about as easily. And more—you get the *extra* help of plenty of dirt-loosening naptha and splendid soap combined—this *extra* washing help you get only in Fels-Naptha!

Naptha, you know, is valued by dry cleaners for loosening dirt safely from delicate fabrics.

Naptha and splendid soap, working together in Fels-Naptha, make clothes *safely* clean! And Fels-Naptha makes clothes clean *more easily and more quickly!* It puts sparkling brightness into your clothes. It makes all your household cleaning easier!

Because it combines plenty of dirt-loosening naptha and splendid soap, Fels-Naptha gives you *extra* washing help you cannot get from any other soap, no matter what its form, color or price.

With a saving of soap-money and clothes-money; with a saving of time and work—isn't it worth while to use Fels-Naptha in the washing machine?

Whether you use a washing machine or do the washing in tubs, you'll find that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!

Get a golden bar or two from your grocer today! Why shouldn't you get the benefit of its economy and its *extra* help?

Many women get the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha in their washing machines so easily!

Whether they dissolve Fels-Naptha in hot water, or chip it directly into the machine, they have rich, creamy suds in a jiffy, ready to start the cleansing work. Chipping only takes about 50 seconds. No bother. No fuss. No waste.

Try Fels-Naptha in your washing machine. The results will surprise and delight you!

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



Furniture simple in line and in decorative treatment, is chosen for the bungalow-in-good-taste

We Choose Our Bungalow Furnishings

For the Charming Little Home Shown on Page Thirteen

By Katherine M. Caldwell

IF, BY chance, you have not yet seen the bungalow pictured on page 13 of this issue and read the description of it by the architect, I would urge you to do so before reading this article, for to me has been given the pleasure and privilege of suggesting suitable furnishings for this first home of Western Home Monthly's special new architectural series.

And if you have already read Mr. Horwood's article, just glance once more at the pictured exterior of his bungalow. With its appearance from the outside in mind, we are ready to step within and discuss its furnishing.

Picture that outside effect as the architect paints it—warm, charming, colorful, with its brown shingle, green roof and red brick chimney. Picture the brown window-boxes described as one of its delightful little accessories, overflowing with yellow and orange nasturtiums! Surely such an exterior would hold high promise of what would be found within.

The connection between the outside and the inside of a house should always be maintained—more especially, perhaps, in an instance like this, when one steps across the door-sill right into the heart of the home, the living room. The architect has felt this close relationship between exterior and interior, for he has opened with a brief for a warm brown and yellow background in this room—soft brown stain for the fir wainscoting and yellow plaster above it. This is indeed a pleasant scheme to work to, and we realize at once that the impression gained as we approached the front door has grown and expanded as we have stepped within.

This plan for brown and yellow walls is capable of considerable variation without any real departure from its general scheme. The actual outlook of the living room will govern our exact use of this color scheme. If the living room windows have a warm, sunny exposure, it would be my preference to hold down the tone of the plaster to no more than a yellow-tinted ivory, a most delightful tone to use in house decoration. If, on the other hand, the living room has a somewhat cold exposure, by all means warm up the tone of the plaster, increasing the soft glow of yellow until the feeling of into the furnishings of the room.

The fireplace, as we are told, is of red brick. Let me urge upon the builder to consider the exact tone of that brick before allowing it to be laid.

You know how widely the reds vary in brick—showing everything from an orange-red or terra cotta, to a soft rose-red that is, in truth, a far different color. Consider which you would prefer to have in the color scheme of your furnishings. Either is very satisfactory, but the two cannot be mixed. The color of the fireplace brick, therefore, will determine what modification of red will enter into the furnishings of the room.

THE wood panelling and plastering of the walls set the room quite definitely in a certain key. Our cue is to adopt their note, play it up and achieve a whole effect that will be harmonious and satisfying.

I confess to a great affection for iron, and in this room I see a splendid opportunity to use it effectively. The architect speaks of wiring the house when it is built, rather than as an afterthought of that inevitable day when electricity will be available. If that day is not yet, you can cover the wires with small flat metal caps that come for the purpose. If, however, you are putting your electric fixtures in at once, by all means let them be of wrought iron. Iron candlesticks of simple design would be delightful on the red brick mantel, and I am sure that you would also like an iron fender and fireplace fittings. If, however, you have a love for brass, it would look equally well at the fireplace and one must admit that its gleam is ever a cheerful detail. Add a hand-made hearth broom, such as our blind soldiers are making, choosing one with a blue or green handle, perhaps, and your fireplace will be quite adequately furnished.

Building up the scheme started by the walls, I would say that to our brown and yellow we would add red, in either the brickly or rose-red hue, a blue to blend with it happily, and a soft green.

We cannot do better than begin at the floor, considering it the foundation upon which our furnishing scheme will rest. Hardwood is advocated for the floors of at least the living room and dining room; if it is not feasible, the floor might be stained to tone in with the woodwork. Since the panelling is fairly deep in tone, the rug will be best in a rather dark effect. It might be a plain weave, if the materials for covering the furniture and for the curtains is to be figured. Many people, however, prefer something in the nature of an all-over design if the rug is to stand hard usage, and in that

case something with a small neat pattern and soft, well blended tones might be chosen. My preference in an all-over pattern would be for that which is very small and unobtrusive in design; sometimes this will give almost the effect of a plain carpet and will permit the use of open pattern elsewhere in the room. In this instance I think it very desirable, because a colorful chintz will be delightful against the plain walls of wood and plaster. A large square for the living room proper and a small rug for the fireplace would answer very nicely, or one might use a skin before the hearth—a good wolf, or if one has a mighty hunter in one's family, a bear skin, is never more delightfully used than when placed before the fireplace.

We have discussed before in this department just what constitutes the idea of a living room. It must provide cheerfulness, comfort, a measure of hospitality. Its very name gives us the key to what it should be. If it truly fills the role, it must do what that name claims for it—represent the family interests.

THE living room without book-shelves would be indeed a sorry place. It appears to me in the picture that there is an admirable spot for some short, built-in shelves on either side of the fireplace. They would accord delightfully with the built-in seat in the inglenook—what more complete than an open fire, a comfortable resting place and one's choice of books at hand? The radio enthusiast cannot do better than claim one or two such short lengths of shelf for the radio outfit.

Absolutely essential are several low comfortable chairs. They may be in the big easy chair lines if you like, but this is not always necessary to comfort. I recall mentioning last month, in connection with furniture that has appeared at Spring showings, that the comfortable overstuffed chair which was neither massive in appearance or greedy of space, had definitely arrived. Then there are charming chairs built on restful lines, but with a wooden frame—mahogany, walnut, etcetera—and cushioned back and seat. Very practical are chairs of wicker and reed, which, when comfortably cushioned, will provide much comfort at small expense.

I think almost everyone feels that the ideal living room should contain a couch of some kind. Most

Continued on page 73



"What a Charming Home!"

GLEAMING waxed floors accentuate the beauty of rugs and furnishings. They enhance the attractiveness of every room. They create that atmosphere of perfect taste and harmony so dear to the heart of a woman.

Waxed floors are not a luxury—in fact, WAX is the most economical of finishes. It takes only a few minutes and there is no hard work—no stooping or kneeling—no messy rags and pails—it doesn't even soil your hands.

Just spread on a thin, even coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop. This cleans the floor and deposits a protecting Wax film which a few easy strokes of the Weighted Brush or Electric Polisher will quickly bring to a beautiful, durable polish.

A Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit (*Hand or Electric*) is all you need. Both Outfits include a supply of Liquid Wax and a Lamb's-wool Mop for applying wax.

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Write for a FREE copy of the Johnson 25c Book on Home Beautifying.

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Rent It for a Day!

At your neighborhood store you can rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher for \$2.00 a day. It will take but a short time to polish all your floors and linoleum—by electricity.

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S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD. "The Floor Finishing Authorities" BRANTFORD, CAN.
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JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

The Coming of Spring

ONCE more the annual miracle of spring is with us. How many of us take this recurring miracle of rejuvenation as a mere matter of course, without recognition of how wonderful a thing it is! In those whose hearts and minds and senses are fully alive to all that spring means—the stirring of the mould, the greening of the trees, the coming of the birds—these things are medicine for the mind, the best of tonics. The mind requires purging, even more than the body, since the body is in so great a measure controlled by the mind. Those who think and feel at all deeply about human life and this world in which we sojourn are stirred more deeply by each successive spring, as the years pass by. Each spring we see means one less in the number of springs whose unfolding we shall be gladdened by. It is a strange thing to consider that so many of us fail to cultivate a close sympathetic observation and knowledge of the wonders of nature which envelop us. Coming out of a friend's house recently, a little after midnight, The Philosopher remarked to his companion that soon the spring constellations would occupy the eastern sky. The person to whom this remark was made said that he did not know one star from another. This is by no means an uncommon thing to hear said. So common a thing, indeed, that to find a person who does know something about the stars is surprising. On one brilliant August night in the middle of Lake Superior, the captain of a grain boat told the Philosopher that the only stars he knew and looked for were the stars of the Dipper and the Pole Star, to which the two "pointers" of that great constellation guide the eye. In twenty years of navigating the Great Lakes he had never cared to know more. Twenty years he had seen the constellations rise out of that great inland sea, Lake Superior, pass over his head, and vanish with the dawn—and it had never occurred to him to take the trouble to recognize them and learn the names that man has given them.

Again the Wild Geese

ONCE more the wild geese winging northward, with those haunting cries, make even the most thoughtless of us to look up at their swift flight in a V-shaped formation and speculate, if only for a moment or two, on the mysterious instinct that takes them on their annual migrations. From the earliest times humankind has believed that the wild geese and ducks and other birds and animals like the squirrels, which store supplies of food for the winter, and muskrats, which build houses for the winter, are guided by instinct and by foreknowledge of the weather—in fact, that they are long-range weather forecasters. Of the wild geese an ancient Greek poet, in lines which an English poet of the eighteenth century translated into these couplets, wrote:

Proof they give, too, primal powers,
Of a prescience more than ours,
Teach us, while they come and go,
When to sail and when to sow.

But, as a matter of fact, it has often happened that conclusions based on bird migrations and the winter preparations of squirrels and muskrats have turned out to be wrong. It does not follow because the squirrels begin early in the fall to lay in their winter stores that the ensuing winter is sure to set in early and be a long and severe winter. Nor have the muskrats any better knowledge than the squirrels about the length or severity of a coming winter. Weather bureaus used to pay attention to the migration of birds, but found that the birds made as many mistakes as the official prognosticators, who do not pretend to be able to make predictions for months, or even weeks, ahead. "The faculty possessed by birds or animals to interpret the signs of coming weather changes," says a scientific writer, "is limited to an instinctive appreciation of present atmospheric conditions, which are indicative of certain weather changes for periods of probably one to twelve hours in advance." But can anybody be safely positive in discussing a thing so mysterious and profound as the instincts of birds and animals?

Ourselves and Our Elected Legislators

IT IS an old saying that humor is the saving salt of life. Serious things must be taken seriously, of course. But the inability to see the humorous side and to laugh at it is a deplorable lack. For example, there is nothing more serious in life than the love of husband and wife. But nobody can be solemnly serious all the time and be normal. One of the manifestations of perfect sympathy and understanding between husband and wife is that on due

The Philosopher

occasion they can laugh at each other understandingly. Such laughter does not mean that they are not devoted to each other. On the contrary, it is one of the indications and proofs that their attachment is deep and true. In the same way, a good citizen is ready to laugh at the elected legislators when they say, or do, something which is rightly to be laughed at. No human being is safe from saying, or doing, something which makes him, or her, ridiculous. But a citizen who makes a practice of jeering at the elected legislators is not giving proof of good citizenship. It is all right to smile at this paragraph on the editorial page of a recent issue of a Winnipeg newspaper:

"We often think of all the Ford cars you could buy with the money that we spend on our parliaments. And the Ford cars would get you much farther."

It would be absurd to be so serious as not to be ready to get a laugh out of such another humorous paragraph as this:

"Twenty-nine members of the House took part in the debate, and it is estimated that if all the words spoken were placed end to end there would be enough to go round the world, with sufficient left over to make a rope long enough to let the calf hang itself. Also, if all the words spoken were placed end to end, no one would know what they meant."

Such humor is all right, in due measure. But if it begins to create a habitually jeering attitude of mind towards the lawmakers whom we, the citizens, have elected, it is not all right but all wrong, because it can only tend towards failure to take seriously our representative institutions, our system of self-government. If we proclaimed these to be laughable, what else would we be proclaiming than that we, the electors, who are responsible for them, are making a failure of our citizenship?

The World Will Continue to go on

Seldom has the gloomy pessimist had so magnificent an opportunity for the exercise of his proclivity as is furnished by the statistical estimates of increase of population of the world which have been widely discussed of late. It is estimated that the population of the world in 1800 was approximately 600,000,000. In 1900 it was about 1,600,000,000. Taking these estimates as fairly correct, we find that during the nineteenth century the increase of the human race amounted to nearly 170 per cent. If during the present century there is to be similar increase, there will be about 4,300,000,000 in the world in seventy-five years from now. The pessimist can worry about the problem of how so many people are going to get food. And he can worry about many other things, as he looks into the future "far as human eye can see"—which is not far at all. But the optimist, with more wisdom, is not dismayed about the future of humanity. Studying the past for the lessons to be learned from it, he is confident that the problems which confront humanity will be solved as they arise.

Schoolboys and Schoolgirls

"WITHOUT desiring to declare any belief that a discrimination can be made between the capacity of boys and the capacity of girls," said a leading educational authority, speaking in Winnipeg recently, "it is a fact, I believe, that where boys and girls are given the same teaching and the same examinations, the boys spread out over a wider reach of attainment than the girls, that is to say, the best boy usually obtains a higher percentage than the best girl, and the lowest boy a lower percentage than the lowest girl. It is difficult to find the reason for this." In trying to think out a reason, the Philosopher remembers that when he was at school most of his schoolmates had, like himself, only one intellectual ambition, and that was to do the smallest amount of work that would save them from censure or punishment. He does not remember any case of a boy working harder in order to please a particular teacher, but he remembers hearing of girls working hard to please a particular teacher. Girls are more influenced by a desire to make somebody else happy than boys are. The "best boy" is more likely to work hard from a sheer desire "to get the job done," not so much from interest in it as from interest in having a job to tackle and dispose of.

"Where Every Prospect Pleasès, But—"

A READER of The Western Home Monthly writes from a town in Saskatchewan expressing agreement with what was said on this page in the February number about life in lands where tropical fruits grow having certain advantages in comparison with life whose climate is not without severities of cold in winter. "Most of us," she writes, "have read so much about the enchantments of life in the South Seas that we have no idea how much disillusionment we should suffer if we had to go and actually live on one of those 'enchanted' isles." She encloses a letter written by an English lady, a relative of hers, who, after having made such an experiment, has returned to England with no desire ever to visit a South Sea island again. "The house we rented," the English lady writes, "was picturesque, but rats swarmed in the thatch and bred large families there, and among other creatures which shared the house with us and made themselves more at home than we were able to do were lizards, centipedes, spiders and cockroaches and ants of all sizes and colors and tiny crabs." The letter says also: "It is amazing to one going to the tropics to discover how overwhelmingly enervating the heat can be." Life, we may be sure, is not at all as lovely in the South Sea islands as it is pictured in the romantic books written about those islands basking in languorous sunshine, with the surf breaking drowsily on their gleaming sands, with their opalescent lagoons fringed with palms, and with their happy, carefree natives, whose chief activity, we are almost led to believe by the writers of such books, is to wreath themselves with flowers and perform dances when they are not disporting themselves in the water, or playing ukuleles and singing on the shore. Such climates do not produce bodily and mental vigor. Energy, self-control and the buoyancy of spirit which is produced only by vigorous health are necessary to progress and true satisfaction in life. These things do not abound where snow is unknown and the only rigors of the climate are those of extreme heat.

A Test of Intelligence

IN THE scientific reviews and the bulletins and other publications of learned societies there is a great deal to be read nowadays about experiments carried on by psychologists with human beings, with dumb animals, with birds and even with fishes. In one such publication The Philosopher has been reading about a test to which one experimental psychologist put twenty-two monkeys, one after another, in a room from the ceiling of which was hung a banana, too high for a monkey to reach. There was nothing else in the room but half a dozen empty boxes, all of the same size, scattered about on the floor. A monkey was shut up alone in the room, and watched through the window. After mounting the box which was nearest being directly under the banana, only to find that he could not reach the banana from there, the monkey got the idea of moving the box directly under the banana, only to find that it was still out of his reach. For a time he appeared to give way to exasperation, but suddenly he has an inspiration and places the second box on top of the one he had placed directly under the banana. But when he had climbed on top of that second box, he is not yet high enough. Again he gives way to disappointment and exasperation, but not for long. Suddenly he drags over a third box, and then a fourth, which would enable him to reach the banana, if only he would climb up them carefully, and could then mount to the top of the fourth box. But he piles them up hastily and insecurely, and then tries to make the ascent, but the boxes tumble down and land him on the floor. Immediately he does the same thing over and over again. Not one of the twenty-two monkeys that were put to this test, each one of them alone by himself in the room, gave up when the four boxes tumbled down and left him on the floor. Each one of them developed the idea that the thing to do was to hurry to the top of the piled-up four boxes before they had time to fall down. Again and again was this performance repeated, with increasing haste and without an instant's delay. The haste became frantic, and several of the monkeys tired themselves out. Not one of them thought of anything else to do. On reading the account of all this, The Philosopher could not help thinking that the experiment should have been made in conditions not quite so different from the conditions of the monkeys' natural life. Suppose the experimenter himself, or The Philosopher, were put to the very same test. Would he be likely to acquit himself very much better?

A WONDERFUL *New* Discovery *Perfected for Household Use*

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CHINA gave us beautiful lacquer,
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It's really wonderful.

It gives your woodwork a rich lustre in any color or
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You can take an old chair, or a table,
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your old pieces! And it is dry and
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It's the *Perfected* brushing lacquer.
It's not the first in the field. Do not
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Rogers Brushing Lacquer is the
result of years of experiment. This
preparation was deliberately with-
held from the market until it was
as perfect as human science could
make it.

And now here it is. Ask your dealer
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easy to apply. Anyone can put it
on—chairs, tables, floors—any
woodwork you want to renovate
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the old finish off. Brush right over
it. It will look like new.

Ask your dealer. He'll tell you.
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18 colors and black, white and clear.

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DRIES WHILE YOU WAIT

And Eve Beguiled Adam

By L. Dean-Hatch

ANITA SOTHERN carefully deposited upon the grass a tin bucket containing water, set a bowl of potatoes on the painted garden bench, and, seating herself beside the bowl, knife in hand, surveyed with delight the tree above her before she began her hurried task.

It was a large apple tree in full bloom—a Snow, her favorite apple. Charley had pruned its wild-grown branches five years ago, when she had come there as a bride, and consistently sprayed it every year since.

"These apples should be fine enough to sell this year," she murmured, then reflected on the probably best way to market them.

She gave no interest to how the money which might be realized from the Snows would be spent. In the Sothern home that was a foregone conclusion. Since her marriage everything that could be spared from the necessities of living had been applied to the building fund for the New House.

Charley had promised the New House at their engagement. The weatherbeaten old Sothern house was such an impossible place—tiny, low-ceiled chambers under the eaves and no closets, and a barn-like kitchen, where Nita calculated you walked a quarter of a mile, all in all, collecting the materials to beat up a cake. There were no porches, no heating system, and the water must be carried in and out by hand.

Charley had felt sensitive about the old house. He was taking Nita from a beautiful home. Her family liked Charley well enough, but they had objected to her marrying a man "from the land." You got ahead so slowly there—Well, it was slow. They had thought they could build in two years. And here it was five.

Nita's elder sister, Laura, had married a young banker. They too had been poor at first. They had saved carefully. Only their tide had turned so much more quickly. Laura was getting wonderful things about her now—her bungalow, a grand piano—even antiques. Still—the world might be full of bankers and Percys. It contained but one Charley.

And then there was her's—Nita's—garden. However deplorable had been the taste of the pioneer Sotherns in the matter of houses, it was certain they had possessed a fine art with gardens. They had planned a great sunshiny rectangle bordered with apple-bloom. Inside was the house, standing on its smaller rectangle of green clipped carpet, with its own border of flowering shrub, the bushes of luscious gooseberry, and fat cherry-currant. Outside the grass velvet came the long, neat rows of peas and beets—juicy asparagus tips, until at the foot of the distant applebloom, lordly rhubarb mingled with the trellised lines of pruned berries.

Never in her life before she came to the Sotherns had Nita known the luxury of a great home garden. Year by year the joy of it had crept into her soul. She sought her garden at every available moment. It had become to her a companion, with whom she might silently commune, or even take counsel. With its changing moods, she often felt like drawing it about her, like a vast, intangible enveloping personality.

Today the garden had whimsically set the stage as for a fairy coronation parade. The light breeze kept sifting a fresh carpet of snowy petals for her feet; an invisible orchestra of bees thrummed happily everywhere in the bloom-bordered court; the old spruce tiered with the fantastic stateliness of its new cerise budding, presented a brilliant military review; and the weeping birches trailed their delicate foliage with a feather-fan rhythm for the cooling of a princess on a torrid day.

It was all so lively. Except the house. Weather-stained, its scanty windows inserted baldly here and there like little squinting eyes among its warped weather

boarding, the house, with its stifling memories, was a scar—a tragedy of ugliness. Nita mentally turned her back on it, as her knife flashed broad potato peelings and her nostrils drank nectar from the perfumed canopy above.

"No wonder the bees boom like a distant organ. They begin reaping from the beginning. While we—" she sighed, and bored a wormhole from a potato with a skewering stab of the knife.

Her eye fell on a robin searching in the strawberry mulch, and dancing the daintiest of minuets. Already, while still courting, he and his wife were in the full throes of house-building.

"Each year the joy of a fresh home!" The robins delighted Nita.

A sudden delirious gurgle of song rippled out over the garden. Her last potato poised in air, Nita searched the old Snow's rosy sprays. Presently came a flip of wings with a vivid gash of orange.

"It's the orioles back! My soloists—my prima donnas! And each nest a little Taj Mahal of art. If you only could, you'd tell us the trick of managing so beautifully and happily, wouldn't you?"

She picked up the bucket, heavy with the pared "spuds," set it firmly in the pan of peelings, and lifting the two, moved regretfully toward her own uninviting domicile.

a furnace won't be much improvement on the fields. If only we had an oil stove—"

She wanted Charley to tell her to get the stove. But they had trained themselves, these two, each to act as a brake on any rash spending—impulse developed by the other—until the New House should be built. So Charley merely remarked that the horses would cool off anyway, if the men might not.

"What have you got there? Harness break?"

"Yes, it's the flies. I don't know how I can manage another summer with those bridle."

He wanted to be told to go immediately and buy the best oak-tanned harness on the market. It would be a comfort just to refuse to do it. But Nita's eyes steadied with the patience of long self-denial.

"You'll find the rivets handy in the shed," she volunteered.

The two stood looking over the garden, toward a pile of stones, another of gravel and on beyond to the stacks of lumber stowed under the mows of the open-doored carriage house. Three years ago they had "got the logs out" and the lumber hauled home, expecting their house to be completed in six months. That was the season of the big price-

A gabbling rooster, with some twenty red-combed hens of the harem, were rioting in the gravel, pecking joyfully with each stroke of spurred foot. "Trust a hen to getting wise to any good coming her way, and being on the dot to enjoy it," grinned Charley. "In some ways animals seem to have the best of us humans."

"And yet," mused Nita, "It was given to us to dominate the situation."

AT NOON, the hired man, coming up by the road from planting potatoes in the south lot, brought a letter for Nita from the mail-box. She managed to glance it through between the fiery processes of dishing up greens and pouring tea. It was from her sister Laura.

"She wants us to spend the week of my birthday with them," she confided to Charley, as they cooled off under the Snow after dinner.

"You must go." It was his pride to be punctilious about her visiting her family. "I can't. The corn must be in by the twenty-fourth."

"We won't bother with staying the week," she replied. "Just the one day and parts of two others. Silas can manage that long."

Charley shook his head. "With the cows just freshened, and the calves' milk to warm? Hired men won't stand for much these days. We can't afford to lose Silas."

Nita knew that it wasn't the corn, or the milking, or Silas, that was deterring Charley from going with her to Laura's. He shrank from contrasting Percy's new bungalow, Percy's high-powered car, Percy's easy finances, with his own deferred hopes and failures. There was a lot of pride in Charley.

"I'll write Laura we can't get away this time," she decided, whisking cups through foamy dishwater.

But again Charley's pride interfered. He came up at four o'clock, by which time another thunderstorm had left the cornfield a brown square of mud. "Come on. We might as well drive to town. You'll need some things, I daresay, if you're to go about with Laura."

She demurred. He insisted. However slow his fortunes, Nita's family should have no just cause against him. So they went to town.

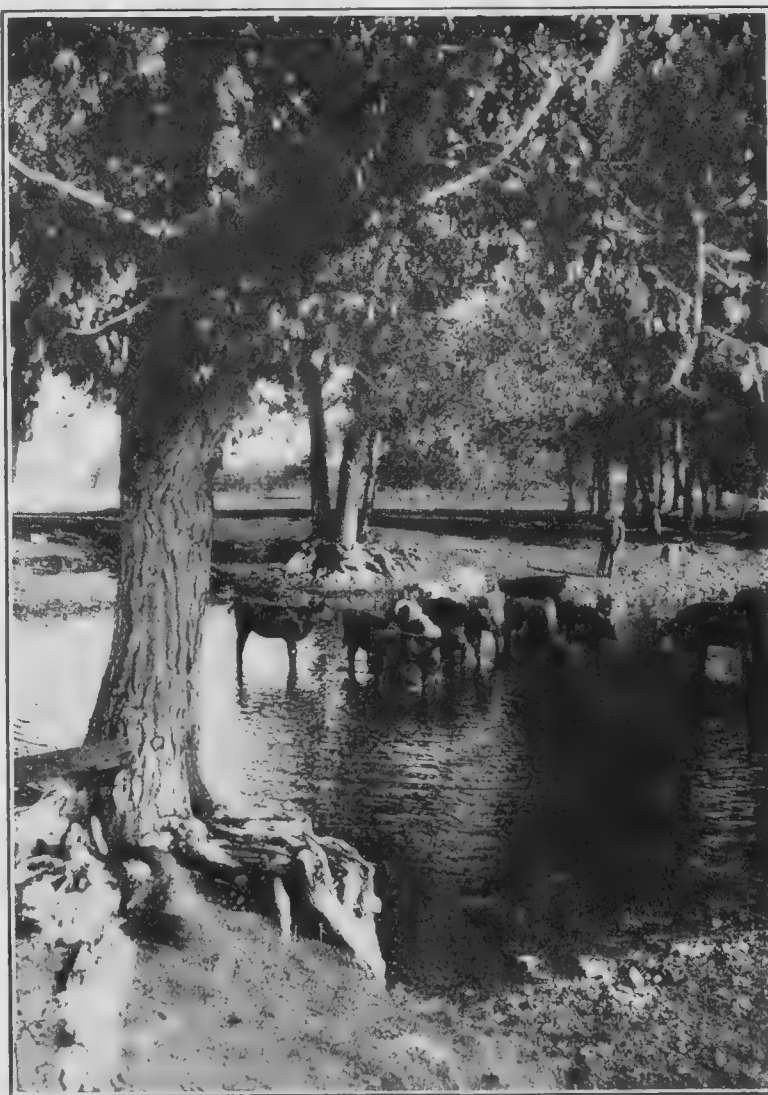
Nita bought guardedly, the New House fund always just around the bend in her thoughts. A bit of plain blue to go over her flowered voile, a pair of silk hose, a blouse to wear with her suit. Resolutely she turned her back on fascinating displays of silk slippers, nifty "ensembles," fine lingerie.

Even the pictured lure of the magazine counters was cold-shouldered in favor of the extra expense her trip would make. Magazines were the sole luxury in which Nita and Charley sometimes, though seldom enough, indulged. They lived so isolated. And they did so love to keep in touch with a world they could not hope to see.

There were times, like this day, when, with the rigor of saving standing as with a club to curtail every enjoyment in their lives, Nita felt she almost hated that New House, for which they strove and sacrificed.

But she was young. And youth is buoyant. Through the preparation maelstrom of sewing, ironing, "baking up," Nita rode as in a boat of dreams. Over and beyond providing for the care of the little chickens, the final weeding of the seed onions, she was living ahead seven days (Charley had insisted on the full week) of the unadulterated joy of her girlhood. Cutting tulips in the dew for the vases . . . a swaying hammock . . . shifting vista of clouds behind green leaves . . . her feet on Persian rugs . . . drinking tea from frail cups . . . Laura at the piano singing an old song . . .

Continued on page 81



A peaceful scene in a prairie Eden

At the click of the back gate Nita glanced up and saw Charley, some strips of worn, hard leather dangling from his hand, coming up the path. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. His turned-down collar was streaked with mingled moisture and dust from the field.

"It's a cooking hot day. What's the time of clock?" he hinted cheerfully.

"Dinner'll be on as soon as I can make up my mind to dash into that hot kitchen and cook it. But eating in such

slump. They had had all they could do to meet their commonest bills.

The gravel, however, had been hauled only last week, when again their dream had appeared to be near fulfillment. But that was before the lightning had delivered its baffling blow. After the storm, Charley and she had gone to view their five best cows stretched under the oak, 'neath which they had sought a treacherous safety, and silently accepted another postponement of indefinite duration.

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that same charm
costly imported soaps have

"WE do love imported soap," women told us,
"but it's so horribly expensive. Won't you
make us a toilet soap just as delicious, instead?"

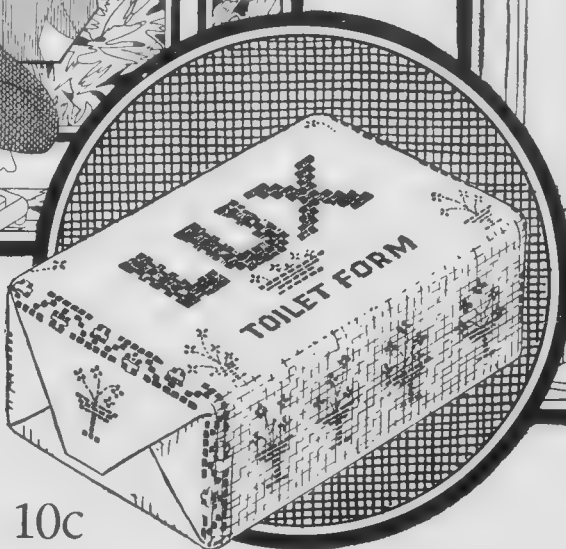
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12

Rice and Romance

By Edith G. Bayne



The STERNO Gillette COMBINATION

A Tribute to Perfect Grooming

Today, two of the country's foremost products are offered in tribute to the exquisite loveliness of the Dominion's womanhood.

The Sterno Canned Heat Outfit and the World's Premier Razor—the Gillette, both for **\$1.00**

THIS offer is of unusual importance and interest to women everywhere, due to the fact that social requirements and the sleeveless gown of today demand a perfectly smooth underarm.

Everyone knows the value of hot water for comfortable shaving and with this Sterno Outfit you can have at a moment's notice anywhere, handy hot water and a keen razor for the underarm, or for keeping the back of the neck trim and neat if you tob. Don't use the razor of your men folks—get one of your own—one you know will be keen when you want it—always ready and convenient to handle.

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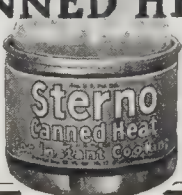
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THE scene was the general waiting room of the Union Station in a large Canadian city. It was Thursday, and Thursday is probably the liveliest day of all the week. From the standpoint of human interest, in the great depot, at any rate in the months of April, June, and September. During these months hundreds of small town newspapers regularly every week announce to a waiting world that "after a recherche supper at the home of the bride's parents the happy young couple left on the evening train for Winnipeg, Niagara Falls and other points." The majority of weddings take place on Wednesday, hence Thursday and its swelling tide of newly-made-happies. The first consignment begins to arrive early in the morning.

On a seat half way down the room a striking-looking gentleman in a light grey suit with his hat tipped over his eyes might have been observed trying to snatch thirty-nine winks. He was somewhat full of figure, with a ruddy countenance, a clipped grey moustache and all the earmarks of a military man. You could see that he was considerably put about at having to wait in this beastly noisy place but that he intended to make the best of it. They had told him that the train from the coast was two hours and twenty minutes late and as he had come down to meet someone of importance, he was jolly well going to stick it. Every other night in the calendar year the Major was an insomniac, for so he had said to a passing acquaintance, but tonight the arms of "Murphy" were irresistible. He stretched out his legs, pulled his fedora lower, and snoozed right off.

A kind of counter-excitement was furnished by the outgoing honeymooners, those who had been married in the city. From about ten a.m. right up till midnight the two forces charge into the regular mêlée of the travelling public and, meeting and mingling, stir up more fuss than a circus parade on Main street. It was Thursday and the night was still young, but in all that densely packed mass of humans milling about in the great rotunda there seemed scarcely room enough for another half-dozen, yet more were constantly arriving. Rumor had it that fifty-eight pairs of honeymooners were among those present, and no doubt this was a conservative estimate.

Other sit-up-all-nighters kept the major snoring company. Some slept in attitudes of utter exhaustion, mouths open and arms flung wide; others were hunched over with their chins on their breasts just as they had been when the sandman had sandbagged them. Nearby at a table nearly covered with luggage of various descriptions a family party were having an informal meal consisting of a roast chicken, which the father of the family hacked into pieces with a large jack-knife, a bowl of kraut, some weiners, black bread and homemade beer. Beside the major a bashful bride and an equally diffident groom sat silently regarding the passing throngs and holding each other's hands under their travelling rug. Every now and again an exuberant wedding party would rush into the place, pushing its way through the crowds with some difficulty and, shrieking and laughing, would hurl confetti and missiles of various kinds at the principals, who

scuttled ahead and pretended to be oh, so frightened.

Zing! An old shoe knocked the major's hat off. He woke up, swore like a gentleman, recovered his headpiece and dusted it off with his sleeve, then settled back to sleep, perchance to dream.

At nine o'clock the baby belonging to the family party began to howl. It was a fairly husky infant, at the crawling stage, and when the mother pacified it by giving it a huge dill pickle to suck it changed its tune to laughs, crows, gurgles and shrieks and it crawled right over to the sleeping major and pulled itself to an upright position at his knee. It then raised an arm and pushed the pickle into the major's mouth. The major awoke with a start. The bridal couple smirked. A passing redcap grinned broadly and called out: "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby!"

"Bah!" said the major, and moved over two seats.

At nine-thirty another party of cele-

He tried to keep awake but in spite of himself he began to doze again. His dreams were interspersed with the sound of bells, hurrying footsteps, shouts, whistles, sobs, laughter, infants' cries, the bellowing of the train announcer: the voice of a telephone girl at the desk nearby, clear, cool, monotonous: "Two hours late madam . . . Yes, sir, the Montreal train makes close connection . . . The limited is on time, madam . . . Two hours late and you change at Winnipeg, sir . . . No, madam, that train left an hour ago . . . Yes, you have close connection, sir . . . Yes, madam, this is Information." And so on and so on.

Then the passengers and those who were down to see them off:

"Now, dear, take good care of yourself and write."

"G'by momma, g'bye Jim. Where is my trunk check? Oh Elmer, wait, you got my trunk check?"

"Tell auntie to write Sunday sure."

"Oh, merciful heaven; somebody's gone off with my baby!"

"No, ma'am, here he is as safe as a ham in a synagogue. I'll carry him for yuh."

"Well, goodbye honey. Hate to see you go. Didja get a good berth?"

"My dear, it's perfectly heartrending. I had to take an upper."

"Maybe you can get somebody to change with you."

"Yeh—maybe is right!"

"Well, bye-bye. Tell Cousin Nellie lots of love from us all."

Someone should write a song and call it "Asleep in the Depot." While the major slumbers more or less fitfully let us study the newlyweds. They may be classified as follows:

Those who hurry straight to the parcel booth with a very furtive air, and get rid of their belabelled baggage with all possible speed. Sometimes the bride has wrapped her raincoat around her suitcase. These are the determined bluffers. Of course, we are speaking of the out-of-town newlies, or incoming army.

Next, those who come breezing along with glad smiles for all the world; irrepressible young optimists who seem to say: "Ha, ha, don't you wish you were us? We've just been spliced, we have, and don't care a whoop who knows it! Bring on your rice puddings and your old boots—we don't mind, we like it."

Then the feeble bluffers; those who succumb to the horseplay of hilarious friends and showers of confetti and make the best of it, plastered baggage and all. Philosophical folks. They may have begun by being irritated but gradually they call to their aid their sense of humor and they argue: "Oh, well, we rode down here with a wash-boiler and a string of tin cans tied on to the flivver; I guess we can be good enough sports to stand the rest of the gaff." And so they do, more power to them. Even when one of their party has gone ahead into the train and passed small printed handbills among the passengers with the solemnity of an auctioneer's agent distributing bills of sale. "Please Be Good To Us, We Have Just Been Married!" the passengers read with grins of appreciation.

And lastly, those who as yet are aware of only Two People in all the world. They are the kind who make the biggest hit with the public. The bride is as

Continued on page 77

The Talking Waters

By Clara Hopper

*Come, Canada's daughters and Canada's sons,
Hear the hum of the harp or the thunder of guns
Where the Winnipeg's torrent a marathon runs
With the Trail of the Talking Waters!*

*Like a wraith in a dream, to the wonder-filled eyes,
A silvery sylph seems to glisten and rise,
Clad in mist and a seven-hued dazzle of dyes,
By the Trail of the Talking Waters.*

*Oh, is it of Franklin or Champlain they tell?
Or Wolseley and voyageurs still-hunting hell?
Or of La-Verendrye and peltry, or—well—
Of birch canoes kissing the Waters?*

*As they murmur and mutter and prattle and plash,
As they bubble and babble and gurgle and dash,
As they gurge along, surge along, splurge along, splash—
Oh, the soul-plumbing voice of the Waters!*

*For their musical, magical melody falls
Like an organ's soft tones in St. Boniface halls,
Or the voice of a spirit when Manitou calls
A brave when he's weary and totters.*

*Still they whisper and bubble and warble away,
Through the cool of the night or the heat of the day;
But what they are saying no mortal can say—
Let us leave the sweet tale with the Waters.*

brants poured in. Rice is like rain—it falls on the just and on the unjust. The major received a cloudburst. The stuff trickled down his back and into his shoes; it found lodgment in his hatbrim, in his pockets, and around the neck of his shirt. Some of it had even got into his ears.

"He thought it was shrapnel," said the redcap to another redcap.

"A surprise raid, me lads! Up and at 'em!" shouted the second redcap.

The crowd laughed uproariously and the major sought refuge in a dignified but seething silence, contenting himself with a glare at his tormentors. Beastly plebian place, a railway station.

At ten o'clock another pair of newlyweds came along and sat down beside the major. They were alone, having apparently succeeded in eluding their followers. "We Are So Happy," announced a large card pinned to the groom's back. "Just Cupid and Us," said a companion piece on the back of the bride.

"Well, sweetie, it's all over—including the shouting," murmured the groom, as he struggled manfully with a yawn.

"Tell me again that you love me," whispered the bride, who also was keeping a yawn at bay.

"Bah!" muttered the major and moved up another two seats.



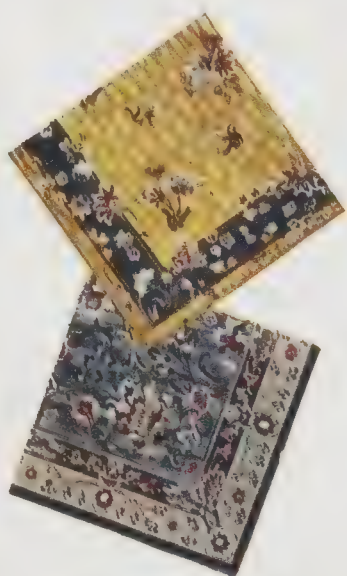
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Design—Gold Seal Rug No. 562.
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against a background of warm
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Above is shown the "Wiltshire"
Design—Gold Seal Rug No.
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watered blue and the old rose
and black figure effects are un-
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Selkirk's Courier

An Historical Article
By John MacLean

THERE were tears in the eyes of Marie Anne when her husband took her and her children from their log cabin at St. Charles, twelve miles from Fort Gibraltar to Fort Douglas, as he was going alone on a long journey and might never return. Lord Selkirk had founded the Red River Colony in 1812, with settlers from the Highlands of Scotland, and the project was strongly opposed by the Northwest Company. For three years there was incessant warfare; the Hudson's Bay Company from Fort Douglas attacked Fort Gibraltar of the North westers and these retaliated by attacks on the Hudson's Bay Fort. Both of these were located on the ground now occupied by the City of Winnipeg. Deeds of violence were frequent, bales of furs and bags of pemmican were seized by the rival Companies, the Indians and half breeds were demoralized by the incessant war, and some of the colonists became disloyal toward their benefactor, through fair speeches and bribes of land and money and left the country. The North-westers became masters of the situation and broke up the colony, destroying the houses and scattering the population, leaving only four men in the settlement, the greater portion seeking refuge at Norway House, three hundred miles distant on Lake Winnipeg.

At this juncture, Colin Robertson, a discharged servant of the Northwest Company, who had been an energetic agent for Lord Selkirk for four years, arrived from Montreal with a contingent of French Canadian voyageurs and assumed command at Fort Douglas. The colonists returned from Norway House, the settlement again became prosperous, houses were erected, the master of the Fort asserted his authority, and there was an assurance that Lord Selkirk would make an early visit to Red River, and though the people were not jubilant, there were signs of peace.

The winter of 1815 was severe, through intense cold and scarcity of food, the residents of the rival forts all over the country were compelled to fall back on dried provisions, while a number of Indians on the prairie perished through starvation. In the midst of this lull, the North-westers, thirsting for revenge, were carrying on a campaign among the Indians and half breeds, whose loyalty was dependent upon bribes of rum, tobacco and money, and Colin Robertson was awakened to a new sense of danger and aroused to activity by a visit from a loyal Indian, who informed him that a formidable attack on the Red River Colony was contemplated in the following spring, with the purpose of complete extermination. The master of Fort Douglas was not in a position to defend himself, as he had not sufficient forces to oppose the horde of Indians and half breeds coming from the western prairies to attack the colony. Lord Selkirk was in Montreal and the only hope lay in having a despatch sent to him, so that reinforcements might come forward to the Red River Settlement at once. Eighteen hundred miles lay between the two men, the snow was deep, and it would be impossible for a horse to undertake the journey so a courier must be sought, ready to brave the dangers, who would carry a message to Montreal.

THERE was a hero in buckskin, Jean Baptiste Lagimoniere, a native of Maskinonge, in the province of Quebec, who had spent fifteen years in the West, and was thirty-five years of age, and it was he who was chosen to carry the message that was to save the Red River Colony. Placing his wife and family in Fort Douglas under the protection of the master of the fort, pledging his honor that he would deliver the message to Lord Selkirk, and telling his friends that he was going to Pembina, he was ready for the long journey.

The snow lay deep on the prairies and in the forests, the cold was intense and the days were short, the settlements were sparse, and there were many dangers from hostile Indians, and wild animals, and the courier must depend upon his gun for supplies of food, and, with his family exposed to danger during his absence, there was sufficient to deter him from risking this great adventure; but Jean Baptiste Lagimoniere was a devout man

and his mission of justice and mercy was one of duty and love. With the packet securely hidden in his garments, passing his word of honor to Colin Robertson, and affectionately embracing his wife and children, he started from Fort Douglas on October 31st, 1815.

The call of the unbeaten trails of the vast wilderness of ice and snow resounded as a perpetual peal of bells, the vision of foes lurking in the forest with tomahawks ready to pounce upon him in an unguarded moment preyed on his nerves, a gust of wind aroused his latent powers, and banished fear, as he stealthily crept beyond the safety of the fort, and there was need of the utmost precaution, as the excitement in the Colony, with the hateful and hidden preparations for a war of utter destruction, made every man a secret spy, watching and waiting for the opportunity to waylay the hardy adventurer stealing under cover of darkness to secure help in a time of distress. To allay suspicion and circumvent his enemies, and to ensure protection against the betrayal of confidence by his comrades and friends, he made a wide detour as if he were a runner bearing a message to a neighboring fort, or in search of provisions, the accustomed trail being forsaken for safety, and in a self-reliant and cheerful mood he travelled on toward Pembina, and into the dangerous zone, where his presence would reveal his special mission, as a stranger far from camp and alone, should he come in contact with hunters or any members of native tribes by the way.

With the first streak of light announcing the break of day, before the sun's rays had softened the chill of the frosty air, the lone messenger, dauntless and unafraid, was tramping over the trackless snow with his face toward the east. The song birds had gone south to a warmer clime, a stray rabbit flitted across his path falling a victim to his unerring gun, furnishing an unforgotten repast of fresh meat, the silence of the wilderness became oppressive as a pall of thick, dark clouds at mid-day, and fellowship with man, beast or flower belonged to the past. The golden afternoon of sunshine making rifts of splendour among the trees changed the ghostly tips of sleet, and the white shower of snow into a garment of beauty, warm and cheerful for the sturdy courier on his way. When the gates of day were shut at sunset and the stars came out to listen to the music of the leaves as the gentle wind played in the woods, a spot was found in the depth of the forest where, alone and unprotected, save by the darkness feared by man and beast he slept in peace. Stealthily, as the lynx watching and creeping forward to spring upon its unsuspecting prey, he went on day by day, never certain of the hour when a wild animal or a human foe might obstruct his path. Doggedly he kept up the pace, every stride leading him further from home but nearer his destination, no hostel for refreshment, without any leisure to hunt game, and guarding his secret as a miser hoarding his wealth.

Changing his course he turned towards the east until he reached the Lake of the Woods, south-east through the Rainy River Country, on past Fort William, the headquarters of the Northwest Company, and Fond du Lac at the western end of Lake Superior, the last eastern post of the North-westers on his route, till he arrived at Detroit, which was at that period a small town. Thus far he had run the gauntlet of detection and capture by the friends of the Northwest Company, and was saved from starvation. A dog fell victim to his gun; for six days he lived on moss torn from the rocks; still the brave man did not falter, steadily he pressed on with a courage born of high ideals and a stern sense of duty, as he had pledged his honor, and would deliver the message or die in the attempt.

LEAVING Detroit and travelling north-east he was overtaken by a mail carrier named Livingstone, with a horse and sleigh, who quite naturally picked him up, which was a bit of relief from the long and severe strain, and having passed beyond the danger zone, with the free and easy conversation of two lonely travellers, he told his companion the story of his long journey, the object of his mission and the necessity for the utmost

speed. The mail carrier became interested and was zealous enough to offer Lagimoniere transportation to Montreal on the sole condition that he would have the honor and privilege of delivering the packet to Lord Selkirk. In haughty disdain, Lagimoniere sprang from the sleigh, leaving the mail carrier to his meditations, while he plodded on over the frozen trail, determined to deliver the message with his own hand, as he had promised to Colin Robertson at Fort Douglas.

On December 31st, 1815, he walked through the streets of Montreal, weary of foot, unknown and unobserved by any of the citizens, the secret of his mission, the thrill of a great experience, and peace at the end of the journey compelling him to greater speed, and at last he delivered the packet to Lord Selkirk himself.

Exactly two months he had spent on his journey of eighteen hundred miles, without a guide or companion; his task was done, and he slept in peace.

Lord and Lady Selkirk entertained him in kindly fashion, grateful for his heroic deed; the sights of the town, association with his confreres and the comforts and pleasures of civilized life made the days pass quickly: the founder of the Colony was anxiously studying the situation, making plans for future action, and writing letters to be despatched to the master of Fort Douglas, and it was not until the summer that the courier was ready to start towards the west. The partners of the Northwest Company were astounded when they learned that Lagimoniere had made the long journey alone in the depth of winter, and had passed all their trading posts along the route without the knowledge of any of their employees, and they kept strict watch on all his movements with the determination to capture him as he returned, and secure the letters being sent by Lord Selkirk to Colin Robertson at the Red River. The North-westers sent runners to Fort William to employ scouts to waylay him; the Chief of the Sand Lake Ojibways had been offered bribes of rum and tobacco to help in an attack on the Red River Colony and had refused, and now he was interviewed with a promise of two kegs of rum and some tobacco, to have some of his young warriors intercept Selkirk's courier, but he maintained strict neutrality between the rival companies, and other native tribes were instructed to watch the trails for the hero of the plains.

In June Lagimoniere was on his way, returning by the fur traders' route to Sault Ste Marie, thus avoiding the North-westers. Plodding along, always on the alert, he was suddenly pounced upon by some Ottawa Indians, near Fond du Lac and taken a prisoner to Fort William. Lord Selkirk's letters were opened, some were destroyed, but others were preserved as they were afterwards found at the Fort.

Lagimoniere was kept a prisoner till Lord Selkirk's arrival on August 12th, 1816, when all prisoners were liberated, but it was not until a few days before Christmas that the faithful courier surprised his wife and family by walking into his home, after an absence of nearly fourteen months. Madame Lagimoniere had had no news concerning him during that trying period, and knew not whether he had been killed by Indians or perished with cold, and great was their joy on his return safe and sound.

Lord Selkirk remained at Fort William nine months and then started for Fort Douglas, the short distance consuming seven weeks, so difficult was the journey, and during his brief stay, as an expression of gratitude, appreciation of his heroism and reward for his fidelity, he gave Lagimoniere a fine parcel of land in St. Boniface, across the river from Fort Douglas. After the privations from frost and floods, the western patriot lived in peace and comfort for forty years, cultivating his farm in the summer and hunting the buffalo in the winter, respected by the settlers of all creeds and nationalities, and died at the age of seventy-eight years. In front of St. Boniface Cathedral a small stone monolith marks the resting place of the hero who trod the wintry wastes to carry the message which saved the Red River Colony from destruction, and laid the foundation of a peaceful civilization that still remains.



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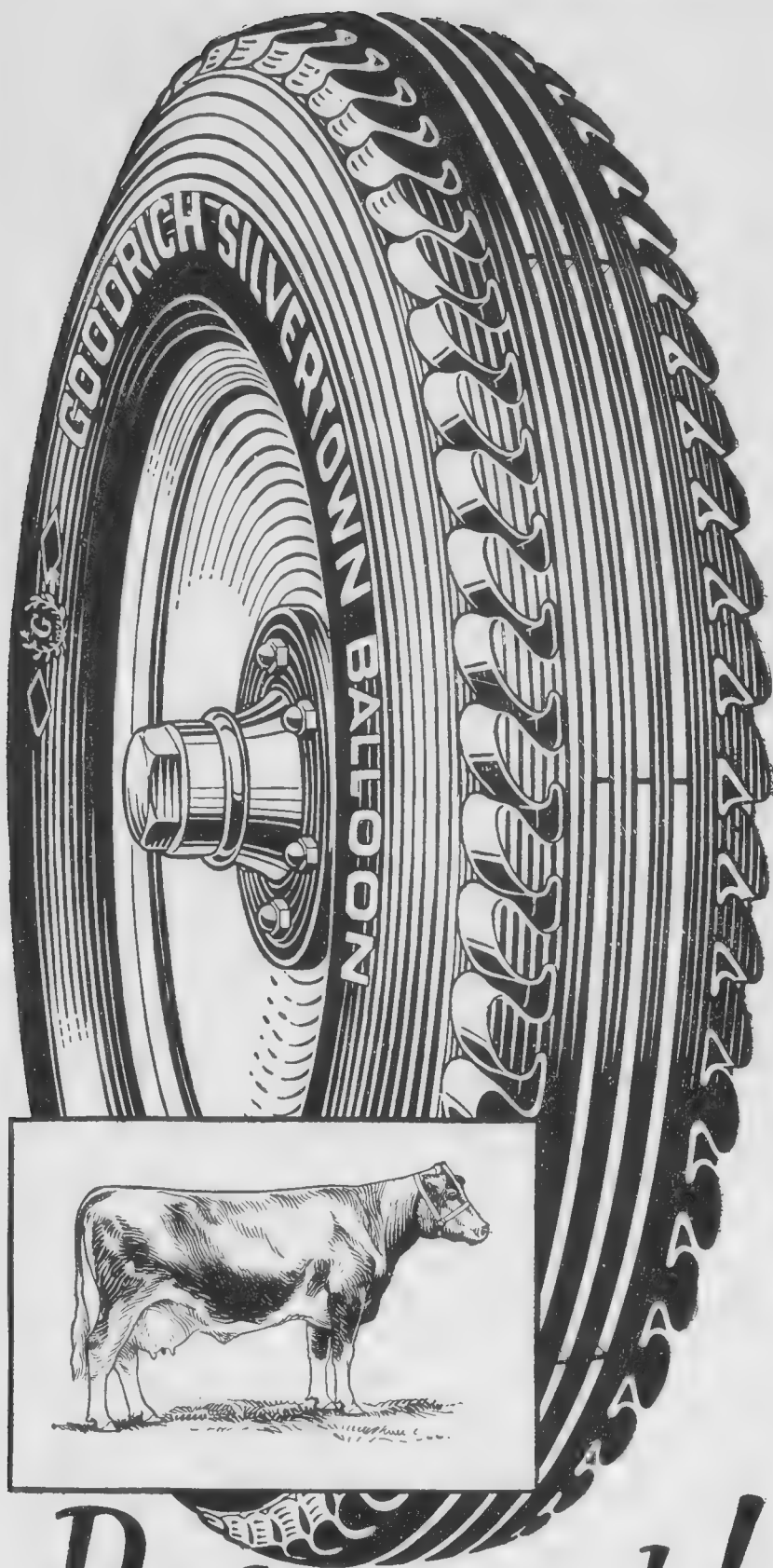
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A Dear Little Garden

By Mrs. B. Deacon

ONE of the quaintest, smallest and yet daintiest and prettiest gardens I have yet seen is that of Mr. W. J. Sheppard, Government apiarist, who lives at Nelson, B.C., up on the outskirts of the town on the hillside, where he has succeeded in turning an arid piece of land into a lovely garden, which wins the admiration of all who see it, even while they wonder "how it was done." This dainty little garden is only 100 feet long by 30 feet wide, but, oh! what a wonderful assortment of flowers and plants and bushes and trees there are in that garden, and so beautifully planned and artistically arranged, no colors that would clash being planted together, or where one bright color would dim the beauty of a pale one, but all in perfect harmony with each other.

MR. SHEPPARD went to Nelson in 1911, and began his garden with only a few plants, but by getting the

flowers to full advantage, and forms a perfect background. Across the path are also flowers and trees. It was hard to decide which were the most beautiful—the delphiniums or the columbines—each species being perfect in detail, and a riot of color and beauty.

We must not forget to mention the lovely veronicas and spireas, so graceful and delicate, each in its own place, and being a perfect setting to each other. This garden has also got a good assortment of fruit, the cherries, strawberries, raspberries and currants being particularly fine, as well as plenty of vegetables.

Of course, Mr. Sheppard would not consider his garden complete without "a bee," so he has some hives, and is plentifully supplied with honey.

IN 1923 Mr. Sheppard was fortunate in winning the silver cup donated by the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia for the best garden in Nelson, and all



A View of Mr. W. J. S. Sheppard's Garden

best seeds and crossing and pollenating, thereby getting new varieties, he has now got a bewildering number of plants, this year having 1,000 seedling delphiniums flowering for the first time, 30 species of phlox (all named), 30 varieties of michaelmas daisies, 200 rock plants and 700 named perennials. Think of all these in full flower, and imagine what it must be like in that garden with such a wealth of bloom. The garden lies at the back of the house, and has a square of grass, where Mr. Sheppard and his friends can sit and enjoy the fresh air, surrounded by the beauty of Nature assisted by Art, and a grass path runs down the centre of the plot. On one side is the rock garden with its beautiful assortment of plants, and a tiny pond with water plants all around, and a wide border of perennials behind on a gentle slope, which display the

who saw the garden conceded the justice of the award.

One of Mr. Sheppard's favorite poems is that by G. F. Guiney:

The Lord God planted a garden
 In the first white days of the world
 And sat there the Angel Warden
 In a garment of light unfurled.
 So near the peace of Heaven
 The hawk might meet with the wren,
 For there in the cool of the garden
 God walked with the first of men.
 And I dream that those garden closes,
 With their shade and their sun-
 flecked sod
 And their lilies and bowers of roses,
 Were laid by the hand of God.
 The kiss of the sun for pardon.
 The song of the birds for mirth
 One is nearer God's heart in a garden
 Than anywhere else on earth.

April

By S. Estelle Greathead

April—shy and fleet of foot,
 Dancing o'er the down;
 Flowers in her lovely hair and
 Spangles on her gown.

April—all in tender green;
 Laughter in her eyes—
 Scattering roses as she moves
 Under cloud-specked skies.

April—singing through the woods
 Breathing sweet perfume;
 Opening the lily buds, and
 All the fragrant bloom.

April—luring with her smiles,
 Hiding off her face
 Underneath a flood of tears,
 Like a veil of lace.

April—in her limpid eyes
 Human life reveals.
 And her tear-drenched
 face a smile
 Only half conceals.



The Rattlesnake's Warning

By H. H. Pittman

MAN is full of conceit and inclined to forget that his civilization is of mushroom growth. Evolution has progressed and is proceeding quite independently of anything so recent as the civilization of today. The animal life surrounding us is developing along lines ordained when human beings as we know them were non-existent and the forms of life from which our remote ancestors evolved were as much animals as the "beasts of the fields," and it is presumption to suppose that we are responsible for any of their peculiarities. The details of their structure, forms and colors, their weapons of defence and offence, all originated when man was a comparatively insignificant factor in the scheme of Nature.

The progress of homo sapiens has been so rapid that we are disturbing the balance of things, for other living creatures are not keeping up in the race. We can find proof of this on every side if we examine the structure of the descendants of what in the dim, remote past were our competitors in the struggle for existence. We also find, sometimes, that we have so far reversed Nature's plans that we have turned the protective devices and weapons of the wild creatures against themselves, so that under present conditions they would be better off without them.

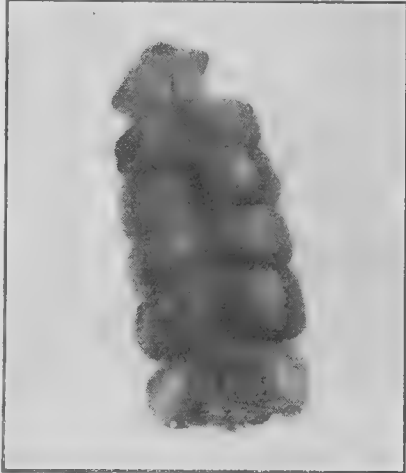
This, perhaps, will occur to anyone examining a rattlesnake's rattle, the horny attachment on the end of the body that is shaken under the influence of excitement. It seems probable that in the past, this rattling was intended to protect the snake against being trodden upon by grazing animals. Herbivorous creatures are naturally suspicious of the unusual, judging by the actions of our domestic cattle, and a strange sound immediately in front of a grazing animal would probably cause it to swerve to one side.

Even man, the lord of creation, instinctively steps back or to one side when hearing this sound, but, unlike the lower animals, he returns to the attack and endeavors to destroy the reptile obstructing his path. Nature never allowed for man's aggressiveness and so what was originally a protection becomes harmful under changed conditions and the snakes would be better off if they were silent or attacked before drawing attention.

Human actions when unexpectedly meeting a poisonous reptile are curiously involuntary. I remember, years ago, on a sunny hillside, stepping over a low bush almost on to the top of a snake. It occurred to me that I was wearing low shoes and I have a confused recollection of keeping that foot up and prolonging my step for several yards. The snake, which was a poisonous one, although not a rattlesnake, was perhaps more surprised than I, for upon turning back to

get a photograph I found it had disappeared. I am sure that step, though, was the longest I ever took.

THE rattle shown in the photograph is rather small for I have seen pictures of some consisting of twelve and thirteen segments. Its chief interest lies in the fact that the reptile was killed upon the board sidewalk of a residential street in Toronto by a lady, somewhere between 1877 and 1882. Whether it was wild or had escaped from some collection was never decided and now probably never will be.



—Photograph Copyright

A Rattlesnake's Rattle

Few of us, walking along the cement sidewalk of a modern city pause to think of the wild creatures that used the ground beneath and when their remains are unearthed we are interested and surprised. Our own towns are so new and, on the whole, so rapidly constructed that sometimes living things are shut in and built around and perhaps they are as shocked as ourselves when they leave their homes and wander afield. Many cities and towns can record the appearance of unusual animals within their boundaries but I only know of this one instance of a rattlesnake being seen in Toronto.

I have assumed that the purpose of the rattles was to protect the snake, but an alternative suggestion is that they caused the prey to pause momentarily while the reptile struck. Just a fraction of a second's hesitation on the part of the victim would be sufficient to allow the reptile's fangs to reach home. Moreover, the animal's attention would be drawn to the wrong place, another point in favor of the snake at times, when every instant would be of value. I have never seen a wild rattlesnake, but believe that one of these suggestions is the explanation of the rattles carried by this group of snakes.



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The way we win new customers to Palmolive Shaving Cream is by giving men a 10-day tube to try.

In less than five years we've gained top place in that way.

95% of the men answering our ads are wedded to other kinds of shaving soap. Yet we win 80 out of every 100 to this unique creation.

It's different from any other shaving cream known. 60 years of soap study stand behind it. We tried out 130 different formulas in perfecting it.

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Thinking people who sensibly value their teeth, vigor and health, cannot read this explanation of the Danger Line and feel satisfied to continue using a dentifrice that does not contain protective qualities in addition to its cleansing effects.

Your gums, where they join around the teeth, form tiny V-shaped crevices known as the Danger Line. Here food and germs collect and ferment, forming acids which lead to Acid Decay and gum irritation. In many instances pyorrhea, loss of teeth and serious physical disorders follow.

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Vancouver's Mountains

A Rhapsody

By Olive Machen

VANCOUVER'S MOUNTAINS! How shall we sing of majesty infinite, which now in awful splendour, now divine sublimity, enwraps their towering peaks, enfolds their giant sides! Pen of rarest jewel, dipped in ink of living flame would crumble into dust and fade into a dim blur, in vain attempt to even chant to listening humanity the glories of Vancouver's mountains! Omnipotence alone must herald forth the story of these mighty hills, for only God their Maker can attune the song aright!

But, how we love our mountains! Their attributes are human, their moods legion. Ten thousand dawns; ten thousand noons; ten thousand twilight eves; ten thousand midnight watches, have conspired to teach mankind the lesson, that changes are eternal.

Their attributes! Their moods!

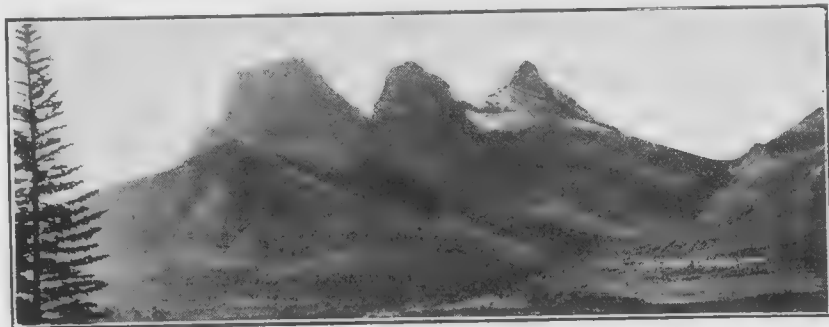
CHASTITY? Go out into the dawn, and see enshrouding vapors of dull grey, behind which hides with all the modesty of maidens fair, those heights of rock. The day is young; not yet must prying human eyes intrude into their sanctity.

LAUGHTER? Have we never heard the laughter of the mountains? Then watch in noonday glare, as sunshine chases shadow over jutting boulders into shady vales, and as we follow lights and shades with seeing eyes, our ears will catch the gurgling of the valley streams, harmonizing with the rushing of the mountain torrents, and we will understand in truth the Psalmist's song: "the mountains and the hills shall clap their hands."

from the mountain crest and out from granite sides come tumbling masses of earth, stone and forest giants. Halted relentlessly is the progress of mankind. The living things in mountain lairs are crushed remorselessly, and in their anger, too, these mountains oft exact as toll, the lives of men.

AND, can it be that mountains brood? Go under midnight skies and see. The stars in myriads watch over their dark forms, and they, in turn, guard well Vancouver's sleeping folk. Perhaps, upon the moving waters that ever wash our shores, in half-dimmed streets where busy strife has ceased awhile, or in the darkened byways where sometimes stalks cruelty and sin, their million eyes have witnessed tragedies and woes unnamed; and so it is that, as the watches of the night ring out the flight of time, our mountains, while they keep their vigil well, brood over fair Vancouver and her people.

When do we love our mountains best? Is it, when looking to the wintry skies, they beckon to the snows to come and crown their heads with purity, and rest upon their bosoms for a while, protecting all the little, tender things that nestle in their caverns dark? Is it, when snows have gone, and Nature calls again to tiny birds and sleeping flowers and sings of life anew? Is it when summer suns blaze forth life-giving heat, and soft south winds at night sigh through the mountain passes, and sway and swing the tall tops of the pines? Or, is it, when summer plumes her wings to say farewell, when first frosts nip and tinge the maple leaves, and autumn flings her challenge far adrift, and flaunts her



The Three Sisters

VANITY? Our mountains vain? Behold them as the setting sun paints sea and sky with rays of rainbow hues. Watch as they drape themselves in regal robes of purple haze, adorn their snow-crowned heads with radiance snatched from the mysteries of the twilight, and deck their tossing trees with jewels stolen from the moonbeams' shafts. Then, only in our souls may we give worship, for our voices trail off into silence as we see Vancouver's mountains beautify themselves as if in readiness to wait for their liege lord.

ANGER? Yes, we have seen these heights raging in their wrath, and none there are who dare resist them in their fury. Mountain streams are swollen into seething torrents, and to the clouds above, their spray is splashed and tossed. Huge trees are dashed like tiny saplings into a million splinters. Torn

gorgeous dress on moor, in glade, on hill? The seasons come and go as they have come and gone all down the ages past, and never have our mountains yet betrayed their trust. Strength, courage, protection, endurance, hope! These — theirs to give.

Then, surely, it must be that little children whose tender feet have yet life's race to run; the youths and maidens standing on the threshold of the untried future, tense with ambition's daring hopes; those of maturer years whose lives are forged with fetters of experience and its sure reward; the aged ones who totter falteringly adown the steep that leads to Home—we all shall lift our eyes, our hearts, our souls, to worship and to trust, and we will glean and garner all we need for this life, and yet another life to come, from these Great Gifts from Everlasting God—Vancouver's mountains.

Experience is a sound teacher, though her fees are terribly high.—Dean Inge.

Remember this, that very little is needed to make a happy life.—Marcus Aurelius.

Complete scepticism is harder to reach than the North Pole, and, once there, one would find living even more impossible.—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

When we do all we can, God's strength comes behind us and completes the endeavor.

Some people's lives are just a noise. It may be a loud, reverberating noise, but that is all it is. There is not a note of true music in it. It does not harmonize with the lives of others.

A smiling face is the best way to avenge an insult.—Old Spanish Saying.

Kind words cost less and accomplish more than any other form of conversation.

The Man From Quebec

Continued from page 16

When the treaty was being prepared, Canada announced that as the terms of the treaty related to a question which was of concern solely to the people of the United States and Canada it should not take the form of a treaty with Great Britain. Canada desired that the words "The Dominion of Canada" should be substituted in the treaty for the words "Great Britain." The Canadian Government also sent forward an Order-in-Council to the Colonial Secretary in London, requesting His Majesty to issue full powers for signature to Mr. Lapointe.

A considerable and interesting correspondence then developed between the Canadian Government and the British Colonial Office, on the question whether Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador at Washington, should sign the treaty as well as Mr. Lapointe. The result was that on March 2nd, 1923, the treaty was signed by Mr. Lapointe alone.



PREMIER KING

Who has succeeded in finding a seat in Prince Albert

"The precedent was ignored that a resident ambassador in a foreign State usually is one of those to sign any treaty with his country. The incident attracted wide attention because it raised the question whether Canada could make a treaty in her own name, signed solely by her own representative." Mr. Lapointe's action seemed to suggest that when Canada wanted to do so, then, she would.

Mr Lapointe became Minister of Justice in 1924, and this position he now holds.

Should you ever be in Ottawa during the Parliamentary Session, it may happen that on some chill March night, the last of the year's snow still on the dirty streets, an edged breeze drifting in from the valley, you are going up from the railway station into the town. Street cars rattle over the bridge to Rideau. Lamps and shop windows glow and twinkle on Sparks Street. The sidewalks are filled with throngs of evening pedestrians. The paper sellers outside the Bank have all gone home.

As you pass the Russell House you suddenly see looming out of the crowd a burly presence, buttoned up in a surtout, bearing through the press like a three-decker; with large serious face; with severe expression; with shining glasses; going past on the passing stream like Leviathan. It is Mr. Ernest Lapointe.

Active Minds that think and study.
Like swift Brooks, are seldom muddy.

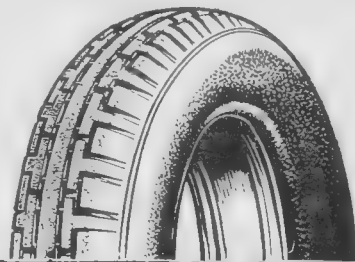
It is not Christianity that is a failure;
it is the lack of it.

RESISTANCE



ALL the world knows of Attila. This towering figure in early Christian times, with his hordes of followers, over-ran Eastern and Central Europe, burning, pillaging and killing. He was called the "Scourge of God." A fearless fighter, he cut his way through every foe with his allconquering axe and wonderful, protecting shield. His Shield was famous for its power of RESISTANCE. Swords, spears and battle-axes glanced from its burnished surface. Warriors, whose lives depended on their shields, well knew the value of the material and workmanship that gave such RESISTANCE and such protection. The power of RESISTANCE possessed by Attila's Shield is fittingly compared with the power of RESISTANCE in "Gutta Percha" Tires.

EVERY tire that survives long travel on the streets or roadways has to be a fighter. There are hundreds of bruising, scratching, bludgeoning, chafing things that a tire has to fight against every day. To come unscratched through these skirmishes with the would-be tire destroyers, requires a toughness and RESISTANCE in the tire material that only recent research has brought to perfection. Add to that the newest cord reinforcements and the "insulated" rubber protection and the result is the "Gutta Percha" Tire, that, with a Resistance like Attila's Shield, protects the owner against tire loss by road wear and the discomforts of tire trouble so frequently experienced with the weaker makes of tires.



WHEREVER you go in Canada, you will find "Gutta Percha" Service has been ahead of you, anticipating your possible needs. In every city, every town, and thousands of villages, the traveller will find dealers who carry assorted stocks of "Gutta Percha" Tires, and "Gutta Percha" Accessories, which will supply him with just what he needs. The dealers' signs in red and black are easily distinguished. The traveller who asks for "Gutta Percha" goods, shows a familiarity with the best that is made. The RESISTANCE to wear built into "Gutta Percha" Tires, is the result of accumulated experience of over 20 years in building automobile tires and over 40 years in making the finest rubber goods.

"GUTTA PERCHA"
BALLOON CORD TIRES
"Built Better to Wear Better"

GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER, LIMITED, TORONTO

Sad News, Indeed!

Several hundred renewals reached us last month too late to commence with the March issue. We try to be as accommodating as possible to our subscribers, but, of course, it is a case of "first come, first served", and once the edition has been printed, additional copies cannot be obtained.

Reference to the address label will indicate the date of the expiration of your subscription, and if you find that this event will occur in the not too far distant future, the appended blank may prove very handy indeed.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,
WINNIPEG.

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Here is \$1.00 in payment for one year's subscription. I want to be sure and receive a copy of the May issue.

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EVERY day Kellogg's Corn Flakes are a treat and a flavor-feast for more than 10,000,000 people.

Kellogg's are the original corn flakes. Never tough-thick or leathery. Always crunchy-crisp and marvelously flavored.

Serve Kellogg's for lunch. For the kiddie's evening meal. With milk or cream, fresh or preserved fruit.

See how fine and fit they make you feel! Light and easily digested.

Sold by all grocers. Served at all hotels and restaurants.

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Oven-fresh ALWAYS
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**CORN
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Imitations cannot bring you such wonder-flavor; such crisp crunchy flakes. The genuine corn flakes have the signature of the originator

W. K. Kellogg

on the package.



Girl Life in the World's Far Places—The Siamese Girl

By Francis Dickie

IT IS several thousand miles from Samoa to Siam, another land in which girl life is a happy one, and where women are well treated, in striking contrast to the lives of the Solomon Island girls.

The Siamese girl is seldom very tall, but of medium height. They have a faint resemblance to the Chinese, but are some-

the body from the waist to the knees. The girls add to this a sort of loose waist. Both of these articles of attire are very clearly shown in the accompanying picture of a Siamese girl of the lower class.

For forty-eight hours after a little Siamese girl is born, the mother and child are kept in a room where a stove maintains a terrific heat. This is supposed to be beneficial, but probably causes a great many deaths unnecessarily. However, as the practice of medicine and magic are very closely allied, many supposed cures of the country are of questionable value. On the river Menam a great many people live on houseboats and the little girls learn to swim, though there are many crocodiles making it necessary to take great precautions. The girls also fish, the various rivers being particularly well stocked. They also weave on hand looms the cloth from which the national panung dress is made.

Looking at a piece of bamboo, the average person would possibly not think that part of it would serve for food. But this is so. The Siamese girls gather the shoots and roots of the young bamboo, carefully wash and cook them to make a very appetizing vegetable. Rice and fish are the principal foods. The best rice in the world is grown in Siam, and the women help in the extensive field work. Unlike the girls in the Solomon group the Siamese share in the religion of their country. It is a very old form of Buddhism with here and there a mixture of beliefs from earlier civilizations. Girls of noble families spend years of their lives copying texts of a sacred nature for the use of priests. The making of temple offerings is also a part of the duties of girls in all walks of life. They take to the temple the finest selected rice, beans, flowers and fruits. In Siam every boy must enter the priesthood for at least a few months, so the greater portion of the male population can read and write, but until recent years the majority of the women were illiterate. Now government schools are being operated throughout the country, and the girls are coming more and more to share in the education.



—Photo by Frank Bennett
A Siamese Girl in regalia

what darker. The girls dress like the men, wearing what may be called a national costume known as a panung, a piece of vari-colored cloth some three feet wide and ten feet long. The adjusting of this upon the person is quite a feat. No European is able to don it without considerable practice. The panung covers

Girls marry when they are about thirteen. About this age their hair is all cut off. The head is shaved, advertising the fact that they are marriageable. The wedding is celebrated with several days of feasting, and the Buddhist priest in his yellow robes presides with great dignity.

Our Neighbors

By "XYZ"

ON THE new map of Europe, adjoining the Scandinavian Peninsula, is a country which is washed by the waters of the Baltic on two sides and by waves of Russian turmoil on the third. It is a northern land of mighty forests of pine and fir, numerous rivers and lakes, rocky barren soil. It is a land of wailing winters and smiling summers, a climate unsuited for very extensive agriculture.

What wonder then, that the people of Finland forsake their own rocky shores for the plains of our own Canadian Northwest? Or what further wonder that several families band together to form a small settlement in the new country? Surely if we were going to a strange country we should appreciate a few neighbors who spoke the same tongue and had the same customs and memories of the land we had left! So these Finnish neighbors of ours with their squat stature, high cheek bones and slanting eyes derived from ancient Mongolian ancestors, these Koski's and Maki's and Toivenan's, Hyvonen's and Hetolla's and Luamo's, can hardly be blamed for their so-called clannishness in a new country.

They come to help settle a pioneer country, building their numerous scattered log buildings along the banks of streams or lakes wherever possible. Probably the reflection of our blue sky on shining water reminds them of their homeland. Then

again these same shining waters fill the contraband nets which the Finns are skillful in fashioning and even more skillful in hiding. (They cure a winter's supply of fish with pungent wood smoke; the finished product is really quite palatable.) They are hard workers, successful farmers, frugal livers, spending little and earning all they can.

Their homes are usually bare of beauty but comfortable. Most of them are kept quite clean; unfortunately one cannot say all of them. However as the Finnish women do hard work in the fields and have numerous outside chores, we should be lenient with their housekeeping. Then, too, they are burdened with the care of large families; there is a numerous younger generation.

This Finnish younger generation, by the way, has just as many so-called "sheiks" and "flappers" as our own. The Finn girls, who are mostly blondes, are extremely fond of fine clothes. After a few months in the city, where many of them go to work, they return home like gorgeous butterflies developed from dingy farm grubs. Most of the girls fail to finish their High School education, for the lure of money and good times "working out" is too great for them. Some of the parents, however, have an excellent education received in the old country schools. Many

of them have command of several languages.

The young Finn boy is more inclined to stay on the farm, and, with the aid of a Flivver and Community halls to dance in, manages to have a good time. Most of the Finns are quite musical and possess a strong sense of rhythm, which produces some remarkably fine dancers. They build numerous community Halls, with fine floors for dancing, and stage facilities for their amateur dramatics. It is significant that they preserve their own language in all entertainments; consequently these are not greatly appreciated or patronized by the English-speaking of the neighborhood.

Many of the Finnish girls are finding English-speaking husbands. The Finn boy may chum about with some Canadian neighbor girl, but he invariably marries one of his own nationality. This is as it should be for, as a rule, women can adapt themselves to new customs and manners more easily than men. Men have a perverse failing for having things "just like mother's."

The Finns have a great celebration on June 24th. It is their midsummer festival and old and young congregate at some hall and have a day of sports, concluding with a grand concert and dance in the evening. Another form of entertainment for that day is a picnic near some lake, where they hold aquatic contests and feast upon a stew made of fish.

ONE FINNISH institution which is worthy of mention is "The Right Cleanly Order of the Bath" which meets every Saturday night. An invitation to "come and have a bath" is not an insult, but a token of good will and should never be refused without a creditable excuse. Every farm has a small shed, usually made of lobs, which is known as the "bath-house." Entering it we come into a small entry containing benches, and having wooden pegs on which we hang our garments. Passing from this entry we come to the bath house proper. It is a low room about fourteen feet square. In one corner is an oven-like pile of stones tapering into a chimney. A brick fire has been going since the afternoon; the room is very warm and smells of woodsmoke. Along one side of the room is a platform about four or five feet from the floor. Several steps lead up to it and a long wooden bench is standing up against the wall. Bunches of black birch twigs are bound together and are lying in a convenient place. Tubs and barrels of water of varying temperatures are sitting along one end of the platform. Soap and basins are on the bench. All is in readiness for us to enjoy a Finn bath.

If we are very brave we venture up to the top and sit down very carefully on a hot bench. If we lack the physical courage or endurance we sit on the edge of the platform, or if we are very cowardly, on the steps leading up to it. Cold water is now dashed on the heated stones, and

wave after wave of steam surges upward. We gasp for breath and dip our hands in cold water to dampen our hair and cool our foreheads. Soon our skin begins to feel moist and in a short time perspiration is pouring from every pore. A slight rubbing forms little rolls of honest-to-goodness dirt, especially on exposed surfaces such as face, neck, and arms, the parts we wash most often!

One child having her first steam bath exclaimed, "But look, Lempi! I'm so hot my skin is coming off in little rolls!"

Then the birch twigs come into play and all parts of the body are soundly switched. This is not a comfortable process, but it brings the blood to the surface and helps remove dirt. Then warm water is dashed over us and soap is used in the ordinary way. Then you rinse thoroughly with tepid water and are finally dashed with cold (as one never has courage to do it themselves.) Then you scamper back to the entry for towels and a brisk rub. Now we dress leisurely and go up to the house for a cup of coffee and cake, a thoroughly clean, but somewhat weary person. And you will certainly sleep without a sedative, or to use a real western expression, "without any rocking."

NEXT in interest to a Finn bath ranks a Finnish funeral. Their grief, of course, is just as poignant as our own and the sympathy for the bereaved is just as sincere, but some of their customs strike us as being very odd. A Finnish funeral service is never begun until all assembled have partaken of a cup of coffee and a substantial lunch. This must under no consideration ever be refused, or it would be considered very disrespectful both to the bereaved, and the departed.

It is customary for some member of the family, or near relative to make the casket with their own hands; I distinctly remember a white-enamelled wooden coffin, decorated with brilliant tissue-paper flowers tied with bright blue ribbons. These floral offerings, by the way, are always lowered with the casket and are not placed on top of the grave. The Finns have their own cemetery and will drive for twenty miles in the dead of winter rather than bury their loved one in any other place.

But in spite of all their odd customs we should remember that the Finnish people are a great family race and have very fine sensibilities in spite of a somewhat stolid demeanor.

Many of these people have been badly bitten by the Communist bug. As a result we find stirring Sunday rallies, with speeches and arguments (delivered in Finn) the order of the day. However it is not all talk, for there are Community-owned threshing outfits and an exceptionally fine, well-equipped Community Hall. There are no signs of any startling "Red" tendencies so, "Good luck to their co-operative enterprise!"

Co-operative Dairying

TO MAKE haste slowly is an axiom in the conduct of all successful business enterprises. This is particularly true in the case of co-operative movements, where the road to success is strewn with wrecks, evidence of too fast driving.

That the co-operative idea is fundamentally sound there can be no question, and it is indeed gratifying to report the successful progress made by the Manitoba Co-operative Dairies Ltd., as evidenced in the fifth annual report of this organization, which pioneered the co-operative path as far as dairying is concerned.

The report is marked throughout with a record of achievement alike gratifying to patrons and stockholders. Viewed from all standards, 1925 was the most satisfactory year of the Co-operative operation, permitting the directors, after taking care of all expenses and depreciation, to set

aside in reserve \$4000.00, to pay 7% interest on stock, to make the shippers an additional or final payment of 1¼ cents on each pound of butter fat shipped during the year, and finally, to pay all permanent employees a participation in surplus amounting to 3% of their wages.

An examination of the balance sheet shows the Company to be in a sound position financially and the management are to be congratulated on the results achieved.

To the manager and Dawson McKay, the butter maker, must go the credit for the winnings of the Co-operative at the various competitions held in conjunction with the large agricultural fairs in Canada. At the Royal Fair held in Toronto last year, Co-operative butter together with one other exhibit from Manitoba obtained the highest score ever awarded an exhibit in Canada.

Plantol Soap



Beauty and
Cleanliness
go hand in hand

No amount of make-up can give you natural complexion beauty.

Such beauty is nature's own reward for skin cleanliness. And this may be had only by using regularly a soap that is soothing to the skin.

You'll find that when you use a soap as mild and pure as Plantol, you need not have the slightest fear of irritating your skin, no matter how sensitive it may be.

In fact the more often, and more thoroughly, you bathe in its rich and cleansing lather, the more quickly your skin will regain its youthful freshness—and texture—and glow....

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Music of the American Indian

Loud and Piercing are the Songs of the First Americans, Accompanied by Rattle and Drum and Sung only on Festal Occasions—Except the Humble Lullabies

LONG before the white men came to America the Indians were singing their strange songs. The Indians belong to a different race than our own and we must realize this before we can understand their music. The difference is not alone in the color of the skin; there are other differences which do not appear readily but are known to scientists. We ought not to expect that people who differ from us in many important ways will be like us in their music, yet one of the greatest difficulties in the study of Indian music is a tendency to compare it with the music of the white man.

The word "music" brings to our minds the pleasant sound of voices or instruments, soft and sweet or rising in lovely harmonies, but the Indian's idea of music is entirely different, explains Francis Densmore in "Music and Youth." A good singer among the Indians is a man with a loud, piercing voice, and he never "sings with expression." The tone is forced out by the action of the throat-muscles, the teeth are slightly separated and the lips scarcely move as he sings. The sound is artificial, and at a large gathering the singing corresponds to the melody instruments of a band or orchestra while the drum gives the rhythm. There is a leader of the singers who often sings the opening phrase to let the other singers know what song is to be sung, after which they take up the melody. The Indians have nothing which corresponds to our concerts, and the singing of a solo is very unusual. If a man or woman stands up in an assembly and sings alone it is because the song belongs to that person and everyone knows that he or she has a right to sing it at that time. Thus an old warrior might sing his own war song at a victory dance, though his voice might be weak from age. Neither one Indian nor a group of Indians ever sang in order that others might listen and praise the performance.

The Indians do not have any instruments giving gradations of pitch except the flute, and this is not used in connection with singing. The only accompanying instruments are the rattle and the drum or something which is used as a drum, such as a wooden plank or box in which the people pound with sticks. In some tribes on the Northwest coast the accompaniment to the dancing is provided by men who sit on

a wooden box and kick it with their heels. Other tribes stamp their feet or clap their hands with certain of their favorite dance songs.

Do you realize that the two chief reasons why white people sing are (1) because they have been taught to sing, and (2) because they wish to express their feelings in song? Neither of these reasons is back of Indian singing. We say that a person "sings in tune" if the tone corresponds to that of a tuned instrument, but the Indian does not compare his singing with the tones produced by an instrument. Since the Indian's idea of music is so different from our own, we will ask and try to answer the question "Why do the Indians sing?"

In old times the Indians believed in a power which (for convenience) we will call magic, and singing was part of all the means of working magic. The Indian knew that certain things would come to pass, such as sunshine and rain, but he believed that by the use of magic he could make the rain come when he wanted it to come, and cause the sun to shine favorably on his fields. Men with great magic power were called "medicine men," or, in some tribes, "shamans," and they sang songs to bring rain or secure good crops, to heal the sick or give victory to the warriors. There were various ceremonial acts which they always performed, but the vibrating, rhythmic singing was the way in which they projected their magic power. You see that we have nothing like this in our music because we have not the same beliefs as the Indians.

While the medicine men were doing wonderful things by their singing and magic the mothers were taking care of the cunning Indian babies, with bright eyes and thick black hair. The mothers made little crooning sounds to hush the babies, and gradually these sounds took the form of simple melodies. The medicine men said their songs came to them in dreams and were given by the Thunder-bird or some other mysterious spirit, but the lullabies grew out of the soft little sounds that mothers of every race make for their little children. The old Indians do not regard a lullaby as a real song. They smile when I ask for it and say "the women used to sing something to the children." A real song, in their opinion, is a melody handed down from one generation to another, which must be sung accurately and treated with great respect. Instead of words, the lullaby is always sung with the syllables "way way," which are part of the word for swinging.

Necessaries and Luxuries

IN these days of great need and limited supply everyone talks of giving up luxuries. The question is, What are luxuries? It is certain that the progress of civilization makes us daily more dependent upon what may be called the accessories of life. A hundred years ago people went without many things that today we regard as indispensable, simply because they did not know anything about them. And in other cases our grandfathers' luxuries have become our necessities.

Take clothes. A man with even a comparatively limited income feels that he must dress as those dress whom he daily meets in business. They judge his prosperity by his appearance. It is a poor standard, but it is often the best he has to offer. In the same way his wife must dress like his neighbors' wives, or his credit will be seriously affected, or he thinks it will, or his wife tells him it will. When it comes to the children, the necessity is even greater. We may sacrifice ourselves, if we please; we cannot sacrifice them or their future.

Take education. We may not need books, but we must have newspapers and magazines, if only to tell us what we can go without. Especially, our children again must have what other children have, must have music, must have

entertainments, must have sports. Those things are not luxuries; they are necessities, not in themselves, but in what they carry with them.

Greater than any others are the necessities that have to do with health. Our ancestors knew nothing of hygiene and died for lack of it. We know all about it and must have it—but it costs. There are absolute requirements in food; there are absolute requirements in recreation; most of all, there are absolute requirements in mere cleanliness. Unlimited plumbing, with all its endless trail of expense, is a recently invented luxury, but it is almost as necessary to many of us as the air we breathe.

It is hard to go without these things, hard to reduce even their cost or their number. Yet perhaps it pays to reflect occasionally whether they are all really so indispensable as they seem. The Belgians and the Poles and some others are going without them. Perhaps we may be obliged to some day. Meanwhile, we should try to cut off a little here and a little there, for ourselves and even for our children. Apparent necessities may fade into luxuries and so into nothing.

The one real necessary of life is a sane and cheerful spirit. And as that is the only fundamental necessary, it happens also to be the greatest of luxuries.



In the Mode

Penmans pure thread silk hosiery comes in the beautiful Penmans black and gold striped box—a fitting enclosure for stockings of such enduring charm and distinction.

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THERE'S a spring-like lilt, an enchanting suggestion of happiness, in the newest designs of the BARRYMORE range of guaranteed woven rugs. On an open ground of deep blue, rose or taupe, framed in borders of softly contrasting tones, are sprays of wistaria, pomegranate trees in blossom, peonies, quaint symbols and ornamental plaques.

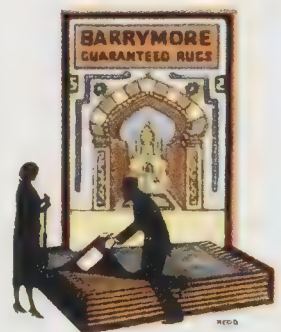
The patterns are gracefully conceived in other of the newest shades; jade green, tan, ecru, mulberry and black. These new BARRYMORES are so unaffectedly lovely they at once lend freshness to a room and enhance the

effectiveness of all the other furnishings. Matching their beauty is their quality to withstand wear; while luxurious to the tread, a BARRYMORE Guaranteed RUG will provide a lifetime of service.

You will respond to the appeal of beauty in these rugs and gain inspiration for countless schemes of decorating or redecorating your home. Select your next rugs from the stocks of BARRYMORE Guaranteed RUGS now being displayed by the leading stores.

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The TORONTO CARPET MFG. CO., Limited
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The Barrymore Guarantee label is affixed to the back of every genuine Barrymore Guaranteed Rug. Ask the rug salesman to show you this label and read the guarantee.

BARRYMORE
Guaranteed
RUGS



A pleasant balance of pattern is shown in this room, with its plain panelled walls, dark cretonne covers and Barrymore rug in a most interesting design

Choosing the New Rug

By Katherine M. Caldwell

FEW of us arrive quickly or lightly at the decision to purchase a new rug. The desire is usually definite enough, but we feel the importance of the actual purchase because we expect to live with that rug for many, many years (if we purchase wisely we and our rug shall "live happily ever after," to all intents and purposes, for the years of a rug may indeed be long.) We know that the rug is one of the most important units in any room; one can scarcely exaggerate the extent of its influence. We know, too, that it represents a certain outlay of money which we naturally want to spend to advantage, so the matter of durability—the resistance to wear and the degree to which the rug will preserve its first fine appearance—become matters for study.

Just what role may we expect a rug to fill?

In the first place, it will please the eye. "Certainly," anyone will agree readily. "Some rugs are very handsome—marvellously beautiful, even." This is one way in which the rug may please us—the most obvious way. We expect to respond to its fine coloring, to whatever beauty of design it may possess. (And let me add here that it is a joy to find what genuine beauty of design is shown today even in some rugs that are the most modestly priced. On this point, the foremost manufacturers are increasing their service to the public every year.)

Another way in which the new rug will please the eye, is in the change it will make in the effect of a room as a whole. Change, alone, is usually pleasing; freshness and newness have their invariable appeal. But greater than these is the ability of a well-chosen rug to create a harmony of the whole that is infinitely gratifying. It will, in a

manner of speaking, gather up a lot of furnishings that may have looked rather unrelated and aloof, and bring them together in the friendliest manner, each working with its neighbor to create an atmosphere of comfort and hospitality and good cheer. This, we will admit, goes farther than mere appeal to the eye—it carries its appeal right to the heart. Nothing will contribute so much of the *homey* quality (to use a homely but significant word) to an informal room or so much graciousness to a formal one, as the right rug.

Granting, then, that our rug will give us a certain degree of beauty—both the actual beauty that lies in itself and the indirect beauty of a greater harmony, an increase in the value of the other furnishings—what else may we look to it to do?

It will add very real comfort to an apartment. Many rooms are afflicted with cold floors. What better cure for them than a thick woven rug? It will work a wonderful transformation, as I saw proved not long ago. Moving into a new house, we decided to have the dining-room rug dyed, to conform to a change of color scheme. The dining-room, as it happened, was directly over a large root-cellar much colder than the rest of the basement. Everyone became conscious of chilled feet by the time the meal was over—though the temperature of the room was quite normal. The return of the heavy-piled rug put an end to this discomfort—and showed quite clearly how completely the difficulty of a cold floor might be overcome.

Everyone enjoys the delightful resiliency of a good carpet. It gives one an immediate sense of well-being to feel a deep, soft pile underfoot.

And so to beauty, we add warmth and comfort, as things we may expect of our new rug.

THERE is one other attribute, already mentioned—undoubtedly we should like our new rug to wear long and well, and lose no whit of its good appearance with the passing of time and many feet. That such a demand is not too great to make upon a good modern rug, was recently proved in an interesting manner by a prominent Canadian company that manufactures woven rugs. A rug was taken from stock and placed in the *main doorway* of a great department store. The season was at its worst—early winter. The store's customers, playing their part quite unconsciously, carried unlimited dampness and soil from the street as they crossed that rug, even paused, some of them, to wipe their shoes upon it. In the time it lay there—some two weeks, if I remember rightly—tens of thousands of people trod upon it. Then the rug was lifted and cleaned. Its color, design, pile, revealed themselves uninjured. The rug was ready to take on the more normal life for which it had been made.

Happily enough, when we demand long wearing ability of a rug, we do not need to find it at any sacrifice of beauty. The woven rugs which we are assured with "last a life-time" display the very loveliest colorings, the most charming designs imaginable. The great and ever-growing interest that people of every walk of life are today displaying in making their homes beautiful, has encouraged the manufacturer to make a study of their needs, and to ally himself whole-heartedly with the whole onward movement in home furnishing.

Good taste is becoming more and more general. Where money is plentiful, they work together to achieve wonderful results; where money is scarce, good taste confers with common sense, spends its

Continued on page 43



Safety in Investment

No single judgment prevails in the investment of trust funds by this Corporation. Every such transaction has the benefit of the judgment of an experienced Investment Committee as well as of our Board of Directors. Safe investment of Funds is the most important service this Corporation has to offer. *We invite your business.*

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A little saved from salary and invested in a Great-West Life Endowment policy will make old age the brightest portion of your life.

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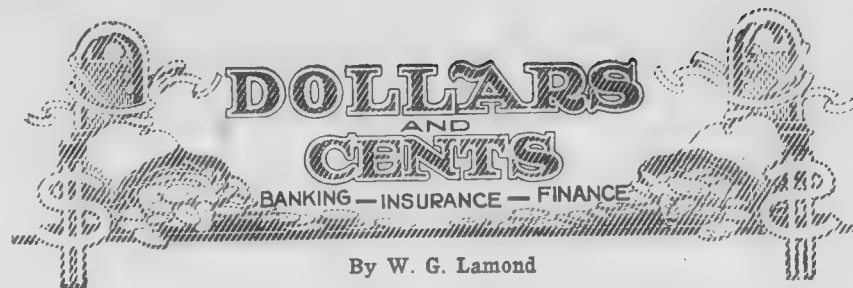
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Are you tired and listless?

Virol—a perfect food in itself—has the added quality of enabling the digestive system to transform other foods into living tissue. A teaspoonful of Virol three times a day will renew your vitality and strength.

VIROL

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.



By W. G. Lamond

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK

BUSINESS during the past two months has been suffering from the usual post-holiday quietness, but commercial travellers returning from the country report that the stocks of storekeepers are everywhere very low, and that the prospects are good for a flow of orders on a larger scale than in the spring of 1925.

The process of business consolidation goes on apace, and the latest rumour concerns the formation of a huge milk trust, which will absorb the leading Canadian dairying companies from coast to coast.

There is still considerable dullness in the iron and steel and allied engineering trades, and there is keen competition to secure such orders as are going. But the basic natural industries of the forest and mine continue to be exceedingly prosperous. During 1925 Canada at last reached almost to a parity with the United States in the matter of newsprint production with an estimate for the year of 1,516,000 tons, and for the United States 1,518,000 tons. In 1926 it is confidently predicted that Canada will run well ahead of the United States as a newsprint producer, for new mills and additions to existing plants will in the near future bring her daily production capacity up to 5,850 tons.

The smaller woolen factories are still complaining of a grievous dearth of orders, but the larger establishments seem to be busy and many of the cotton mills are working overtime. Increasing attention is being paid to the production of artificial silk, and it is announced that the American Cellulose and Chemical Company intends to build a large artificial silk factory somewhere in the eastern townships of Quebec.

The total value of Canada's mineral production for the year 1925 is estimated at \$228,440,000, which is an increase of \$18,857,000 over the total for 1924, being \$209,583,406, and slightly above the previous record of \$227,859,665 for 1920, when metal prices were approximately 36 per cent. higher than they are today. Among the precious metals the most remarkable advances have been in gold, lead, and zinc. Sales of asbestos increased during the year to 260,000 tons, valued at \$8,700,000, which is a gain of 35,000 tons and \$2,000,000 over the figures for 1924. Production figures for coal, feldspar, petroleum, and pyrites showed a decline; the value of the coal mined dropped as the result of strikes by \$4,569,000.

MINING

NOW that the barriers of the vast area which kept the hidden mineral secrets of the district of Patricia have been broken down to as far as the Red Lake, there is a disposition on the part of some prospectors to push the new boundary of civilization still further back in the hopes that they may find that "Empire of the North" predicted by the late Dr. G. Miller, Provincial Geologist. The possibilities of a new silver camp for Northern Ontario has long been considered to rest with this district. In fact, the first prospectors in the Red Lake district went in there searching for just that thing and staked claims some distance to the north of the present Howey Mine for silver formation. There are reports that prospecting parties have already invaded the district north of Red Lake for a considerable distance, and there are also reports of the fact of some very high-grade silver ore found in the shack of a dead trapper.

Several important prospecting parties have gone into the district looking for silver, the most notable being that of Nipissing which about two years ago made quite a survey of the country. This party is said to have reached Sutton Mills Lake, 250 miles north of Red Lake, and are said to have found there conditions which are identical with that of

Cobalt Lake, with the exception that they found no silver.

The country is said to be excellent for prospect. The hardships which are now being suffered going into Red Lake are due entirely to winter conditions. Most of the old time prospectors that have been into Red Lake are very enthusiastic over the country's possibilities.

Fishing

The total catch of sea fish on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts during the month of December was 54,832,600 pounds, valued at \$992,017. During the same period of 1924 there were 32,427,100 pounds landed with a value of \$711,424.

Packing

Final figures on the salmon pack of British Columbia for 1925 issued by the salmon canners section of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association show that in only one year in the history of the province has the total pack been greater than last year.

Altogether 1,719,282 cases of salmon of all varieties were turned out by plants of the British Columbia coast. In 1924 the total was 1,745,313 cases.

Pulp and Paper

Third reading was given by the Quebec Legislative Assembly this week to a bill permitting the City of Quebec to grant a commutation of taxation to the Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills, Ltd. The valuation is set at \$500,000, with an annual increase of \$100,000 for a period of ten years.

Pulp Mill Not Sold

The sale of the property of the Bear River Pulp Company, Bear River, N.S., which was to be held this week, has been postponed for two weeks.

The Banks and Group Insurance

The extent to which group assurance is commending itself to bankers is indicated by an announcement from the Sun Life Assurance Company office of a return showing that nearly 3,000 members of the staff of the Bank of Montreal are now protected by an insurance policy with their company under the group plan.

Some time ago a co-operative plan was offered to the staff whereby each employee who chose to avail himself of the terms would be covered by a policy of from \$1,000 to \$3,000, according to age, payable at death. In this policy was a clause providing that in the event of the insured person becoming totally or permanently disabled before the age of 60 years he himself would receive the proceeds of the policy.

Returns now to hand show that close upon 3,000 employees of the bank have availed themselves of the plan, notwithstanding the benefits accruing to the staff through membership in the Bank's Pension Fund Society. One of the inducements of the group scheme is that employees are not obliged to pass a medical examination in order to qualify.

Group assurance was introduced in Canada only seven years ago, yet already more than 100,000 persons are protected under the plan, with policies amounting to over \$120,000,000.

Manitoba's Economic Conference

The third Manitoba Economic Conference was recently held in Winnipeg.

Among important points brought out by Premier Bracken at the opening session, was the fact that Manitoba wheat acreage has decreased, and acreage under other grains increased materially in the last few years. Another was that it is every bit as vital to the people in the cities and towns of the West that agricultural industries succeed economically, as it is to those actually on the land, and engaged in them.

F. W. S. Crispo, of the Royal Bank, Winnipeg, spoke on Immigration, Land Settlement and Colonization.



This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

A QUESTION recently received by us dealing with the right of an agent to renew a lease on behalf of his principal has prompted us to consider the whole question of agency from the point of view both of the agent himself and the principal. Obviously requirements of modern societies render necessary the employment of parties who, for a remuneration, represent the party employing them. As a result of this employment certain duties and obligations are created and imposed upon parties. Anyone who has had dealings in real estate will readily see the importance of knowing his rights and liabilities. Many cases have been brought into the courts and have imposed heavy costs upon parties simply because they did not realize the nature of the contract into which they had entered.

Agency can only be created by the will of the principal. This will may be manifested in writing or orally or simply by placing another in a situation in which according to the ordinary uses of mankind that other is understood to represent or act for the person who has so placed him. The general rule is that where a corporation appoints an agent it should do so under the common seal, but this is not the rule as far as trading corporations are concerned. Where the law requires a seal for a particular obligation the authority of the agent to execute this instrument must also be under seal. In some cases where a husband is living separate from his wife, separation being brought about by his misconduct, the wife is deemed in law to be the husband's agent to pledge his credit for business.

An agent is bound to exercise care and skill in executing the instructions of his principal and if he fails to exercise a reasonable amount of care, he will be held liable for negligence. For instance, an agent who invests money for his principal on a mortgage without taking proper precautions as to the sufficiency of the security is liable to his principal for the difference between the amount of the loan and the value of the land.

An agent must act in good faith. The relation of agency is of a fiduciary nature, and the agent is bound to live up to the trust and confidence reposed in him by his employer. If an agent is entrusted with money to buy goods the money will be considered trust funds in his hands, and the principal has the same interest in the goods when bought as he had in the money. If an agent is employed to negotiate a particular parcel of real estate for his principal he will be held the trustee of it for him, if while so employed he buys the property in his own name and with his own money.

When an agent is employed to act for a vendor he is bound to secure the highest obtainable price and if he is acting for a purchaser he is bound to secure the lowest price. Moreover, he is bound to make disclosure of all facts which would be of interest to his principal, and his failure to disclose these facts renders the agent liable. An agent cannot in any way make any secret profits out of any transaction for the carrying out of which he has been employed by another. If he does make such profit the principal can compel him to pay them over and, moreover, can refuse to pay any remuneration agreed upon. The giving to an agent by the other party to a contract of any sums of money for the purpose of influencing the agent to consummate the deal is grounds for the principal repudiating the transaction and entitles him to recover any moneys paid on account.

A principal is bound to remunerate his agent as soon as the agent has completed the deal. In real estate transactions it has been held that the real estate agent has earned his commission as soon as he brings together a purchaser who is ready, willing and able to complete the transaction. If the owner prevents the sale from being

carried through by his dilatoriness or unwillingness to carry out the deal he is nevertheless bound to pay the agent the commission agreed upon. The principal is moreover bound to reimburse the agent for all legitimate disbursements incurred in attempting to carry out his instructions.

Alberta—(Q) I signed a joint note with my husband for \$200.00, due April 1st. If the bank should not renew the note and we had not the ready money to pay it, could the bank seize my homestead property for same? I have two pieces of land about 75 miles apart, one a homestead. If I raised money on the piece of land 75 miles away from homestead and was not able to pay when note fell due could bank or mortgage company seize both properties for payment if they were small amounts as above.—Alberta.

(A) 1. No! Your homestead is exempt from seizure under execution. Exemption is only for 160 acres and the surplus may be attached to satisfy a judgment.

2. If you mortgaged the property upon which you did not reside the mortgage company could, of course, foreclose this property, if you were unable to make your payments. Similarly the bank could take proceedings against the same property if they obtained a judgment against you on the note, but no creditor can take from you the farm upon which you reside up to the extent of 160 acres unless you have given such creditor some security such as a mortgage which definitely charges your homestead with such debt.

(Q) Will you please answer the following question: "A" lends "B" \$1000 and "B" gives him a note for same. For how long does that note hold good? How often should it be renewed—Regular Reader.

(A) An ordinary promissory note holds good for six years from the date of maturity, after that date the debtor may plead the statutes of limitations to prevent you from collecting. However, if the debtor has paid any sums on account of the note during the six years, or during that period he has given you a written acknowledgment of the debt coupled with expressions which may be interpreted as a promise to pay the note, then in either case your note will be good for six years from the date of such payment or acknowledgment.

(Q) I would be very pleased if you could answer me the following questions: 1. Can a man, living in Alberta, get a divorce from his wife living in England, or must they both reside in Canada, having heard nothing of each other for twenty years; also could you give me any idea of what a divorce costs. 2. If a man and woman separate and there are children, does the man take the boys and the woman the girls or does it make any difference if they are all boys, would they share them? Thanking you very much for your kind information, and will look for a reply in the March issue of "The Western Home Monthly."—Ignorant.

(A) 1. Yes, if the man has acquired a legal domicile in Alberta. He must have either continually resided in Alberta after his wife left for England or he must have come to Alberta with the intention of residing there permanently and making it his home. The probable cost of divorce, if not defended by the wife, would be \$300.00.

2. If the husband and wife separate there is usually an agreement between the parties as to which shall have the custody of the children. This agreement is subject to the jurisdiction of the court who may cancel it and award the children to the other party, or even appoint a guardian for the children. The court renders its decision after it has fully considered the manner in which the interest of the children may be best promoted.

Does your Mortgage contain this Clause?

Does your mortgage contain a clause which guarantees that on your death all unpaid instalments will be cancelled?

Albert Lawson could not find any such clause in his mortgage, and he was worried about the fate of Mrs. Lawson and their children in case he should die before his payments were completed.

He needn't have worried. He could have secured the same protection through a North American Life Mortgage Policy. This special form of Life Insurance was designed by the North American Life Assurance Company to save widows from foreclosures. It is worth your consideration.

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A Popular Department

Since the inception of

The Legal Page

It has met with increasing reader interest. The number of enquires received is the best indication we have of this and we hope that a greater number will take advantage of the service.

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Time the Essence

IN MANY legal contracts and business agreements occurs the statement: "Time shall be the essence of this agreement," the meaning evidently being that the parties to the contract shall waste no time in carrying out the conditions.

The youth of twenty who hopes to be a man of affairs at forty should make a contract with himself, and time should be the essence of the agreement. Not long ago, I met a young man who left school some four years ago. He had just lost his position and upon taking an inventory of his educational resources was compelled to admit that he was poorly equipped for applying for another position. Why? Because during four years of opportunity he had made but little use of his leisure hours.

"The greatest loss of time," says Seneca, is delay and expectation which depends upon the future. We let go the present, which we have in our power, and look forward to that which depends upon chance, and so quit a certainty for an uncertainty."

"It is better to lose anything than to lose time; we can recover lost money, but time is irrecoverable," wrote St. Chrysostom.

Study this advertisement: Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever!—Horace Mann.

The young man should so control and plan his hours as to escape the condition that brought about the lament of one of Shakespeare's characters: I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

Answer to Inquiries

INFORMATION concerning a correspondence course in psychology has been mailed to a reader at Biggar, Sask.

A correspondent at Salmon Arm, B.C., has been furnished with details concerning the vocation of wireless operator.

A reader at Emo, Ontario, has been written to about opportunities in connection with mechanical engineering.

Information about power house work has been sent to a correspondent at Maple Creek, Sask.

A correspondent at Minto, Man., has been furnished with details concerning motor mechanics.

Suggestions for the planning of a course of study for leisure time have been mailed to a reader at Shoal Lake, Man.

YOUNG men who wish for help and suggestions in connection with vocational, study and other problems, are invited to write the Editor of this page. A stamped, addressed envelope should accompany inquiries.

Choosing Your Life Work

ARTICLE No. 5. In the December number of Vocational Education, published by the Department of Labour, Ottawa, appears the following paragraph:

"The state has done much to bring opportunities of employment and of preparation for employment within the reach of all, but it has not yet begun to deal adequately with the problem of the individual. The idea that knowledge is the key which unlocks the door of opportunity is applicable only to a limited extent. The youth with the world before him finds many doors at which to knock and many keys with which to open them, but he does not know which is the most suitable door for him. Groping down a long and dimly-lighted corridor studded with such doors, he is acutely conscious of the need for guidance."

On page 13 of the same bulletin, it is suggested that young men planning to enter employment should try to secure the following information about occupations in which they are interested:

1. Technical information—operations, processes.
2. Industrial information—history and development of the occupation, wages, working conditions, hours.
3. Personal information—opportunities for service, advantages, requirements.

On page 15 it is suggested that a plan which may be useful in selecting a suitable vocation is to separate the occupations according to the nature and training requirements of the work performed—for example:—

Capital—Proprietors and directors.
Management—Officials and executives; professional employees and consultants; supervisors and foremen.

Labour—Skilled manual or mechanical workers; semi-skilled manual or mechanical workers; skilled clerical or office workers; semi-skilled clerical or office workers; unskilled workers or labourers; general and miscellaneous.

It is pointed out on page 21, that a general classification of occupations in Canada might be as follows:—

1. General and miscellaneous.
2. Agriculture.
3. Fishing, logging, hunting and trapping.
4. Mining.
5. Manufacturing.
6. Construction.
7. Transportation, power and communication.
8. Commerce and finance.
9. Public service.
10. Professional service.

A very complete alphabetical list of occupations is given on pages 24 to 27.

Young men who are seeking help in the important problem of choosing their life work should find many valuable hints in this government bulletin, and should write to Ottawa for a copy.

Real Joys of Life

"I AM 57 today, and I look back on 30 years ago, when I was pondering over the challenge that I had seen in Labrador for the first time offered my life.

It was London or Labrador—but the enthusiasm of life and a faith that life is a field for venture and chivalry, and not a selfish tragedy ending in nothing, led me to select Labrador. I have never regretted it. It gave me all I could expect and heaps besides.

Today I see clearer than any mathematics or philosophy could demonstrate it, in the far finer way men realize truths, viz: from the field of personal experience, that the real joys of life that last are absolutely from what we can give to life and absolutely not from the little we can get out of the things of life—indeed, their value is just measured by how far they help us to do things for the world."—Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, in Letters from Famous People.

The Young Man and His Bible

ARTICLE No. 5. Young men who are interested in definite Bible studies should write to the Oxford University Press, 25 Richmond Street West, Toronto, for a descriptive circular of The Companion Bible, which contains thousands of critical, explanatory, and suggestive notes, together with one hundred and ninety-eight appendixes. A wonderful feature of this work is what is known as The Structures, which constitute, it is said, a remarkable plan peculiar to Divine Revelation, and found in no other form of known literature outside the Sacred Text.

The chapters and verses of the Authorized Version are retained; but spaces are introduced to mark off the paragraphs, so that the advantages of both verses and paragraphs are retained. Two columns appear on each page. The first contains the actual Bible text, and the second contains explanatory notes covering practically every word of importance. This is a feature that makes the work of much value to young men who may be asked to lead small Bible study groups and who want authoritative information in concise form. In this edition, the fault of some reference Bibles is avoided—the print is exceptionally clear.

Many charts, tables, and classifications appear in the appendixes and material is thus provided for those who wish to work out blackboard illustrations. One authority describes the work as "a herculean task, on which much loving and painstaking labor has been expended."

A Novelist on Success

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART, in "Letters from Famous People," writes as follows concerning the way to success:

"I had a brief but very valuable motto which carried me through my early years of hard work and much discouragement. I had it pinned up over my desk, and it said: 'Ideas and hard work are the keys to all success.'"

"Perhaps I should change that now and make it read: 'Ideas, hard work, and a conscience are the keys to all success.' Especially I think this is the case in the business world, where we are slowly changing business consciousness into business conscience."

In the same work, and on the same subject, Thomas P. Gore writes: "Success does not seek; it must be sought. It must be wooed in order to be won."

"On the side of efficiency, I would say: know the facts of your business and respect them. They will not be ignored. The facts are sovereign, and sooner or later they will exert their sovereignty. Pursue opportunity; opportunity will not pursue you."

"On the side of honor, respect the highest standards of your trade, calling or profession. The average is the mean between extremes."

"Be among those who raise the average. Talent is not entirely at your command; integrity is."

Questions and Answers

THE attention of young men is directed to the series of articles on this page, "Choosing your Life Work," in the hope that those who find themselves in the same difficulty with regard to the choice of an occupation may feel inclined to write for suggestions.

In order that the most helpful answers may be compiled, inquiries should contain such information as previous education, age, ambitions, technical knowledge, special abilities, and experience.

Those who send in letters of inquiry are asked to include a stamped, addressed envelope. If the information wanted is readily available, letters will be answered promptly. Some delay may take place, however, where it is necessary to make some investigations.

The subject of vocational education and guidance is receiving considerable attention in Canada at present, and at the Easter convention of the Manitoba Educational Association, one of the visiting speakers is giving a paper on "The Value of Vocational Education."

For Meditation

DO YOU believe—

That the prosperity of a country depends, not on the abundance of its revenues, but in the number of its cultivated citizens?

That cunning and treachery are the offspring of incapacity?

That ancients tell us what is best, but that we must learn of the moderns what is fittest?

That Democracy means not—I am as good as you are—but—

You are as good as I am.

That to have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without it is power?

That no degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance?

That our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds?

That it is want of diligence rather than want of means that causes most failures?

That example has more followers than reason?

That we are often prophets to others only because we are our own historians?

An Ideal Western Bungalow

Continued from page 13

from a defective sewer. All the water pipes should be exposed. They may not look pretty, but the assurance that if one develops a leak it can be instantly located, compensates.

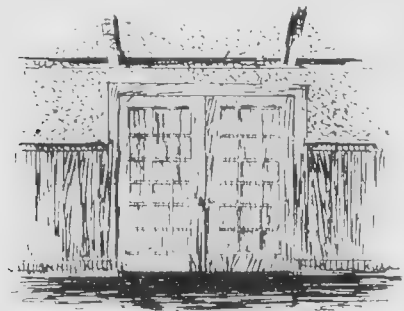
It is supposed that water connections can be obtained, or that some system of forcing water to the fixtures is installed in the basement. If water cannot be connected from the town main a system should be installed in every new house; a tank might be placed under the roof and water pumped into it, but



every precaution must be taken against its freezing or leaking. The fixtures shown on the plan are bath tub, W.C. and basin. A shower could be easily attached to the bath tub fixtures, using a rubber sheet to keep spray from the floor.

A linen closet is provided off the private hall through which entrance to bathroom and bedrooms is gained. The furniture is shown on bedroom plans to give an idea of its disposition.

The basement walls are of concrete to grade and then field stone; the floor is concrete with the proper drainage and catch basin. A large galvanized iron soft water tank should be installed, connected by pump to sink. Stationary wash tubs should also be provided for in basement connected to water system and drainage. The furnace is hot air, and vegetable, fuel and coal rooms are partitioned off from the main cellar.



The house should be wired for electric lighting and fixtures to avoid tearing out afterwards.

On the outside the body of the house is of shingles stained a dull brown; the window sash and front and rear doors being white; the roof a moss green, and chimney red brick with red chimney tiles. The projection of bay window and under eaves and rafters are painted white. The window boxes are brown.

Generally the skimping begins about the time the hardware is selected and often the result is an equipment unworthy of the quality of the other portions of the building. A good door deserves good hardware, and a bungalow like this deserves it.

Most Important

Small Boy (returning from oculist's, showing his first spectacles to admiring little sister): You know, I've not got to wear them always—only for close work.

Sister: What do you call close work?

Small Boy: Oh—well—eating, and so on.

—Punch.

"I hear you own a motor car now."
"Well, in partnership with the motor car company."

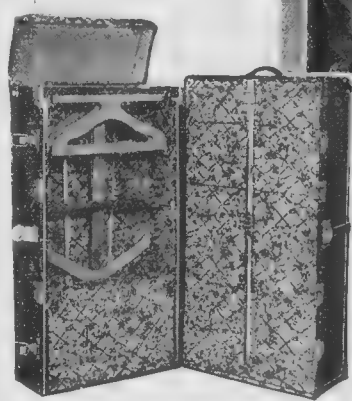
—Toronto Telegram.

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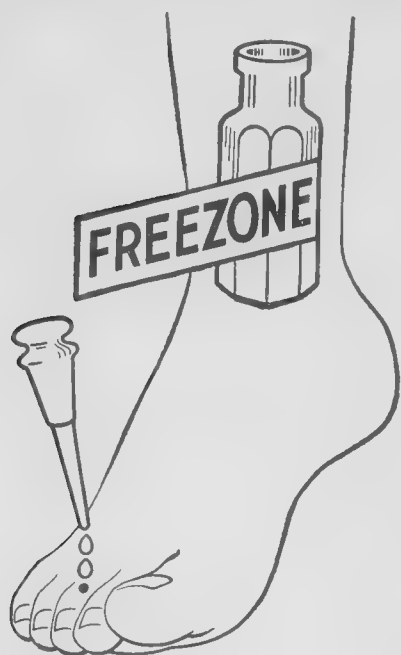
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COME LET US READ A WHILE

BY W.H.M. LIBRARIAN

I FEEL sad today. It is true that as I write, the sun is shining, and the beds in the park give promise of Spring's golden trumpets. But I can take no joy of these blessings. I have lost a precious friend. George Westover is dead.

"Foolish," said my husband, "to expect him to live for ever." And then followed the usual irrefutable arguments offered as consolation. He was over eighty. He had led an active life, rich in experience, in the love of wives, of children, of grandchildren of friends. "You would, not have had him linger, surely?" "No," I replied, unreasonably perhaps, but quite sincerely, "but I wanted him to live another twenty years at least." Saying which, my tears took out some of the color from the bright red covers of the perfectly new copy a library had entrusted to my care. I hope they charge me for the damage done. I shall enjoy to suffer for my love of George Westover.

As I was saying to the charming novelist Peggy Wembling, the other afternoon, I do not know when Eden Phillpotts wrote George Westover. I do not know if it belongs to his earlier manuscripts and has now been published, or whether it was written but lately. All I know is that I love it as much as his very earliest novels, and a great deal more than those published within the last five years. "George Westover" (Hutchinson and Co.) is a much quieter book than we expect from Eden Phillpotts. It lacks the grandeur of "Eudocia," the color of his "Pottery" novels, the fantasy of "Pan and the Twins," but it is the whimsicality of "The Lavender Dragon" combined with a richer humour, I think, than ever displayed before by this most amazingly prolific writer.

Wellshasgiven us lately, "Mr. Preemby, Laundry Man and Idealist." We shall not easily forget Mr. Preemby, for he is a type of Englishman who claims our tenderness. But Mr. Phillpotts's George Westover is a far finer portrayal of an English type. And we ought not, if we could, forget him. For he claims our love by his own sterling character and not by his queerness and his cranks. We love to hear this fine old magistrate who administered British justice during many years in India, hold forth on God and life and gardening. His philosophy of life, though trying for his daughter who has to concern herself with finances, is a tonic. His love of his fellowmen, an inspiration. In short, Sir George Westover is the most lovable character that has stepped into the pages of a novel for many and many a year. So admirable, so perfect is Eden Phillpotts' portrayal of this grand old English gentleman, that one is liable to neglect, in a review, the other characters, equally well drawn. Sir George's three daughters, each with her distinctive individuality, are a joy to meet. I'm always preaching against those reviewers who make a habit of giving a synopsis of a novel, so I will desist. All I beg of you is to read "George Westover" if you relish a novel that introduces you to people you are charmed to know; a novel that makes you laugh with, not at, the characters; that has much beauty, and not one spot of ugliness.

A Human Guide

ONE DOES not associate human qualities with a guide book, but Lady Buckmaster has succeeded in writing a guide to the Holy Land that teems with human interest, and reveals a pleasing learned personality. "Palestine and Pamela," (Cambridge, W. Haffer and Sons, Ltd.) is the teasing title of a book which Lady Buckmaster wrote after her visit to Palestine. Pamela (whose name ought to have been Pessima), in her endeavour to gloom everything, provides Lady Buckmaster with the opportunity of incorporating some humour into the necessarily cut and dry details of the history and appearance of Palestine. Every year now, boats cross the Atlantic, bearing those fortunate enough to be able to satisfy their desire to see this country so rich in history, in spiritual association, and great potentialities for modern advance. They will do well to arm themselves with a copy of "Palestine and Pamela," a book that will be of immense help and no little joy.

Brown Tints

WHAT a long time it seems since I waxed enthusiastic about "The songs of Tiadatha!" That was years ago. Then I never dreamt of meeting Owen Rutter, the clever poetic parodist. But the other night, (so strange a whirligig is time) I was asking him without the slightest diffidence (?) to let me have a review copy of his first novel for the readers of The Western Home Monthly. It reached me last night and foolishly enough I began to read it prior to bed time. I carried it to bed and sat up to the small hours of this very morn to finish it.

Its title is clever—"Sepia." For by it we are prepared for a monochrome drawing in a warm brown tint. And we get it. Kama who plays such havoc with the life of a young Englishman in the throes of homesickness, is a sepia study. She is slim and brown and her black hair smells of rancid coconut oil. But the loneliness of Borneo has settled like a dank fog upon David's spirits and his vision is blurred. In the stillness of the night, there is romance intermingled with the sepia, and the simple pulling aside of a net, breaks down the last barrier that existed between the white man and the brown Murat.

Owen Rutter knows the East, and he can tell a story. One regrets therefore that the plot is so reminiscent of White Cargo. However, this weakness is out-balanced by the distinctly individual touches. The descriptions of natural scenery are often very beautiful, and several characters are finely drawn. When Owen Rutter decides to write his second novel, may he choose a theme that has not been quite so over-worked; for without a doubt he can write a story that teems with incident and holds one's interest from first to last.

East or West

THE SECOND line of the couplet "Home is Best" springs to one's lips when meandering through the pages of "Old English Household Life" by Gertrude Jekyl. This fascinating volume is published by B. T. Batsford which is another way of saying it is finely printed, beautifully illustrated and of historical interest. I said "meandering" through the pages on purpose. There is a delight in loitering through high-ways and by-paths when one is permitted to meet country folk of Old England and to examine their possessions. The truly magnificent photographs introduce us to kitchens, the like of which we, in this efficient age in Canada will never possess. Kitchens with ingle nooks where the old folks sat and discussed the prosperity of the farm. Cottages wherein were sideboards laden with such pewter that would urge a modern collector to break the commandments anent stealing and coveting. Perhaps the most beautiful chapter in this altogether delightful volume is the one devoted to roadsides, gates, and fences; for there is no country that can show the traveller such charm and beauty on the country roads as England. And yet I don't know that I didn't like the chapter devoted to travelling traders, and gypsies, best. To think that the time is not far distant when a child will ask the meaning of the Hurdy-Gurdy Man! As a matter of fact, I suppose Canadian children, certainly those in the west, have never danced to the joyous tune ground out by a brown-faced turbaned Hurdy-Gurdy man with a monkey on his shoulder.

One of the most fascinating drawings, in my opinion, is a copy of a bill made out in 1815, for ten and tenpence from a bricklayer. First are crude drawings (such as a three-year-old makes) of two figures and a half-sized one. This tells the tale of two men and a boy working on the job! Then there is a square divided into four. Three of the quarters contain a dot each which means that these three fine people worked three quarters of a day! Two implements that look like large Y's prove that the two and a half men, working three quarters of the day, used two hods of mortar. In the right hand bottom corner is the most astonishing part of this wonderful bill. A picture of a poor little man hanging from the gallows. No this is not the union's threat

to the employer, but simply implies that the bill has been settled!

I was speaking the other day to Doris Saunders (many Winnipeg people will know to whom I refer) now at Oxford working on her thesis for her final degree, the highest Oxford will confer upon women. She was telling me of her interest in the Women's Institute Work. When she is up in the Easter vacation, as I hope she will be, I am going to make her look at this book and consider what could be done along similar lines to preserve, for the coming generations, the life of the women in Canada in the days of the earliest settlers. Also, as librarian to The Western Home Monthly, I heartily recommend this book to Women's Institutes, for it could well form the basis of a most fascinating subject for a study circle. Comparing the life of the women of old England with new Prairie Canada.

Mother and Son

I CAN'T remember whether it was Florence Randal Livesay, of Toronto, or Mrs. Price, of Calgary, but it was one or other of these well-known writers who told me to look out for Flos Jewell Williams' novel, "The Judgment of Solomon" (Hodder and Stoughton). I did look out and found and read this story which has a most unusual theme. Anne is forced by overwhelming circumstances to pretend that her baby belongs to her cousin Mary. The grief that this causes the unwedded mother is touchingly portrayed and the whole story moves along to the time of heartbeats and heartaches until the clouds shew a silver lining and the judgment of Solomon decides in Anne's favor.

Picture Frames

THIS is the unusual title of a volume of short stories by Thyra Samter Winslow (Macmillan and Co., Toronto). It is not a recent publication but I have just received it as a gift, and have enjoyed it so much I wish to recommend it to all who like reading short stories of an unusual character. The plots are unusual and the style is artistic. As the title implies, these chapters are more character studies than short stories. Picture frames, indeed, enclosing the face of some interesting person like Grandma, or an entire family like the Cycle of Manhattan. I have lent this volume to several readers, and one and all have expressed great enjoyment.

Immortality

A COPY of verses by the late Gertrude MacGregor Moffat (Toronto, The House of Macmillan) was among my Christmas gifts, but this is the first opportunity I have had of mentioning the work of this poet, who, alas, died at the early age of thirty-nine. I have read all the poems carefully and found some very appealing ones. Most of them have that stinging quality which is the essential of the lyric. A passionate love of nature, a sense of companionship with God, and at times a startling originality, these are the characteristics of Mrs. Moffat's verse. And that brooding sadness—to what would we attribute it were we not inclined to think the poet had prevision of her early death? Mr. Sandwell's sympathetic introduction gives no hint of a sad life. Yet he avoids naming any definite happiness during her all too brief years of maturity. He speaks of "intense motherhood"—seven children she bore—and one wonders whether her sensitive soul felt unable to bear this fierce mystery of intense motherhood, and that this tinged her poems with undeniable poignancy.

She sings, this dead poet, of the beauty of flowers and woods and meadows where one has time to sit and dream; where there are "no clinging hands to stay one," no stumbling feet to prevent one's attempt to "reach the uplands." Ah! poor woman. I never knew her. I know now nothing of her life. But I must confess that I read this little volume with an ache in my throat and a stinging in my eyes for the woman who in fourteen years brought to birth seven children and the poems that we may now read. A woman of spirit, too, a woman whose words could lash when her scorn was aroused. Listen

Continued on page 45

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Choosing the New Rug

Continued from page 37

little thriftily in the buying of what is simple and good, spends it on the things in which quality counts most and saves it on those parts of the furnishing in which a bit of clever managing or artful substitution will effect an economy. When there is thought and careful planning behind the room as a whole, the result is seldom without definite charm.

The rug for most of the rooms in the house falls necessarily into the class in which quality should be considered a first essential. In some rooms—for instance, the nursery, the youthful bedroom, or the room furnished in a light key, with painted furniture, perhaps—the fresh-looking little washable rugs may sometimes be used to advantage. Some of our readers are no doubt clever rag-rug makers themselves and know what delightful little light-weight washable rugs they can evolve.

But these informal rag rugs do not usually fit so well into the more formal rooms of the house, where greater dignity is required. Here we turn to the woven rug of this type or that.

THE art of weaving has risen to a very high place in Canada. I use the word "art" most advisedly. A short time ago, I spent a privileged morning in the largest plant of this kind in our country. As an industrial plant, it was a matter for pride to any Canadian. Equipment of the most modern type was there, facilities for immense production (even to a private power plant of a perfection so imposing that it created an effect that, oddly enough, I could describe by no other word than beauty!—the beauty of shining metals—of instruments of an almost incomprehensible precision, set against a background of immaculate tile—the beauty of the thing it all stood for, power! But behind all this industrial perfection, lay art. The art of dyeing, for instance—one which not so long ago was very indifferently understood on this side of the Atlantic. The art of blending the colors so well produced. Beautiful designs, taking shape even at that moment, under the hands of competent artists. For under that one vast roof (or more accurately, series of roofs) each carpet was carried from the design-on-paper, raw wool stage, to the completed rug, ready for your home or mine.

It would, I know, interest every rug owner and potential carpet buyer among you, to make that trip with me. Who among us pauses to think of the rug we admire, coming first to this country as raw wool from Scotland, Australia, South America, China, India? The wools of different countries are blended in these Canadian-woven rugs. This is done because of the variation of their quality, in the length of the fibres, in their lustre and strength and springiness; by a carefully calculated blending, each makes its own contribution to the finished product and a definite standard of quality can always be maintained.

What dirty stuff that raw wool is! To observe its condition makes one immediately grateful for the perfection of western efficiency methods! The first thing that happens to the wool here, is a complete sterilizing. The wool fleeces, just as they are received, are pulled apart in a huge machine called the "opener," and the hot, soapy solution in a giant washer makes a complete job of dissolving the animal fats and scouring the fibres of the wool.

The beautifully clean wool, after being dried by warm air, passes into a carding machine that would be immensely interesting to those of our housekeepers who still occasionally card the wool for a new bed comforter! It is built in the shape of a huge drum and bristles with pin points; revolving in an opposite direction are more pin points placed in rollers—the two sets pulling and "carding" the wool in the most even and expeditious manner in the world. Finally the fibres are drawn off the last roller in straight untwisted streams, something thinner than an ordinary lead pencil; this "roving," as it is called, is drawn thinner and thinner in successive machines, then put on spinning machines to be twisted.

Three of the fine resulting strands are twisted together finally, to provide the three-ply yarn used in the rugs.

Each successive stage is just as interesting—the dyeing of the yarn in scores of shades, the arrangement of hundreds of spools of yarn, in the required colors, at the back of the great loom; the operation of the loom itself—so fascinating, in its swift-growing results, that one hesitates to tear away the mystery, to credit the great machine to modern mechanical genius rather than to the magic that seems to dominate it. Strand upon strand—color after color—the deep, strong body of the rug is woven before our eyes—the pattern emerges clearly, swiftly; one sees why a good rug of this type will give long, sturdy service, how it will bring beauty and comfort, to the home it is ultimately to grace.

After seeing the whole rug-making process, one is almost certain to feel the urge to return once more to the room in which the plan for each rug is conceived. Here, the artist pores over his designs; we see the sketch for a new pattern and another pattern already drawn with exquisite mathematical skill on the special paper that is ruled off in tiny squares. Another "chart" will have reached the hands of the colorist, and not only the pattern, but the colors in which it will appear, are set down with exactness.

It is reassuring to see the wealth of designs here and in the finished product—for one cannot doubt that a rug may always be found to fill the need of the home-maker. Variety is there in size, in shape, in type. Design varies from the plain carpet to the simple two-tone bordered rug, to that which is a mesh of fine, intricate patterning, a bouquet of harmonious coloring.

ALL of which proves the wisdom of the intending rug-purchaser who sits quietly at home and studies the room that is to be carpeted—or plans the room-that-is-to-be. When the final decision is reached, one may fare forth quite confidently to purchase a rug in certain definite colorings, a rug plain or patterned, simple in design as a Japanese print, or with the masses of intricate detail long familiar in the rugs of Persia and its mystery-loving, symbol-wordshipping neighbors.

If one is furnishing "from the ground up," so to speak, with no necessity to consider wall-papers, draperies, etcetera, that are already installed, one may exercise entire freedom of choice in regard to the rug. If one has a strong preference for the plain or nearly-plain floor covering, pattern may be delegated to the walls or to curtains and upholsterings. If one likes an unobtrusive pattern or a bold design in the rug, other furnishings may be tempered to it. In short, the rug may well be a key-note in the room, since it is one of the largest areas and most important individual pieces in it.

Expediency, as well as preference, may have its influence on the type of rug selected. The plain rug undoubtedly does require more consideration than its patterned neighbor. There is probably no rug like the one showing a well-covered design in softly blended colors, to disguise the results of hard usage. That is one reason, doubtless, for its great popularity. It commends itself for the dining room on this score, because the too-frequent accident may be sponged away, leaving, as a rule, no trace of its happening. The much-used living room, too, seems to call sometimes for the kindly tolerance of a colorful patterning—even the misfortunes of an ink-spatter may, with the help of a bit of shadow, pass casual notice!

The living room that is to blossom with cretonne, in the much-loved English fashion, will seldom take an all-over patterned rug; where the choice falls upon patterned furniture coverings or wall-paper, the rug should drop to the one or two-toned effect. The balance of plain and patterned surfaces must be preserved; too much of the former is apt to breed monotony—but too much pattern destroys all sense of repose, of peace.

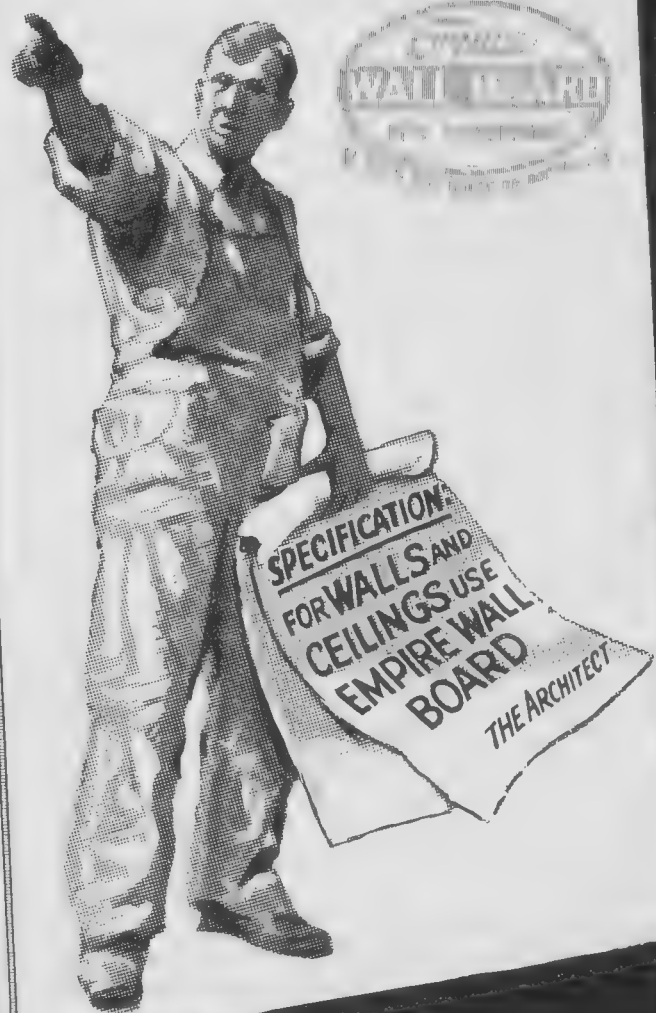
Continued on page 44

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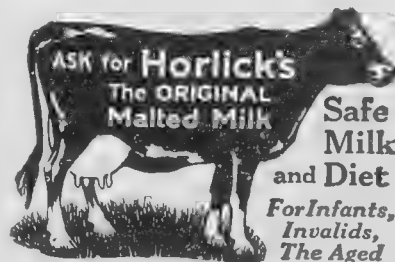
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11



Air Waves and Ether Waves

Professor G. W. O. Howe discusses the principles and problems of broadcasting in the London Observer and ascribes to this science the birth of a new sense.

TO WHAT extent our life depends on waves transmitted through space! To most people waves suggest the sea, and wave-motion recalls unpleasant memories, but as a matter of fact we live and move in a world of waves. All sound is transmitted by air waves, not up and down or sideways motion, as in sea waves, but backwards and forwards, causing alternate compression and rarefaction of the air. How the air particles in a concert hall must vibrate and how complex must be their movement at a moment when they are transmitting the combined sound of an orchestra with all the differences of pitch and tone! We shall have more to say about these sound waves, since they are the raw material of the broadcast transmitter. Light also consists of waves, but since light passes through a vacuum space as readily as through air or glass, light waves cannot be due to any movement of ponderable material, and as the normal human mind finds it difficult to conceive of waves in a space devoid of anything capable of being moved, or twisted or compressed, scientists have in the past assumed the existence of an all-pervading ether which served as the medium of the waves constituting light.

Hence all the pleasures of hearing and seeing depend on the transmission of waves. The ordinary individual has organs capable of receiving these waves and translating them into mental impressions without any artificial aid; but since the advent of broadcasting the space around us as we walk in the evening quiet of the country, or sit in a silent room, may be as full of music as the Queen's Hall, but we do not possess any natural faculty for receiving it; we are deaf or blind to the vibrations which sweep past us. By means of a wireless receiver, however, we can translate these electro-magnetic ether waves into their equivalent air or sound waves, and thus endow ourselves, as it were, with an additional sense.

Silent Transmission of Sound

There may be many broadcasting stations transmitting at the same time, and their radiated waves sweep past us like the sound waves from a dozen speakers from adjacent platforms. With the wireless waves, however, we can with suitable apparatus tune it to receive the one station which we wish to hear, although it may be far away, and yet remain unaffected by other, it may be much nearer, stations which we do not desire to hear. There is another advantage in that by a turn of a switch we can instantly retire into silence. Broadcasting may be called the silent transmission of sound, and the possibility of making it audible or not at desire is one of its great advantages. A person may stand in the studio on the Thames embankment and speak to a million people more clearly and distinctly and with less effort than he could a few hundreds in an ordinary hall. When one remembers that this has all been accomplished within about ten years one can look forward confidently to great developments in the future. The vibrations of the air which constitute sound can differ in three ways, firstly in the amplitude or magnitude of the vibration, which depends on the loudness of the sound; secondly, in the frequency or number of vibrations per second, which depends upon the pitch of the sound; and, thirdly, in the character of the vibration, which depends upon the character or timbre of the sound and enables a note on the violin to be distinguished from the same note played equally loudly, say, on the oboe. A clear understanding on these points is essential if one is to appreciate the problems of broadcasting or of any reproduction of speech or music.

A high note played on the violin causes a high frequency vibration of the air, and a note of the same pitch played on the oboe causes a vibration of the same frequency but yet the air particles must move in a different manner, or one could not distinguish between the two instruments. Mathematically one analyses the complex motion of the air particles into a fundamental simple motion like the swing of a pendulum, which is the same for both instruments, and a number of harmonics, that is, vibrations of much higher frequencies, super-imposed upon the simple fundamental vibration. It is the differences between these higher harmonics which distinguish between the notes played on the two instruments.

The Range of Sound

We see, then, that although a very high note played on the violin corresponds to a frequency of about 2,000 vibrations per second, a correct reproduction of the tone requires the reproduction of much higher frequencies. This is why even the best gramophone records of violin solos do not sound quite like a violin. At the lower end of the scale we have the double bass and the lower notes on the organ going down to about 30 vibrations per second. Hence orchestral music requires the truthful reproduction of sound waves covering the range from about 30 to about 20,000 vibrations per second. Singing and speech call for a somewhat less extended range, but the amount of departure from exact reproduction, which is allowable, is largely a matter of taste and custom. If one demands more intelligibility without any consideration of the quality of the voice, very considerable liberties can be taken with the sound waves. Most of the energy of speech is carried by waves below a frequency of 1,000, but the characteristics essential to its interpretation mainly by frequencies above 1,000.

Very careful experiments have shown that by filtering out and eliminating all vibrations slower than 500 per second one removes 60 per cent. of the energy, but only reduces the articulation, that is, the intelligibility, by about 2 per cent. On the other hand, elimination of everything above 1,500 vibrations per second only removes 10 per cent. of the speech energy, but reduces the articulation by 35 per cent. We have here the explanation of the phenomenon often observed, that telephonic reproduction may be very loud, but very difficult to understand. The experiments to which we have just referred were made in connection with ordinary telephony, in which intelligibility is the main consideration; in broadcasting a much higher standard of reproduction is demanded. One of the principal lines of research at the present moment is the design of apparatus which will extend the range of frequency over which the sound waves are proportionately reproduced. Only in this way can we hope to reach the goal of a reproduction indistinguishable from the original.

The Modern Maid of All Work

MRS. SUTTON advertised for a woman to do general housework. A colored girl applied for the place.

"Are you a good cook?" asked Mrs. Sutton.

"No, indeed, I don't cook," was the reply.

"Are you a good laundress?"

"I wouldn't do washin' and ironin'; it's too hard on the hands."

"Can you sweep?" asked Mrs. Sutton. "No," was the answer. "I'm not strong enough."

"Well," said the lady of the house, quite exasperated, "may I ask what you can do?"

"I dusts," replied the girl placidly.



W-5
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We Treat You Square Bargain List Free
A. C. HILL CO., DEPT. 2 BATTLE CREEK, MICH

Choosing the New Rug

Continued from page 43

Pattern wars with pattern—one effect is killed by another—there is no harmony, no tranquility, no feeling of a gracious and dignified and satisfying whole.

But, as we have said, there is no occasion for these jars, for unfriendly admixtures in our furnishings. For we have only to determine our need, then seek its fulfilment. The rug we want, if our taste is good, is fairly certain to be on the market. Unfortunately if our taste is not so good, our knowledge of quality is limited, the rug to satisfy both may not be hard to find, for all rug-makers have not the same high standards. The wise buyer, therefore, not only considers carefully the general features of the rug that is to fill a particular need, but acquires all the knowledge he can of the brands of rugs upon the market. Rug-making is an old art—and an old game. It is well to buy of one who has proved dependable—and to know what guarantees are given with the purchase.

Come Let Us Read a While

Continued from page 42

to this, most appropriate for this month of April. It is called "After Easter."
"I crave your pardon, that I did not know,
But for you told me so,
Being a stranger here,—
This festival you celebrate each year
I took to be a sort of dress parade,
And fashion promenade,—
The matter of a hat, and gloves and gown;
But for you telling me, I had not known
It had to do with linen grace-clothes laid
From the awakened Dead;
And with a napkin, folded by itself,
From the aroused Head."

Was the shadow in the Valley of Death
beckoning to her as she walked through
life, ever joying in its beauty, when she
wrote this little, tender, heart cry?

"Teach me, thou falling leaf,
The way of letting go.
My day, as yours, is brief,
I wait with grief,
The coming snow."

"Lay on me as you go,
Your meek and trustful heart,
Contented not to know,
Teach me, that so
I may depart."

Grins and Gurgles

OH THE joy of "Nonsense Verses," an anthology by Langford Reed, illustrated by the famous H. M. Bateman (Jarrolds, London). First of its kind ever published, it will delight all who have eyes that twinkle readily. Examples from Aristophanes, down the ages of nonsense to Gelett Burgess with his purple cow. My favourite is one that all Canadians will appreciate, because it refers to the noble sport of ski-ing. It is by A. H. d'Egville, who calls himself the Poet Boreate. Obviously he does not enjoy ski-ing. He says, in part:

"Tis night! How quick the time doth wriggle past

And I must turn my skis to'ards yonder pub,

Where, even as I blith, the wimping lights

Do garg and gicker on the infernal snow.

He turned, and sitting shameless on his skis,

Descended."

This quotation does not do justice to the Poet Boreate. There are other words as fine as garg and gicker!

Stand to Your Work

Stand to your work and be strong,
Halting not in your ways;
Stand to your work and be wise,
Certain of sword and pain.
Ye—who are neither children nor gods,
But men in a world of men. —Kipling.

A Promise Fulfilled

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Remarkable new mechanical processes were perfected, making it possible, in many instances, for one machine to do the work formerly done by six, eight and ten machines—and do it better.

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*It Appears in the May Issue and Touches
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Nervous depression and irritability are very often the result of under-nourishment. The nerve tissues are not being built up as fast as the strain of your daily duties wears them away.

Let delicious "Ovaltine" supply the concentrated nourishment that you require. It contains an abundance of natural phosphorous nutrients for building up a healthy nervous system. "Ovaltine" contains no drugs. It is prepared solely from ripe barley malt, rich milk and fresh eggs, flavoured with cocoa. It makes no undue tax on the digestion. It has a delicious flavour, and is quickly and easily prepared. Make it your daily beverage from now on.

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Home Doctor

Ears and Specialists

NO ONE except the ear specialist can know much about the complicated and delicate mechanism of the human ear. Before the day of specialists it fell to the lot of the devoted general practitioner to deal with ills of the ear. That the results were no worse than they were proves his courage and especially his common sense.

In those days the doctor's first idea in most cases was to use the syringe. Sometimes it was a good idea; for careful syringing will remove impacted wax, and that is always a help. But syringing will not do much more than that in any case, and in many cases it will do serious harm. Anxious or officious relatives should never undertake it.

The first thing the specialist does is to find out by means of his apparatus for seeing inside the ear what part is affected—the external ear, the middle ear or the internal ear. Has he got to deal with a boil—an exquisitely painful matter—or with an acute mastoiditis—a very dangerous matter? Only he can determine. If the trouble is in the internal ear he may use the X-rays to help his diagnosis.

When suppuration is taking place inside the ear the farther in it is the greater the danger. The tendency of pus to "burrow back" if it cannot escape in any other way menaces reason and life itself. When the trouble is a boil of the external ear the treatment is to excise and get rid of the pus as soon as possible.

Children sometimes poke objects into one of their ears; when that happens a specialist should be called at once. Occasionally an insect finds its way inside the ear and generally causes great agony by its efforts to escape. The best course is to drown the intruder at once with a few drops of water or of alcohol and then get it out afterwards.

Why Sugar Is Bad for Teeth

SUGAR has a profound "selective affinity" for lime. It is attracted to lime in the system, and lime to it, as hydrogen and oxygen are attracted together and unite to form water. Put an excess of sugar into the system, therefore, and if there be no excess of lime, it will extract lime from the structure of the growing bones and teeth. So the teeth that would otherwise come in hard and firm are weakened in their inner structure, and therefore more easily fall victims to decay.

That seems to be the truth about sugar, as medical science now understands it. We all eat too much. Our annual per capita consumption of sweets, as compared with that of any other country, is hardly less than a scandal. We should all be better off with less, but except for the effect of over-indulgence upon the digestion of an adult the danger is far less serious than with the child. The only way to be kind to a child on the candy question is to be apparently unkind. Bad teeth in the adult are often enough the outward and permanent evidences of bad will power on the part of the father, or the mother, who "just couldn't bear to refuse."

On all these matters we are seeing much more clearly than we once did. We are gathering data from the experience of practitioners—and particularly from the great city clinics—that is removing the guesswork almost completely from the realm of dentistry.

Diphtheria

DIPHTHERIA is an inflammation usually of the mucous membrane of the throat and the larynx and is marked by a fibrinous exudation that forms a more or less thick adherent coating.

When the disease affects the larynx the coating tends to suffocate the patient by blocking the air passage in his throat; but the chief danger there as well as in other spots that diphtheria especially attacks is that the toxins of the germs will cause blood poisoning. The toxins may also weaken the heart to a dangerous degree.

In an ordinary case of diphtheria the beginning is likely to be sudden; the patient's temperature rises rapidly, his throat becomes sore, he loses his appetite and feels generally weak. On looking into his mouth the doctor sees increased redness of the mucous membrane that covers the tonsils and the back of the throat; soon whitish patches appear and gradually enlarge until they cover the whole surface with a tough, adherent, felt-like membrane.

Sometimes the attack begins slowly, and both the local inflammation and the general symptoms take several days fully to develop. In favorable cases the symptoms disappear in the course of a few days, and the patient gradually recovers his health. In severe cases the patient's constitutional depression increases, his heart grows weak, and, unless treatment is prompt and energetic, death supervenes.

Antitoxin offers the only hopeful remedy for diphtheria, and even antitoxin may fail unless it is given early and in large doses. Rather than wait for the disease to appear it is often wise to give a preventive vaccination of a mixture of the toxin and the antitoxin. That makes the child immune to the germ just as vaccine does in smallpox. If the preventive action of the toxin-antitoxin were more widely known and all parental prejudice against it overcome, diphtheria would in a short time be as rare as smallpox.

Why Babies Die

OF EVERY hundred babies that died before their first birthday, forty-seven (46.8), or almost a half, died because they were malformed, or born prematurely or injured at birth or were born inadequately equipped to adjust themselves to the demands that life put upon them. These died mostly in the first few weeks of life. From diarrhoea and enteritis, eighteen (17.9), roughly a fifth, of the infants died. From pneumonia and bronchitis, thirteen (12.7), about an eighth, of the infants succumbed, while nine (8.7), or a twelfth, failed to recover from the epidemic diseases, such as measles, whooping cough, diphtheria, influenza and several others. The remainder of the hundred (13.9) died from all the other listed causes of death.

While such a statement does not tell us all one might desire, it does show how large a part of our infant mortality goes back to the conditions that affect the unborn infant and the infant in the first few weeks of life. This may be better realized from such figures as the following, again taken from the Government statistics for the Birth Registration Area for 1921, which show that of every 100 infants dying under one year of age:

19.2 died under one day old
18.7 died 1-6 days old
14.7 died 1-3 weeks old

52.6 died under one month old

8.3 died one month old
6.5 died two months old
14.4 died 3-5 months old
10.3 died 6-8 months old
7.9 died 9-11 months old

47.4 died 1-11 months old

100.0 Total under one year

Testing Nephew's Knowledge

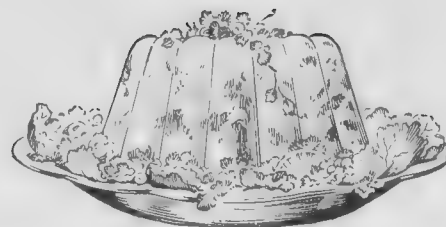
There is a certain old German of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, whose pride, like that of many self-made men, leads him at times into a sort of patronizing condescension toward those things he did not "have time for" when he was making his way in life.

Upon the occasion of a graduation of a nephew, he asked:

"Vell, Wilhelm, vot did they teach you up there?"

"Greek and Latin," said the boy, "and German and algebra."

"So, so!" murmured the old German. "And vot's der algebra for potatoes, now?"



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45 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

"Sweets to the Sweet!"

By Olive Crozer Richards

DO you like sugar and the things made with sugar? Then you may be glad that you live in this day rather than a hundred years ago. For at that time granulated sugar, our commonest sweetener today, was unknown. To be sure, there was sugar. Sugar, in fact, was introduced in the latter days of the Roman Empire; it was described then as "Indian salt, as sweet as honey!"—honey being the common form of sweetening then. But for centuries sugar was a luxury, and as late as a century ago was sold in the loaf, lump, or piece, which had to be broken up for use in the household.

The progress of the making of sugar in this country during the last hundred years is an interesting story. In the New York Gazette, on August 17, 1730, appeared the following announcement:

"Publick Notice is hereby given that Nicholas Bayard, of the City of New York, has erected a Refining House for Refining all sorts of Sugar and Sugar-Candy, and has procured from Europe an experienced artist in that Mystery. At which Refining House all Persons in City and Country may be supplied by Whole-sale and Re-tale with both double and single Refined Loaf-Sugar, as also Powder and Shop-Sugars, and Sugar-Candy, at Reasonable Rates."

A comparison of this cold statement of a commercial fact with the seductive "ad" of today leads us to reflect that whatever the progress of manufacture, it has a worthy second in the progress of the art of advertising.

A hundred years ago the total amount of sugar refined in New York City in a year did not exceed nine million pounds. Today one of New York's large refineries can refine approximately that amount in forty-eight hours. Last year the amount of refined sugar that left the United States in exports alone reached eight hundred thousand pounds, equal in value to nine million dollars.

All the raw sugar that was imported into the United States for refining during an entire year a century ago would not keep the refiners in this country today running more than forty-eight hours; and the amount received in customs duties by our government for the year 1816 is now taken in at the port of New York in the space of a week.

This tremendous increase in the production of one of our staple, and perhaps favorite, articles of diet, and the bringing of it within the reach of the humblest householder's purse, not even the highest pressure of demand could have made possible had it not been for the rapid improvement in the methods of production and the facilities for producing that the past century has seen.

The art of refining raw sugar for use, with a minimum loss in the process, of the sucrose content, is a more or less intricate one. As a matter of fact, the same steps must be taken today in refining sugar as in the former days, but the methods employed in putting through the various processes have all been radically changed. It was necessary, even in the old days, to melt, clarify, filter, and crystallize by boiling, the raw product. At that time the melting of the raw sugar was done in a large, open kettle or copper boiler, the filtering accompanied by straining through blankets, and the clarifying by the use of bullocks' blood, albumen, and clay. The sugar was later run into molds and baked in ovens, and granulating it was unthought of. In the course of a century the invention of the centrifugal machine, the vacuum-pan, the bone-back filter, and the polariscope have revolutionized the methods of refining sugar. By the centrifugal, or granulating, machine, centrifugal force throws the molasses free and leaves the white granulated sugar. The combination granulator and drier dries the sugar and screens it. The use of bone-back as a filtering means, together with the modern bag-filters and filter presses, has done away with the old clarifying agents, ox-blood, clay, and albumen, and has insured an increase of speed and thoroughness. The polariscope, again, a French invention, makes possible an exact determination of the amount of sucrose contained in a quantity of raw sugar of any grade.

All these improvements in the process of converting raw sugar into refined reduces to a minimum the waste and loss. A hundred years ago a refiner could hope to obtain from one hundred pounds of raw sugar no more than about fifty pounds of refined, twenty-five pounds molasses, and twenty-five pounds of so-called bastard sugar. Today a loss of six or seven pounds a hundred is all that is expected. Moreover, a hundred years ago three or four grades of sugar were all they knew how to obtain, while today the market offers over a hundred varieties of grades and packing.

So the next time you drop the desired "two lumps" in your morning cup of coffee, and sprinkle the pulverized product over your grapefruit, and the granulated kind over your cereal, or measure out the brown sort for your next batch of pinochi, give a thought to the care and labor and continual process of study and experiment that lies behind the appearance on your table of these nutritious dainties.

Axes to Grind

MARK TWAIN in a splendid passage in his "Autobiography" speaks of how so many of us are intent upon our own selfish interests—intent upon getting our own particular axe sharpened at the grindstone. We show our contempt for others whom we find greedily engaged upon their own pursuits and unwilling to extend a helpful hand. We are less ready to look within and take note of our own practices. Mark Twain insists that we consider our own ways as well as those of our neighbors. Read his message, and judge whether he has not told the truth:

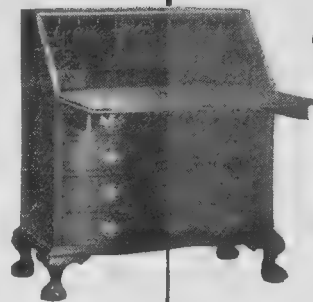
"The coat of arms of the human race ought to consist of a man with an axe on his shoulder proceeding toward a grindstone. Or, it ought to represent the several members of the human race holding out the hat to each other. For we are all beggars. Each in his own way. One beggar is too proud to beg for pennies, but will beg a loan of dollars, knowing he can't repay; another will not beg a loan, but will beg for a postmastership; another will not do that but will beg for an introduction to 'society'; one, being rich, will not beg a hod of coal of the railway company, but will beg a pass; his neighbor will

not beg coal nor pass, but in social converse with a lawyer will place before him a superstitious case in the hope of getting an opinion out of him for nothing; one who would disdain to beg for any of these things will beg frankly for the Presidency. None of the lot is ashamed of himself, but he despises the rest of the mendicants. Each admires his own dignity, and carefully guards it, but in his own opinion the others haven't any."

In any social organization, whether it be a club or a school or a nation, every individual is given the opportunity to serve and be served. If he would find happiness in such organization he must abide by the golden rule of acting toward others as he would have others act toward him. If he thrusts his own axe forward regardless of his fellow-students or fellow-men, he is certain eventually to incur their disfavor. The secret of being popular and well-liked lies in being disposed to leave your own axe to be ground after that of your neighbor.

A man is often more injured by his anger than by him with whom he is angry.

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By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

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60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus, today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

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Kotex comes in sanitary sealed packages of twelve, in 2 sizes: the Regular, and Kotex-Super. At all better drug and department stores, everywhere.

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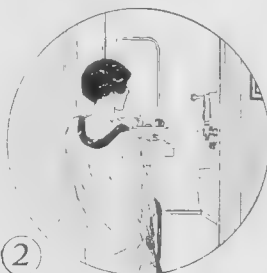
Kotex-Super:
\$1.20 Per dozen



Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors



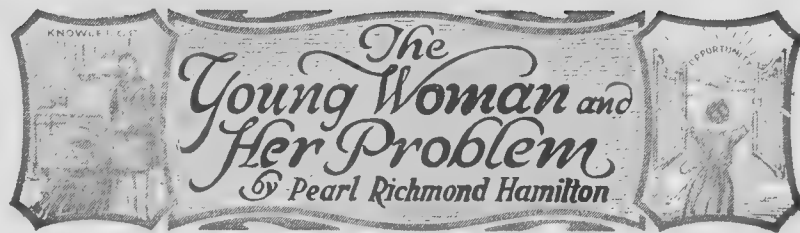
① Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



② No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue — thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



③ Easy to buy anywhere. Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper — simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.



WE were seated around the tables at a dinner of The Business and Professional Women's League when the president asked us to sing the following songs between courses:

"As down the road of life we go
To seek our Promised Land.
We'll often find our progress slow
And need a helping hand.

"So day by day and mile on mile,
However rough and long,
Let's greet each other with a smile
And sing some cheering song!"

(Refrain)

"Sing along! Oh, sing along!
At work or while at play;
If skies be gray and dull the day,
Just sing along the way!
Sing along! Oh sing along!
And make the sad heart gay,
You'll always find the sunshine if
You sing along the way!"

"If ever we grow tired and worn
And skies above seem gray—
If all the burdens we have borne
Grow harder ev'ry day,
Perhaps some old familiar strain
That we've forgotten long,
Will bring the sunshine back again,
So, cheer up with a song!"

Another song to the tune of Tipperary contributed to the friendly atmosphere of this gathering of young business women:

"It's a good time to get acquainted,
It's a good time to know
All the bustlers, all the live ones,
Who are here to make things go.
Good-bye chilly shoulder,
Good-bye glassy stare,
When we all join hands and pull together,
We're bound to get there."

Every one was at her listening best when Dr. Eliza Edwards rose to address the young women on the object of the Business and Professional League. As Dr. Edwards was one of the first to organize the National League she told us convincing stories of its influence in raising the standard of the business woman. She said at first she objected to the inclusion of the professional woman, but when she considered that the successful professional woman must be a business woman she consented.

The four aims of the league are: "The elevation of the standards of business women; the promotion of the interests of business women; co-operation among business women, and promotion of vocational education." Helping girls who are capable, but have no chance or money to finance an education and a start in the business world, is the most vital concrete aim of the league, Dr. Edwards stated. "Girls should finish high school and then go to business college," she emphasized. The time is near when business girls must be educated.

Another important work of the league is to open new opportunities and fields. She related several interesting experiences of the value of the services of the league in making strangers welcome in a new city. If a member moves from one city to another, the club is advised and at once she realizes she has friends in her new home. This particular branch is very helpful to strangers. I know one young woman who finds a strange business girl nearly every week and invites her to her home for Sunday dinner.

The Business and Professional Women's Club is active in Canada. Toronto, Winnipeg and other cities, are working in fine co-operation in each

city. They elect for the members of the executive, women of outstanding accomplishment in the city. There is dignity and ease in the atmosphere of their club rooms in Winnipeg. They are comfortably and attractively furnished—better than any other I have seen.

Ten or fifteen years ago the position of the business girl was very different from today. She is indebted to these organizations of business and professional women for her new avenue of future promise. Dr. Edwards urged the importance of careful preparation for business—there is room no longer in business for the girls who can do nothing else.

AT the close of the programme the members all rose and repeated in unison the following collect for club women, written by Mary Stewart, Legislation Chairman of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs:

"Keep us, Oh God, from pettiness: let us be large in thought, in word, in deed. Let us be done with fault finding and leave off self-seeking.

May we put away all pretense and meet each other face to face—without self-pity and without prejudice.

May we never be hasty in judgment and always generous.

Let us take time for all things; make us to grow calm, serene, gentle.

Teach us to put into action our better impulses, straight forward, and unafraid.

Grant that we may realize it is the little things that create differences, that in the big things of life we are at one.

And may we strive to touch and to know the great, common woman's heart of us all, and, Oh, Lord God, let us not forget to be kind.

A Girl Winner

WE have watched with interest the contest among the drivers of dog teams and Pearl Spencer, the fourteen year old girl, who won two silver tankards as awards for the championship of the annual juvenile one-dog race, deserves praise. She was the only girl who took part in the races. It means a knowledge in the training of dogs. This leads to interest in animals. By the way, I wish our young girls who are interested in stock raising would write us their experiences. We learn they carry away many of the prizes at fairs and other contests. This department is for all girls and the more interests we discuss the more do we help our girl readers. When I speak of young women I mean in age from thirteen to seventy for I often find young hearts in women of seventy. In fact, I correspond with a young Winnipeg woman who has passed eighty birthdays. She is punctual, youthful, and deeply interested in the affairs of life. Western Canada, I believe, within ten years, will have more girls interested in stock raising and farming than any other section on the continent in proportion to population. Women farmers there are whose experience would help our girl readers. Fathers are more interested in their daughters' economic value in farm life than ever before. For this we are indebted to our agricultural colleges. More than tax payers are willing to admit are the colleges raising the dignity of girlhood on the farm. Small, indeed, are the taxes compared with the added revenue resulting from agricultural college assistance. One graduate in her influence will increase in monetary value alone many times the cost of her education—but that is not the best remuneration she gives out—her influence outvalues every thing else.

Will our girl readers help us, that this important phase of girl life may have interesting discussion on this page?

Continued on page 77

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Dressing to Camouflage Fat

By Kathleen Redman Strange

DESPITE the fact that we now read of a tendency amongst fashion experts to revert to the curves and contours of other days, it seems to me that it will be quite a long time before most of us are willing to give up the slender lines we have fought so long and so gallantly for. In any case superfluous fat is never beautiful and whatever lines fashion may dictate, it is never likely to sponsor anything that is unbecomingly or ungainly.

Strange to say, it seems to be a failing with those who are inclined to excessive avoirdupois to have a leaning towards those articles of diet which have the most disastrous results so far as putting on surplus flesh is concerned; in the matter of clothes, too, they are usually equally indiscreet. Haven't we, for example, all met the counterpart of plump little Mrs. Jones, who must certainly turn the scale at one hundred and sixty pounds and whose propensity for brightly colored, glossy satins and stiff taffetas, much betrimmed, is proverbial? She, too, has probably followed the universal fever for bobbing and her round, pleasant face is surrounded in a perfect halo of fair, frizzy hair! We all know that Mrs. Jones is a dear, motherly soul, with a heart as large as her bulk, but we must confess that at times the good lady does succeed in making herself just a little ridiculous.

Without any reducing efforts, however, the stout woman can very materially add to her appearance by exercising a wise discrimination in the choice of her clothes. She can, by remembering a few fundamental principles, greatly enhance her appearance and very effectively conceal her bad points.

First as to the choice of materials. The stout woman should never wear shiny satins, crisp taffetas, sheer stiff materials such as organdie; she should

avoid large plaids and floral patterns, broad or circular stripes; she should eschew fluffy trimmings and ruffles. She may, however, wear to advantage all materials that are soft and clinging, such as crepe de chine, soft washing silks, georgette, cotton voiles, fine woollen goods, etc. Dark colors will always remain her best choice and in no case may she indulge in sharp contrasts. The color scheme should continue in an unbroken line from hat to shoes and gloves. This means, of course, that a one-color scheme is preferable, although touches of a contrasting color may be introduced with discretion in the accessories—in hat trimmings, scarf, etc.

The underwear chosen by the stout woman should always be of the sheerest and flattest type, in order to avoid any ugly bulges. Well fitting corsets and brassieres should be worn, but the flesh should never be confined, as if these garments are too tight, an ugly bulge will result.

THE stout woman will always look her best in the loose fitting wrap coat, the plain loose fitting dress, and if a suit is favored, it should preferably be of the three piece type. The present mode for the ensemble effect is especially adapted to the stout woman. The separate blouse and skirt, of contrasting color, is taboo. With a skirt an overblouse should always be worn, of the straight conventional type, and of the same color as the skirt. This, of course, to preserve the straight line effect.

The same rule applies to sports clothes. While the stout woman can wear the pleated skirt to advantage, she should avoid a bright colored sweater; if a sweater is worn it must be of the same color. In fact, anything that breaks the line of the figure at the waist or hips,

Continued on page 61



"Women of the Sepulchre" or "He is Risen" by Axel Enders (Norwegian Artist)
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What You Can Do With a Ham

HAM IS such a universal meat that it is a pity we do not make more use of it. Cutting it in slices then frying it or boiling and serving it cold in thin slices seems to be the only ways in which it is known to many families. At all times of the year it is available. A whole ham may be bought for about half the price of a few slices, uncooked. Sliced cooked ham costs about twice as much as the small amount of raw ham. It is much more economical to purchase a whole ham, and cook it in a variety of ways.

Boiled Ham

Soak the ham in cold water overnight. Wash thoroughly, trim off the hard skin near the bone, put in a kettle and cover with cold water, bring to the boiling point, and simmer till tender, which will take about 4 or 5 hours. Cool in the water in which it was cooked.

A delicious flavor will be given to the ham if the last two or three hours of soaking are done in a sweet pickle made of two quarts of weak vinegar, 2 quarts of sweet cider, a few cloves, bay leaf, chopped onion, a teaspoon of dried barley, and a teaspoon of ginger, a little salt and pepper.

Baked Ham

Boil a ham, and partially cool. Remove from the water, take off the skin and rub all over with brown sugar. Stick whole cloves in the fat, about an inch apart. Put 2 cups water in the pan, and bake the ham about 45 minutes. Serve the juice in the pan as gravy.

Baked Ham II

After skinning a boiled ham, cover it with cracker crumbs and sugar and stick with cloves. Bake in a slow oven an hour, and slice when cold.

Baked Ham III

Soak the ham several hours or overnight. Wash, and place on a rack in the roasting pan. Brown 15 minutes in a hot oven, then add 2 cups hot water or cider and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, reduce the heat and bake the ham 4 or 5 hours. Take the ham from the oven, remove the skin, spread with equal parts of fine crumbs and brown sugar, and stick with cloves. Return to the oven and bake another 45 minutes or an hour.

Ham Shank with Vegetables

Soak a ham shank, boil as one would a whole ham, allowing 25-30 minutes to the pound. An hour before serving, add cubes of carrot and turnip, whole small onions, and half an hour later, add whole potatoes, and a cabbage cut in quarters or eighths. Arrange the ham on a platter with the vegetables around it.

Baked Ham with Cabbage

After boiling a ham, remove the bone. Fill the cavity with chopped cabbage which has been cooked for ten minutes, then bake. The cabbage will finish cooking while the ham is baking.

Ham Maryland Style

Cut a slice of ham $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 inches thick, cover with warm water and soak for an hour. Drain, wipe, and put in a casserole, cover with milk and bake till tender in a slow oven. It will take about an hour and a half. The milk makes a rich creamy gravy. If wished, a thick layer of very thinly sliced potatoes may be added with enough more milk to cover them.

Ham Hash

Melt a little bacon or ham fat in a frying pan. Mix together cubes of cold boiled ham and dried cooked potatoes, season and put in the pan. Moisten with stock, water, milk, or gravy. Cook till a crust forms on the bottom. Fold over as an omelette, and serve on a hot platter.

cakes put eggs cooked in enough ham fat in the frying pan to prevent sticking to the pan.

Ham and Veal Pie

Cook together one pound each of ham and veal cut in cubes, for an hour in water enough to cover. Season the water with pepper, an onion and salt if needed. Put in a baking dish with 1 tb. flour sprinkled over it. Cover with a crust of biscuit dough, and bake 30 minutes in a hot oven.

Ham Patties

Put a little left over boiled ham through the food chopper. Mix with cold mashed potatoes, season, and brown in the frying pan. Serve with creamed peas.

Chile Con Carne

Use left-over fried ham. Cut in thin shreds, mix with it a can of red kidney beans, enough water to moisten, (about a cupful,) a chopped onion, and season well with red pepper. A few chili peppers may be added if one has them. Simmer for 15 minutes.

Cabbage Rolls

Chop left-over cooked ham. Remove the leaves from a head of cabbage, taking care not to break them. Put in a kettle of boiling water or soup stock long enough to soften the cabbage so it may be rolled without breaking. Put a spoonful of the chopped ham in each leaf, roll and fasten with a tooth-pick. Return to the kettle and cook till the cabbage is tender. Remove to a platter and serve hot.

Ham Turnovers

Cut pie crust which has been rolled thin, in squares. On one half, lay a piece of cold cooked sliced ham, to fit, or spread with chopped cooked ham. In either case do not have the ham closer than $\frac{1}{2}$ inch to the outer edge. Fold the uncovered piece of pastry over it, and press down the edges. Bake in a hot oven. These are very good for luncheon or supper, as the main dish, and are excellent for picnics. They may be oblong or square or semi-circular.

Baked Potato Surprise

Pare large potatoes, and with an apple-corer remove the centre leaving a hole running lengthwise through each potato. Fill the hollow with chopped seasoned cooked ham. Put the filled potatoes in a bake disk, pour thin white sauce around them, cover closely, and bake till the potatoes are tender, about 45 minutes, or an hour if the potatoes are very large.

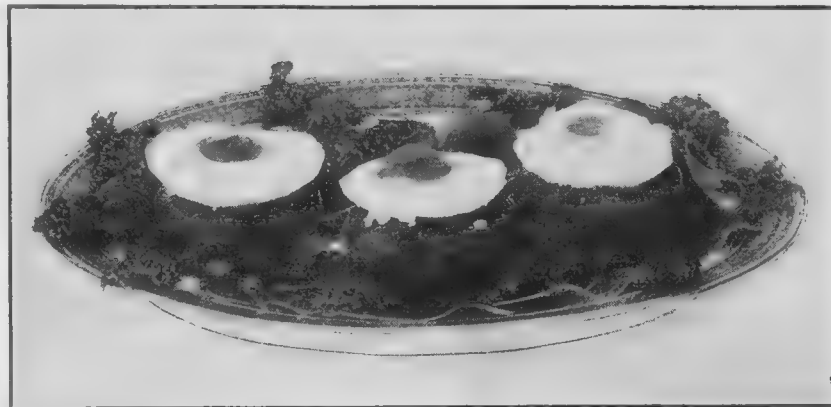
Stuffed Cabbage

Cut a firm cabbage head in two. Scoop out the centre, leaving two shells. Stuff each shell with a dressing made of 1 cup chopped cooked ham, 1 cup bread crumbs, a slice of chopped onion, seasonings if needed, and enough milk to moisten. If the ham is very lean, a little melted butter or ham or bacon fat should be added. Put the two cut sides of cabbage together, tie up in a piece of cheese-cloth and boil $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. To serve, place the two pieces of stuffed cabbage on a platter with cut side up.

Macaroni and Ham

Boil macaroni in salted water till tender. Drain and run cold water through it to separate the pieces. Put a layer of the macaroni in a buttered baking dish, then

Continued on page 51



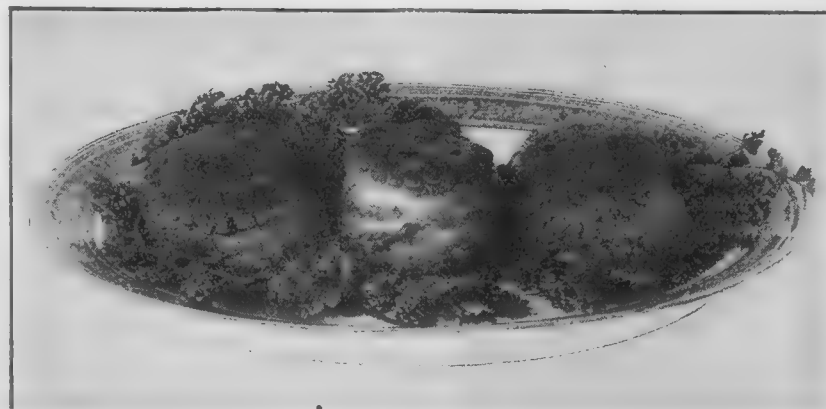
Easter Ham and Eggs with Potato Cakes

Spanish Ham

Use a thick slice of ham as in the above recipe, but instead of milk, cook it in a highly seasoned tomato sauce, using green pepper, red pepper, onions, bay leaf, as the seasonings. Serve with plain boiled rice.

Baked Slice of Ham

Rub brown sugar into a thick slice of ham. Sprinkle whole cloves on top. Surround with apples, peeled,



Ham Patties

cored and cut in sections. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, and bake till tender, (about 50 minutes).

Broiled Ham

Cut the ham in thin slices, and soak in warm water about an hour. Remove from the water, wipe, and broil about 4 minutes, or cook in the frying pan till brown on both sides.

Easter Ham and Eggs with Potato Cakes

Broil thin slices of ham. On each slice lay a potato cake browned on both sides. On top of the potato

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Better Cookery

Continued from page 50

a layer of chopped cooked ham, and repeat, using about 3 times as much macaroni as ham. Cover with buttered crumbs, add enough milk to cover the macaroni. Put in the oven till the crumbs are browned.

Ham and Potato Casserole

Put cubed cold potatoes in a buttered casserole, cover with white sauce, lifting the potato with a fork to make sure that the sauce is well distributed through it. Lay on top the required number of slices of boiled ham, or uncooked ham which has been soaked for an hour in warm water then browned on both sides in the frying pan. Cover and bake $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

Ham Rarebit

Tomato Soup 1 can Milk 1 c.
Ham, diced 1 c. Cheese 1 c.
Salt and pepper to taste.
Toast or crackers.

Put the milk, soup and cheese in the double boiler, having the cheese either chopped or grated. Add the chopped cooked ham, and season if necessary. Chopped green pepper or parsley adds to the attractiveness of the serving. Put on slices of toast or crackers. This makes a good supper dish.

New Potatoes with Ham

Boil new potatoes and cut in cubes. Make a white sauce, add chopped cooked ham, and season if necessary. Add the potatoes, and heat over hot water. Put in a serving dish and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Ham Canapes

Toast the required number of slices of bread, butter and spread with chopped ham well seasoned and mixed with chopped sweet pickle. Garnish with slices of hard-cooked egg. This makes an attractive hot-weather supper dish.

Ham in Croustades

Make croustades by cutting stale bread at least one inch thick. Cut off the crusts, and scoop out the centres, leaving bread boxes. Spread with melted butter, and brown in a hot oven. Fill with diced ham mixed with cream sauce. Garnish with parsley.

Ham Patties II

Fill patty shells with creamed cold cooked ham.

French Ham Sandwiches

Cut the needed number of slices of bread. Spread one slice with butter, the other with chopped ham. Press firmly together, dip in a mixture of beaten eggs and milk, and brown on both sides in butter in frying pan.

Scalloped Rice and Ham

Rice, cooked 3c. Diced cooked
Tomato sauce 1c. ham 1c.

In a buttered baking dish put alternate layers of cooked rice and diced cooked ham. Moistened with thin tomato sauce, cover with buttered crumbs, and bake till the crumbs are browned.

Ham Croquettes

Chopped cooked ham 2c. Thick white
Seasonings. sauce 1 c.

The sauce should be made in the proportion of 1 lb. flour to 1 c. milk. Mix the sauce and ham together, season if necessary, and form into pyramid shapes or cylinders. Dip in crumbs, egg and again in crumbs. Fry in deep fat.

Creamed Ham on Toast

Heat chopped cooked ham in rich cream sauce. Add chopped green pepper or chopped parsley and serve on toast.

Ham Balls

Minced cooked ham 1 c. Mashed
Egg, 1. potato $1\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Salt and pepper.

Mix together the potatoes and beaten egg and ham. Season and form into balls. Dip in egg then crumbs and fry in deep fat, or brown in the frying pan.

Devilled Eggs

Hard-cooked eggs Minced cooked ham
Salad dressing Salt and pepper

Remove the yolks from hard cooked eggs after cutting them in halves. Mash the yolks, mix well with ham, seasonings, and moisten with salad dressing. Fill the half egg whites with the mixture.

Continued on page 52



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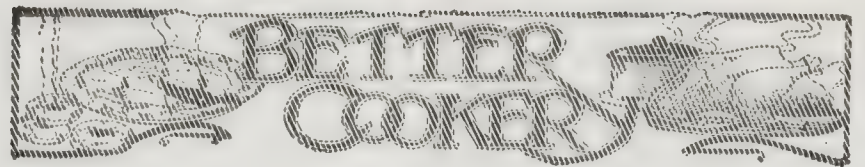
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Continued from page 51

Jellied Ham

This is a good dinner on a hot Sunday.
Cold cooked ham 1 lb. Gelatine 1 tb.
Chopped pickle Bay leaf, small
Soup stock 2 c. piece.
Hard cooked egg, 2-3 Onion, a slice

Cook the onion and bay leaf in the soup stock till it is well flavored. Strain. Dissolve the gelatine in it. When the jelly begins to set, arrange slices of hard-cooked egg and the ham cut in cubes, and chopped pickle in it in a bowl rinsed with cold water. When ready to serve, turn out on a platter and garnish with lettuce or cress or parsley.

Green Peas, either creamed or served with butter, salt and pepper.
Sliced pineapple.
Sweet potatoes.

Bacon

Bacon may be used in very many ways besides cooking in the frying pan till it is crisp, for breakfast.

Stuffed Potatoes

Pare large potatoes, cut a hole through them lengthwise with an apple corer. In the hole put a slice of bacon, and bake till soft.



Two members of the cabbage family that are excellent vegetable stand-bys

Ham Omelette

To a plain omelette add minced left-over ham.

Ham and Egg Sandwiches

Butter slices of bread. Between them spread hot scrambled eggs to which chopped cooked ham has been added.

What to Serve with Ham

Apple rings—core apples without paring. Cut in slices about ½ inch thick. Drop into a boiling syrup, and cook till clear. The syrup may be colored pink. Lift the apples out carefully so as not to break them, and use either warm or cold.

Apple quarters—The apples are cored, pared and quartered and cooked in the same manner as apple rings.

Spinach, steamed is good with boiled or baked ham.

Fried Apples and Bacon

Saute slices of bacon, and keep them hot till ready to serve. In part of the bacon fat, cook slices of cored apples till browned on both sides. Arrange alternate slices of apple and bacon on a hot platter.

Little Pigs in Blankets

Select large oysters. Around each one wrap a slice of bacon and fasten with a tooth-pick. Cook in the frying pan till the bacon is clear. Serve on toast, pouring the liquid from the pan over them.

Bacon with Spinach

Steam or boil spinach, drain and chop and season. Arrange slices of sauted bacon on top of it on a hot platter.

Boiled Bacon

Boil a piece of bacon till tender. Serve either hot or cold with mustard.

A Few Different Soups

Preparing vegetables for soup takes considerable time. A European cook is apt to start with a small bone which she simmers in water for several hours, then in that stock she cooks the dinner vegetable whole. Celery may be cooked in the stalk, then later, cut in pieces and creamed.

A ham bone will provide the basis for a number of soups.

1. Simmer it for two or more hours with an onion and a cup of barley which has been soaked in warm water, or it will absorb considerable of the soup stock.

2. Soak a pound or so of dried peas over-night, then simmer all forenoon with a ham bone. Remove the bone, and rub the peas through a sieve. An hour before serving, add an onion to the soup.

3. Simmer the ham bone in the water in which all vegetables have been cooked for a day or two. Vegetable water should never be thrown away, as it contains so much valuable mineral matter and vitamins, but should be used in soup or gravy.

4. Beans of many varieties are dried, and make excellent soups. Navy, Lima, or Red Kidney beans may all be soaked over-night, then simmered with the ham bone, or a bone from any roast, steak, etc. Vegetable flavor will make up for the small amount of bone. A small amount of gravy or a dish of left-over tomato are also an improvement.

Grated cheese, dried parsley and dried celery leaves are useful for adding flavor.

Any left-over vegetable will make a good soup, by the following method. Chop the vegetable, add it to 3 cups of milk. Chop an onion and cook it till yellow in a little butter. Add to the milk and vegetable. If the water in which the vegetable was cooked is available, use that in place of part of the milk. Unless there is cream sauce on the vegetable, a tablespoon of flour must be added to "bind" the soup. Cauliflower, celery, asparagus, cabbage, turnip, salsify, carrot, corn, peas, spinach, are all good vegetables to use in this way.

The Ukrainian women add a little sour cream to soup before serving it. One needs to eat it to realize how good it is. Neither the cream nor the soup seem to curdle.

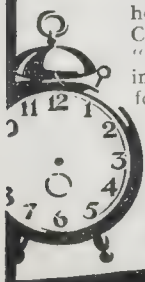
Pea, bean and lentil meals, are valuable to keep in the pantry for quick soups when one does not know what else to have. They come in tin cans or in packages, and are quite inexpensive. In a frying pan or sauce pan melt 1 tablespoon of butter or bacon fat. Cook a chopped onion in the fat till yellow, then add 1 cup of water or vegetable water, stir in from 1 to 4 tablespoons of the meal moistened with cold water, and boil for 10 or 15 minutes, and add to 3 cups of hot milk in the double boiler. Continue cooking 5 or 10 minutes, and season. The proportion of milk and water may be varied. The amount of meal used will depend on how thick one likes the soup. Various seasonings may be used.

Continued on page 55

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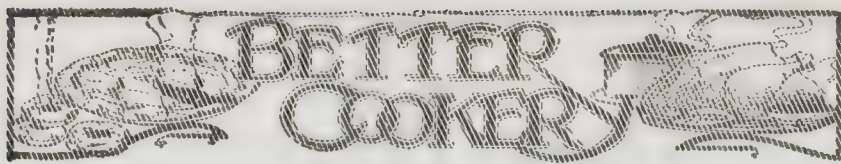
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Continued from page 52

Cheese and Onion Soup

Onions, small, 6. Water $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Butter 3 tb. Milk $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Flour, 1 or a little more
Salt and pepper.

Chop the onions, not too fine. Cook in the water till real soft, adding a little more water if it boils away. Melt the butter, add the flour then the milk, stir till thick, add the onion water and the pulp after rubbing the onion through a sieve; season with salt and pepper, and put grated strong cheese on top.

Cream of Salmon Soup

Salmon 1 can. Flour 1 or 2 tb.
Milk 2 c. Salt
Hot water 1 c. Paprika
Butter 2 tb. Chopped parsley.

Make a white sauce of the milk, flour, butter. Add the hot water and the salmon freed from bones and skin and chopped. Season and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Pea Pod Soup

Wash pea pods, and chop coarsely, cover with water and boil till tender, then run through a sieve, having two cups of the puree. Scald a small onion in 1 pint of milk, add 3 tablespoons of butter and $\frac{1}{3}$ tablespoons flour blended together, to the scalded milk, and pea puree, and season with salt and pepper.

Parsnip Stew

Fat pork, diced $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Boiling water 3 c.
1 onion. Hot Milk 4 c.
Diced parsnips 2 c. Butter 2 tb.
Diced potatoes 2 c. Salt and pepper.

Fry out the fat pork in the soup kettle. Add the onion and cook till yellow. Add the water and raw parsnips, and a little salt and pepper. Cook 15 minutes then add the cubes of raw potato, and cook till the vegetables are soft. Add the scalded milk and butter and 1 tablespoon or a little more flour to "bind" it. Add more salt and pepper if needed.

Green Pea Soup with Bacon

Bacon 4 slices. Onion 1.
Water 1 qt. Peas 1 c.
Salt and pepper.

Cut the bacon in small pieces, chop the onion, add the boiling water, a little salt and pepper, and cook 20 minutes. Mash 1 cup of canned or cooked green peas, and continue to cook 15 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste. Skimmed milk may be used in place of half of the water if wished.

Ox-Tail Soup

Have an ox-tail cut in pieces. Wash and wipe it, dip in salted flour, then brown in the frying pan. Put in the soup pot with $1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts of water, and simmer for one hour or longer. Add 1 cup each of several vegetables cut fine. Cook till the vegetables are soft, adding salt and pepper when partly done.

Tomato Pea Soup

Soak a cup of dried peas over-night. Next day add 6 cups water and simmer till the peas are soft. Chop 2 onions and cook with them the last 45 minutes. Rub through a sieve, add 2 cups canned tomatoes, and seasonings and cook another 15 minutes. Before serving add 2 tablespoons butter. Serve with croutons.

Cream of Asparagus Soup

Use the tough portions of asparagus which are useless for any other purpose. Cook till tender in boiling water. Rub through a strainer. Add to milk which has been scalded with an onion, thicken, add butter and seasonings.

Baked Bean Soup

Cook 2 cups left-over baked beans in 2 cups water for a few minutes, rub through a strainer; cook a chopped onion in 3 tablespoons butter, add 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, celery, salt, 2 cups tomato and the bean puree. Reheat and serve.

Cream of Lettuce Soup

Soup stock or water 2 c.
Lettuce, 2 heads Onion, 1 slice.
Milk 2 c. Butter 2 tb.
Flour 1 tb. Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Salt and pepper.

Melt the butter, cook the finely chopped onion in it till yellow, add the stock and finely shredded lettuce, and cook till the onion and lettuce are tender. Add the hot milk with the flour stirred in it, then the cream and seasonings. A slightly beaten egg yolk stirred in at the last will make the soup richer.

Tomato Soup

Tomatoes 4 c. Sugar 1 t.
Water 2 c. Salt
Bay leaf, small piece Pepper
Cloves 4 or 5. Onion 1 slice.
Butter 2 tb. Flour 2 tb.

Cook the chopped onion, bay leaf, and cloves in the water for 20 minutes, and the tomato if you like the soup strained; strain, add the unstrained tomato, sugar, salt, pepper, and butter and flour rubbed together. Soup or vegetable stock may be used instead of water.

Vegetable Chowder

Potatoes 4. Tomato 2 c.
Carrots 3. Salt.
Onion 3. Flour 2 tb.
Fat 2 tb. Skim milk 2 c.

Cut the potatoes and carrots in small cubes, chop the onion and cook in the fat which may be butter, or bacon or fat salt pork, add to the potatoes and carrots and cook 20 minutes in enough water to cover. Add the tomato and flour, and before serving combine with the skim milk.

Flavour for Food

By Barbara Brooks

NEXT to milk, cereal is the most important food in a child's diet. Cooked cereals are given at an early age. They are bland, children easily become used to them, and their popularity will be permanent provided that foods which are sweeter or more decided in flavor are given sparingly. Once a "sweet tooth" is acquired, there is real difficulty in persuading a child to express any enthusiasm over cereals—which should be the backbone of the day's meals.

The suggestion of combining dried fruits with cooked cereals is not new and many mothers do this—but add sugar just the same! The natural sugar of dried fruits should sweeten the cereal sufficiently. Some of the ready-to-eat cereals are flavored in the process of manufacture with malt sugar. These breakfast foods need no additional sweetening.

Brown sugar is less sweet than white sugar and has a delicious flavor. If

cereals must be sweetened, sprinkle them with brown sugar. It can also be put into puddings cakes and cookies with satisfying results. The following recipes for fruit corn-starch blanc mange and for date cookies are ideal for children:

Fruit Cornstarch Pudding

3 tablespoons cornstarch
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
2 cups milk
1/3 cup brown sugar
8 prunes (cut in pieces)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix the cornstarch with water. Heat the milk in a double boiler. Add the cornstarch, sugar, fruit and salt. Stir until thick, cover and cook for 20 minutes. Add the vanilla and pour into molds. Chill. One-half cup coconut may be substituted for the fruit.

Continued on page 57

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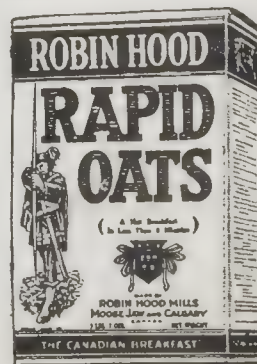
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Continued from page 55

Corn Flake Date Cookies

1 pound dates
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup water.

Remove the seeds from the dates, and boil dates, sugar and water until soft.

1 cup butter
1 cup brown sugar
3 1/2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup water
2 cups corn flakes

Cream the butter, add the sugar, and beat thoroughly. Add the flour, which has been sifted with the baking powder and salt, then the water, and last the corn flakes. Roll the cookie dough thin, and cut into rounds. Spread one round with date mixture, and put a second layer on top, pressing the edges together. Bake in a moderate oven for ten to twelve minutes.

Scalloped Apricots

Plain cake or bread crumbs
Stewed apricots

A little butter Sugar if needed
Drain the apricots. In a buttered bake dish arrange alternate layers of crumbs and apricots, having crumbs on top. Pour the apricot juice over it, and dot with butter. If not sweet enough a little

more sugar may be added to the juice. Bake in a moderate oven till the crumbs are browned. Serve either warm or cold with cream or custard sauce.

Date Tapioca

Soak pearl tapioca in water to cover. Cook in water in the double boiler till transparent, add sugar, a little lemon juice and 1 c. chopped dates. Cool and serve with cream. Cooked prunes or figs or raisins may be used instead of dates.

Meals for a Spring Day

Breakfast

Sliced pineapple with stewed prunes
Corn Flakes Milk
Soft Cooked egg Milk

Dinner

Scalloped potatoes and bacon
New Peas Bran Muffins
Caramel Custard

Supper

Cream of Spinach Soup
Vegetable Gelatin Salad
Graham Bread
Oatmeal Cookies
Milk

Hobbies as Safety Values

HARDLY a reader of ours, presumably, but has already one or more hobbies. Postage stamps, radio, boxing, knitting, chess, baking muffins, figure skating, collecting plants, bowling, making posters, amateur acting. The list can be extended indefinitely. Whatever it may be, it is something one does because one wants to do it, and not because one has to do it.

There are some boys and girls, though, who have not as yet acquired even one hobby. They are urged to lose no time. Hobbies are formed through the imitation of others, observing their enthusiasm, and catching some of it.

What, you ask, is the purpose of hobbies? Well, there is first of all the fun they give you. Never does time pass more quickly than when you are absorbed in your hobby. The more worthy your hobby, the more deeply will you be absorbed in it. If you can make one of the world's greatest hobbies yours—the arts; painting, sculpture, music, literature—you will insure yourself against dullness for all your days to come.

But here we consider the hobby as a safety valve. The expression is that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and was used by him when little Edward Bok visited him. The incident is related by Bok in his book "The Americanization of Edward Bok," and explains just why the term safety valve was used by Dr. Holmes:

"And you have come out just to see us, have you?" chuckled the poet. 'Now, tell me, what good do you think you will get out of it?'

"He was told what the idea was: that every successful man had something to tell a boy, that would be likely to help him, and that Edward wanted to see

the men who had written the books that people enjoyed. Doctor Holmes could not conceal his amusement at all this.

"Do you know that I am a full-fledged carpenter?" he asked. 'No? Well, I am. Come into my carpenter-shop.'

"And he led the way into a front-basement room where was a complete carpenter's outfit.

"You know I am a doctor," he explained, 'and this shop is my medicine. I believe that every man must have a hobby, that is as different from his regular work as it is possible to be. It is not good for a man to work all the time at one thing. So this is my hobby. This is my change. I like to put away at these things. Every day I try to come down here for an hour or so. It rests me because it gives my mind a complete change. For, whether you believe it or not,' he added with his inimitable chuckle, 'to make a poem and to make a chair are two very different things.'

"Now," he continued, 'if you think you can learn something from me, learn that and remember it when you are a man. Don't keep always at your business, whatever it may be. It makes no difference how much you like it. The more you like it, the more dangerous it is. When you grow up you will understand what I mean by an 'outlet'—a hobby, that is—in your life, and it must be so different from your regular work that it will take your thoughts into an entirely different direction. We doctors call it a safety valve, and it is. I would much rather,' concluded the poet, 'you would forget all that I have ever written than that you should forget what I tell you about having a safety valve.'

Stopping Broadway for Pussy

A street incident, slight, yet pleasingly suggestive of human sympathy and kindness, is thus pictured in the New York Sun:

It was rush hour on Broadway. A thin, under-sized cat with a very scrubby kitten in her mouth stood on the curb on the west side of Forty-fifth Street. Apparently she felt the necessity of crossing the street. Twice she started across, but each time the noise scared her, and she ran back to safety on the curb with her helpless burden.

A third time she tried to make the crossing, only to have her nerve fail again. The big traffic policeman saw her frightened rush back to the curb. Instantly he put up his hand. The traffic both ways ceased. The din stopped for a moment. Reassured, the little cat darted across the thoroughfare. There was no sound until she had reached the curb, on the opposite side of the street. An audible sound of relief rose from the crowd, and traffic resumed its noisy way.

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MOTHER'S PAGE



Making the Kitchen Cosy

By Winifred N. Whitlock

IT HAS been said that we spend a third of our lives in bed and so the importance of having a comfortable bed in which to sleep is often put before us, but has anyone ever stopped to think how much of a woman's life is spent in the kitchen? We know some women and some families who seem to live in the kitchen. They have their meals there, they wash and dress there and we have often seen the baby of the family being bathed before the kitchen fire because "it is so nice and warm in the kitchen."

Many kitchens are neither comfortable or cosy and some are positively ugly. Have you ever heard the expression "It will do for the kitchen?" "It" is usually a chair that no one can sit on safely or a couch on which no one would want to lie down, and if there is a mirror in the kitchen it is usually a cheap one—and is there anything more depressing than looking at oneself in a mirror that distorts one's features; and if any pictures grace—or disgrace—the walls, they are generally ones every member of the household had refused to look at any longer in their particular sanctum.

MODEL kitchens are dreams of white paint and aluminum and will remain dreams to most of us. But there is no reason why any woman's kitchen shouldn't be a nice, cheery little room in which it is a pleasure to work.

"No, I don't like that colored paint," said a woman to us once, surveying the drab-colored walls and doors of her kitchen, "but it won't show the dirt."

That may be true, but the dirt is there whether it shows or not, and we thought we'd rather have terra cotta or blue or cream with some dirt on than that terrible expanse of drab.

Why shouldn't we have a color scheme for the kitchen as well as any other room, so this spring if we are lucky enough to be doing any decorating why not start with the kitchen and make a cosy room of it?

Of course, you have a favorite color. Perhaps it's pink. Well, why not get a linoleum rug with some pink in it and cover the table with a pink-and-white oilcloth instead of the common white variety?

Then, how about making curtains of factory cotton with a border of pink chambray? We saw some embroidered with pink flowers in the lazy daisy design. They looked very pretty and the worker assured us they didn't take long to do. If you have a little more money to spend than our friend, fadeless caseement cloth is an economical purchase and this can be purchased in lovely shades of rose. Personally we have a hankering after curtains of shantung silk, but these would come more expensive.

"Kitchen chairs, 55 cents" we have seen them advertised and once bought them. "Quoth the raven, never more." Why, when you sit down in the kitchen, should you sit down in a chair that isn't comfortable? we asked ourselves, and many women would sit down more if they had a comfortable chair. We like a low chair with an upholstered seat or cushion but if you prefer a rocker why not have it near the stove and you can sink into it in those few moments while you wait for the milk to come to a boil or the vegetables to cook and we know a busy woman who keeps her work box near the chair and there is always a piece of fancy work ready to pick up, for, as she says, it cheers her up to do some fancy work instead of mending.

You may be one of those determined women who never get the blues, but if you are just an ordinary woman who occasionally feels that the monotonous

round is getting on her nerves, try putting a bookshelf in your kitchen if there isn't one there already, and have a magazine or book of poetry just where you can reach it from your own special chair and try what memorizing a few lines will do to cheer you up.

Our own book-cost 19 cents, just a common scrap book and it is gradually being filled with poems and household hints we have culled from the farm papers. We have another one for recipes and when we get more time we are going to have one for jokes. The home made books have the advantage over bought books that they contain the items that have attracted one's fancy sufficiently to clip.

WE KNOW one kitchen where the only decoration the walls boast is a calendar with a letter pocket attached and this is always filled with bills "so I shan't forget them," as the woman says. Personally we are not lucky enough to be able to forget unpaid bills—they weigh on our conscience like a ton of lead and the idea of having a sheaf of them before our eyes day after day doesn't appeal to us.

There are pictures that inspire us to take up our burden and go on with renewed courage. Such a one we think is the picture "More Heavens than One," a picture of a nun looking in through the open door of a cottage at a mother playing with her baby.

We know a woman who says she couldn't be without her plants in the kitchen, but the gas killed ours, and we have only saved an aspidistra which we tend with care. She is more fortunate and always has a plant of some description on her kitchen window-sill.

The country woman need never be without something green in her kitchen, and we once saw some ivy planted in a pot trailed up by a string by the window frame.

A kitchen would never look so cosy to us if there were no clock and our ambition is to have a grandfather clock. But a cheery substitute is the cuckoo clock or one with a chime. It is company for a woman who is a lot alone and in the country a woman is often left alone for many hours.

There are numberless ideas for making the kitchen cosy and it can be done with very little expense. When spring cleaning comes around this year let the best rooms go and let the kitchen have its turn. Manufacturers know that the best work is turned out in the best appointed factories. So is the best work done in the cosiest kitchens. Surroundings influence character, and character makes or mars our life and that of those we love. If the kitchen is the room where mother spends most of her time it should be a pretty and comfortable room, and if a start is made this year next year will see further improvements until the kitchen will become not a model kitchen in accordance with the ideas of interior decorators, to whom money is no object, but one of which visitors will say: "No, let's have tea in here: this is such a cosy room."

Spring House-Cleaning or, Camilla and the Mops

By L. R. H.

IF I were marrying Camilla over again, I would have inserted in the marriage service: "and no spring house-cleaning." I would explain to her clearly and firmly that this periodical upheaval of rug-lifting and furniture moving was nothing short of a crime: that it would

Continued on page 59



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How To Treat.

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach and not as some believe to a lack of digestive juices. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from any druggist a few ounces of Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and is the most efficient form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

Mother's Page

Continued from page 58

eventually destroy the harmony of our life together: that it was a criminal indulgence, and that I wouldn't stand for it. . . . But I omitted to explain all this. Now, when I try to do any explaining, my voice is drowned in the hum of the vacuum cleaner and the swish of the dustless mop. I look down a long vista of years with Camilla, each year disfigured by the hurdle of spring house-cleaning (the hurdles growing higher every year), and I wonder just how much more of it I can stand. It was my own fault, of course. I should have done my explaining at first, and in bulk.

It isn't that Camilla is the kind of woman who does her house-cleaning in the spring and then never touches the house during the year. Not at all. She cleans the house regularly during the year. But she is the kind of woman who house-cleans exhaustively in the spring in case she is prevented by some unforeseen disaster from house-cleaning again in the fall. That is worse, if anything. Most women house-clean from a sense of duty. With Camilla it is a passion, an April madness, a sort of fever in the blood. She gets it this time of year instead of the mild spring restlessness that other people get. And it grows worse every year.

During the first two or three April disturbances I was amused and tolerant. This cosmic upheaval of domestic forces was, I thought, a comedy, and should be treated as such. But as the years went on, the comedy developed into a problem play, and now it has become a tragedy. I am no longer amused and tolerant. I am old and limp and exhausted. I am chipped and dented from running into furniture in unaccustomed places. The dust protector swathed about Camilla's head has become less and less a halo and more and more a signal for heated controversy. Not that Camilla pays much attention to me. She hears my protests with a maddening mixture of vexed impatience and amused intolerance, and then goes on piling up the cushions on the top of the gate-legged table, and the Windsor chair and the lamp on top of that.

WE hadn't been married for many years before I was able to recognize various well-defined phases in the disintegration called spring house-cleaning. During the first phase the rugs are vacuumed thoroughly and then carried out and beaten by strong-armed men. The curtains, hangings, furniture, and pictures are removed next; then the ornaments, books, and other small things. During this phase you have to shout to make Camilla hear you, and even then it isn't any use, for she won't, anyway. The stripping and tearing down goes on until the room is a bare shivering cell, bristling with mops, brushes and brooms; everywhere you look there is a vacuum cleaner baring its teeth at you. The halls and passageways become blocked so rapidly with household goods that a chart made of them for navigation purposes at 2.15 p.m. would be of no use whatever at 3.05 p.m. The pile of pictures that barked your shin when you came into lunch would likely scrape your ear when you came in at dinner. Then there follows a phase during which the passage is so blocked that you can't get through it all, not even by burrowing underneath, like a mole, or wriggling over the top, like an eel. This is the very peak, summit, of spring house-cleaning. All through this period of darkness you have one bright thought to console you: things can't possibly be worse, so they must presently be better.

It is at this time that Henry comes to the foreground. Henry is the janitor, and the chief dictator of the upheaval. His career has been in the ascendant ever since the beginning of the disturbance, and it swung to its zenith simultaneously with the swinging to its zenith of the spring cleaning. Usually I don't stand much in awe of Henry. He is a frail little wisp of a man, with an air of having tried desperately all his life to get breath enough to assert himself. His light blue eyes have a pitiful, appealing

look in them, and tufts of pale hair grow here and there on his head, as if they had not grown in unison, but a tuft at a time, when it got the chance.

Spring house-cleaning has done wonderful things for Henry's submerged personality. He has become arrogant, aggressive, domineering. "Ere," he said to me yesterday, "and me down that cabinet, will you? Oh, not *that* way." He knows how my importance has dwindled. But it's all right, I suppose. Henry, as I said before, is the autocratic dictator of the disturbance. I am only an incidental atom, drawn, helpless and protesting, into the whirling vortex of the disturbance. When we first came to live in this suite, I often had a queer urge to take Henry out and plant him in the sunlight to see if he would grow. Now all I want to do is just to plant him.

WHEN the furniture is moved back into the rooms, Henry is at the height of his power. He directs and controls the moving. This should be a time of joy and thankfulness and prayerful gratitude, but it's no such thing. Camilla (aided and abetted by Henry) will never have a piece of furniture put where it stood before. The law of change is, to her, an inexorable law, and one from which there can be no appeal. If the writing table stood in an ideal place all year in relation to lighting and general convenience, that makes no difference; it must stand in a different place this year. Even the pictures and ornaments are changed. When you come home in the evening, you find yourself absentmindedly trying to pick matches out of the clock, or knocking cigarette ashes over the bulb-bowl. Several times I have caught myself trying to take books out of the piano; and one night last week when I went out to my cot on the sleeping porch, and stepped into the place where it ought to have been, it wasn't there. There was nothing there but a small wicker rocking chair, which swayed violently under my weight, and sent me sprawling on the floor with a sprained thumb.

This is the sixth of April. The phase we are at now is the one where the furniture is being moved back, and the pictures, books and ornaments are still stacked on the hall floor. I am writing this in the hall, sitting on the music cabinet with a cigar box on my knee. I have to use the stub of a pencil, as Henry has hidden my fountain pen, and the ink is buried somewhere in the pile of living room draperies.

I know what I shall do next year. I shall nail all the chairs tightly to the walls. I shall fasten the rugs to the floor with tacks and strong glue, and permanently affix the curtains to the windows with adhesive tape. I shall lock Henry in the basement and give Camilla a piece of my mind. Summoning her before me, I shall glower at her sternly, with knitted eyebrows, and demand that this nonsense be stopped. I shall—I am sorry, but I am afraid I shall have to finish this article again. Camilla wants me to move the music cabinet into the living room, and there is nothing left to write on.

WOMEN AT EASTERTIDE

By Clara Hopper

Her Easter hat beyond compare

She'll don, let skies be dark or fair.

With this, and other witching togs

She'll sally to the synagogues:

('Shun, bachelors, beware!)

"Sweet Spring is here," she'll thus declare,

While chilly saints and sinners stare:

The font of future dialogues—

Her Easter hat.

This is the gist of the affair:

She had the nerve to bob her hair—

So, spite of freshets, frosts or fogs,

Though it rain saw-logs, cats and dogs

Depend upon it she will wear

Her Easter hat!



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92



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You to Weaken Yourself By
Dieting or Internal Remedies"**

And That Is How I Came to Produce La-Mar Reducing Soap

I am a druggist. All my life I have been a druggist—retail, dispensing or manufacturing druggist—and till death I shall remain one.

Through overeating and sedentary habits I took on much too much weight. This did not bother me noticeably till I was about fifty. Youth and energy enabled me to carry my load of fat without great inconvenience. But one day I discovered I had high blood pressure and an enlarged heart. My doctor forbade me to exercise, but said I must reduce, but not too rapidly. My heart, he said, would not stand it.

My knowledge of physiology had taught me that fat gathers where circulation is poor, so I knew that increased circulation meant fat reduction. My problem was to find how to increase circulation without exercise or over-exertion—in an easy way that would not over-tax an enlarged heart. Here my knowledge of drugs and therapy came to my assistance. Here

was born the idea of reducing by bathing—of putting into a soap ingredients that would penetrate the skin and attack fat and at the same time stimulate circulation. To use the soap so it would increase circulation was easy, since hot water alone will do that. I experimented with formulas in my bathroom with accurate, sensitive scales until I found a soap that would reduce me perceptibly with each bath. That soap is La-Mar.

I gradually took off more than 60 pounds, and then it occurred to me to put La-Mar within the reach of the public, so that others with similar afflictions could get a like relief.

La-Mar reducing soap literally washes away fat; leaves the skin smooth and unwrinkled; is used just like any other soap. No wringing internal to take. No dieting. No exercises. It is sold by druggists and department stores at 50 cents a cake or three cakes for \$1.00. It is harmless, pleasant and easy to use; sure in its results, as tens of thousands who have used it can testify. If your druggist cannot supply you, send \$1.00 for three cakes to H. J. Brown Medicine Co., 508C King Bldg., Toronto.

What of Your Summer Issues?

It may sound a trifle early but a change of address for the summer months must reach the office weeks before your departure. Remember we wish you to receive twelve copies in the year.



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International and National News

By Elizabeth B. Price

CANADIANS will be interested to learn that the Women's Institutes of England, introduced by a Canadian woman, Mrs. Alfred Watt, of Victoria, B.C., have just passed their tenth anniversary. The first W.I. in the British Isles was organized on the estate of the Marquis of Anglesey, North Wales, in the village of that name, which means "the Church of St. Mary's Under the Hill"—but when written in Welsh makes a name with 59 letters in it. During the first year, 1915, there were only six other W.I.'s organized. Today there are 3,400 branches in Wales and England. Every year there are over 40,000 meetings, while a recent estimate shows that there are over 200,000 members wearing badges with the motto, "For Home and Country." At a recent fete organized by the Hampshire W.I.'s over 10,000 people—chiefly W.I. members and their families—passed through the gates of the beautiful Stratton Park, Lord Northbrook's county seat, where the festivities were held.

Speaking of its development in the Old Country, Mrs. Watt, the first organizer, says: "The Women's Institute movement was transplanted bodily with its foundations intact from Canada to England, and there has been no structural alteration. It is surely unique that a part of the social order of a new country should become an equally established part of the social order of an older country. It is especially curious since the Women's Institute is a typically Canadian product, an original conception of pioneer Ontario, and yet here it is today blossoming graciously in the loveliest villages of old Mother England."

International Representative

Mrs. Watt has recently had the signal honor of being chosen to represent the English Federation of Women's Institutes at an international conference of rural women's organizations held in Brussels. The conference was organized by the government of Belgium, and there were present delegates from Italy, France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Lithuania, Finland, Scotland, Switzerland, Hungary and England. All proceedings were in French, while the meeting took place in the beautiful Salle de Marbles of the Academy of Fine Arts, Belgium. The Baroness Crombrugge de Pie, quendale of Belgium, was in the chair, while the only other two on the dais were the two elected vice-presidents, Mrs. Watt and Madame Slavoska, of Poland.

Considerable interest was aroused by the fact that the English delegate was a Canadian and wishes were freely expressed that Canada would be officially represented at the next meeting.

Mrs. Watt reported afterward in England that all the newly organized or reconstructed states represented seemed to be looking to Belgium for a lead in organized rural work, when it was really Canada which gave the lead originally to European countries in the way through its Women's Institutes, and it was in England where the greatest development had been.

Motto to be Copyrighted

Institute members will be interested to know that the W.I. motto, "For Home and Country," which has sometimes been used in the daily papers, when heading news of women's work along other lines than the Women's Institutes, is to be copyrighted and will henceforth be exclusively the property of the W.I.

Message of Regret

On behalf of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada a message of regret was sent to His Majesty King George of England on the death of his mother, Queen Alexandra. A reply of thanks was received.

Appeals Are Made for Institute Funds

One of the biggest financial problems faced by the Women's Institutes is that

of the many appeals made to them for worthy causes. These have been met for the most part very generously by the various W.I.'s, but in some cases W.I.'s have voted money to these and have been unable to meet the various levies which are made for the carrying on of W.I. work. These levies are made on a basis of the utmost economy—in fact, no provincial organization takes less from its funds than the W.I. The annual membership fee is only 25 cents per year, the annual provincial levy 50 cents per paid up member, and from this latter the railway fare of one official delegate from each branch to the annual convention is paid. Believing that "self preservation is the first law of nature," the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, at a biennial convention held in Edmonton in 1921, passed the following resolution:

"Whereas there are continual appeals from outside sources to the Women's Institutes of Canada to raise funds for purposes apart from the primary aims and objects of our society, or for lines of work already undertaken by government departments, or which could be undertaken by the institute itself through its committees, or otherwise, and whereas monies so raised are usually handed over to the persons making the appeal, and neither accounted for nor credited to our movement, and whereas this continual raising of money is interfering with the legitimate educational and social work, and is not conducive to the highest and best development of our movement, and whereas it is believed that the institutes would welcome a recommendation of this nature, as it would relieve them of the onus of refusing appeals;

"Therefore, be it resolved that the F.W.I.C. recommends that the expenditure of funds raised by the institutes be confined to institute organization, local, provincial or federal, and to the furtherance of aims and objects as specified in their constitution, and that the institutes endeavor to guard against the danger of degenerating into money-making machines."

A number of the provincial W.I. organizations are reaffirming this resolution.

Alberta News Notes

Co-operation with the Board of Trade

Edmonton W.I. has decided to co-operate with the Board of Trade in a "Made in Edmonton" campaign. It was also decided at the last month's meeting to reorganize a Girls' Club among the British girls coming out to Canada under the new government plan. Mrs. H. Dix was appointed supervisor of it.

Oration Contest

Munson W.I. has arranged the annual oration contest, all schools in the Munson district being asked to compete. The competition will be divided into three classes—up to 10 years, from 10 to 14 years, and from 14 to 18 years. Prizes of \$3, \$2 and \$1 will be given each class and the pupil holding the highest number of points in any class will hold the cup for a year. The following subjects were chosen for competition by the Munson W.I. at the next constituency conference: 1, Best baby layette; 2, best menu for a week for a family of five, two adults and three children, home ingredients to be used where possible; and 3, best original story of not more than 3,000 words.

Building Hall

Ryley W.I. reports that it has now raised \$600 toward a community hall, having a live president in Mrs. R. L. Peckanpaugh.

Have Hope Chest

Aldersyde W.I. raises money by having a hope chest to which articles are donated and later auctioned off.

Fine Library

Tosfield W.I. has collected a library of 475 books and owns two large book cases for the same.

Furnish and Maintain Room

Wetaskiwin W.I., ever since June, 1922, has furnished and maintained a private room in the hospital. It has also rented some rooms from the city and has furnished them with tables, chairs, a piano and dishes, and in turn rents them to a dancing teacher weekly, also for small parties and club meetings. Another way of raising money has been catering for banquets and suppers for the Tennis Club and for a Girls' Club Niwiksateu.

Trying for Night Classes

Camrose W.I. is agitating to get night classes in dressmaking. Permission has been obtained from the school board and the department of education, while the problem of a "teacher" is now confronting them.

Fine Bazaar

Cluny W.I. made the sum of \$260 at a bazaar held last month. At another recent supper for the carnival, at which the W.I. shared the proceeds with the Cluny Curling Club, this making a total of \$110.95. The W.I. turned its share over to the Curling Club.

Buying New Books

Sibbald W.I. made \$106.80 at its recent bazaar, out of which \$50 is being expended for books and also financial assistance rendered the "tree." Last month this branch gave its annual social, when husbands were entertained with a short concert, supper and dance.

Reviews Work

In reviewing its last six months of work Bow Island reports a picnic at the river on Jesse Taylor's sheep ranch, there being a large attendance; lending assistance to a family in need; an excellent basketry demonstration by Miss Tilley to a class of fourteen, a demonstration in canning chicken by Mrs. Potter; while several meetings have been enjoyed at country homes of the members, on one occasion visitors from Montana being entertained.

Paid for Piano

Sugar Bowl W.I. (Hughenden) reports that in paying the sum of \$42 on the piano, it has wiped out the balance of debt, this instrument having been placed in the school several years ago. A hall is now being built, and the W.I. is putting on a bazaar to raise money to help for the furnishings. Discussions were held on health topics at the last meeting.

Organize Sunday School

Shouldice W.I. arranged at the last meeting to have Mr. Salter come and assist in the organizing of the Sunday School, \$5.00 being voted for supplies. It was decided also to gather in donations of wheat from the farmers around and apply the proceeds on the piano.

Practical Community Work

Granum W.I. has taken on some practical community work this year, included in which was helping the new skating rink, the money being raised by serving supper at the New Year's dance, and voting \$25.00 toward having Dr. Bradford give medical inspection at the school.

Want Fall Fair

Sunshine W.I. (Coutts) decided at the last meeting to organize a school fair in the district. This branch is also arranging for the purchase of land for a cemetery.

Women's Exchange

Medicine Hat W.I. has opened a Women's Institute Exchange, where women of the community may bring their fancy work.

Installing Hot Lunches

Patricia W.I. at its last meeting voted \$15 to the Patricia School and \$10 to the Princess—this money to be used for hot lunches during the winter months.

Help Rink

Galahad W.I. decided to donate the supper at a carnival in order to help the expenses of maintaining the rink.

Dressing to Camouflage Fat

Continued from page 48

will only serve to draw attention to her worst points.

The straight, beltless dress, with some hidden pleats at the side to give the necessary fullness for comfort in walking, and with very little trimming, is her wisest choice of all. A broken belt line, that is, a belt starting say at the hips and tying loosely behind, is a pleasing variation. Sleeveless dresses are not becoming to a plump, overfat arm, even for evening wear, and some drapery at any rate about the upper part of the arm should be chosen. For everyday the short or medium length sleeve, set in to a wide armhole should be used in preference to the long, full sleeve finishing in a cuff, or the too tight sleeve, and in particular the kimona sleeve. The absence of a shoulder line, or a shoulder seam extending too far beyond the curve of the shoulder will only serve to emphasize width, which is what the stout woman wants to avoid.

The neck line may be anything except round, although the V shaped neck, with narrow tuxedo collar, is a commendable choice for the stout woman. Skirts should be of medium length, whatever the prevailing fashion.

In all, the stout woman may follow fashion's vagaries only with modifications. She must leave the extremes to those who possess the necessary figure requirements. But she can look smart and attractive if she will pay strict attention to all the details of her toilet—to neatness, trimness, and to the color and cut of her clothes. With the proper clothes she may very successfully camouflage her unbeautiful lines and emphasize only her good points.

A Canadian Exile's Dream

By Thurley Stoucham

Wrapped in a tattered blanket, I
Deep in the heart of a continent lie,
And dream that I still roam
By crashing surge and whitened foam,
The startled sea-mew's rocky home,
And feel the spray of waves of yore
Beating upon a far-off shore.

By rugged track and twisting lane
Mid rush and rattle of summer rain
And fresh-plowed fields of loam,
The South-West wind blows hard again
Bringing the fury in her train
Of sudden squalls that ripped and tore
The trees upon that far-off shore.

Struggling low and diving high,
A gull is driven across the sky,
Uncertain and alone.
Upon the sea no fishers ply
Their lonely task, and only I
Rejoice in the song, the tempest's roar
The green hills of that far-off shore.

Never again in life shall I
Battle against the gale and cry
Defiance to the wild sea's drone
Upon the shores of my old home.

Do the Meek Inherit the Earth?

The eagle plucks the raven
And the raven plucks the jay,
To whose voracious craving
The cricket falls a prey.

The big fish dines at leisure
Upon the smaller fry,
And the minnow eats with pleasure
The poor unconscious fly.

The miser skins his neighbor,
The neighbor skins the poor;
And the poor man doomed to labor
Spurns the beggar from his door.

And thus the world is preying—
The strong upon the weak,
Despite the precious saying:
"The earth is for the meek."

—Newark (N.J.) Advertiser.

Ventilation

"Who invented the hole in the doughnut?"

"Oh, some fresh-air fiend, I suppose."—
The American Legion Weekly.

When Two Strains Meet



Now you'll
like Bran!

WORK which requires considerable expenditure of brain power puts a strain on the system. Nature enables the clean and healthy body to withstand this strain. We would seldom be harmed if it were not for the poisons manufactured in the body from the food we eat. Because, that great scourge—faulty elimination—allows these body poisons to put yet another strain on the system. The two strains meet. *No one can continue to withstand the deadly effect.*

Eliminate waste products from the body. Eat Post's Bran Flakes with Other Parts of Wheat. Nature's own laxative—it helps you to sure adequate elimination because it sweeps out health-destroying poisons from the system. Other nourishing parts of the wheat are retained with the bran, adding a definite food value. You'll like these deliciously-flavored, crisp, toasted flakes. Serve with milk or cream. Ready to eat right from the wax-wrapped package. Get Post's Bran Flakes at all grocers. Eat it regularly. Help Nature help you!

Send the coupon below and we will mail you a generous trial package of Post's Bran Flakes.

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83

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EYES**

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If your dealer cannot supply you—write us.
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215 Fifth Ave. New York
VENUS—The argest selling Quality Pencil in the world
17 black—3 copying degrees

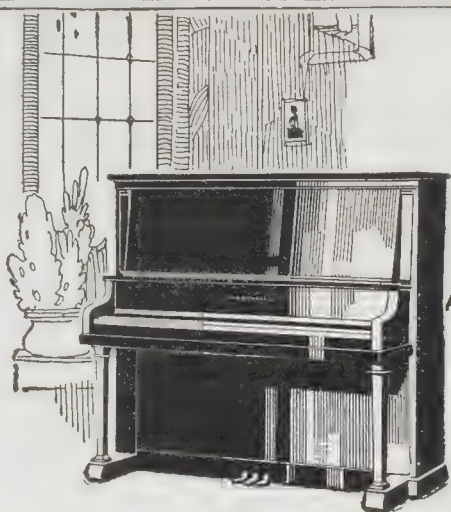
**SORE
THROAT**

Apply the liniment every few hours to throat and chest. Gargle with Minard's in warm water.

Splendid for Bronchitis and Asthma.

**MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT**

45



Ye Olde Firme

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Heintzman & Co. Pianos have not only given thousands of Canadian homes a better conception of really good music but have led such renowned artists as Melba, Tetrazzini, De Pachmann and Hambourg to insist that a Heintzman & Co. piano be provided for use in their Canadian tours.

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Are Boys' Interested in Music?

RIGHT at the outset here is my opinion. Boys, as a class, are simply full of the love of music. Their enthusiasm will mount higher and their interest carry them farther than any ordinary class of girls.

Deny this if you wish, and argue it if you feel so inclined, but it is my firm opinion. Here is one example:

A teacher took charge of a class of boys, whose ages ranged from eleven to fifteen, and whose voices ranged—well, all the way from A sharp to Z flat, if that were possible. To look for any fineness of finish or perfection of tone would be but to cast one's self, in the capacity of a teacher, into the deepest abyss of despair, and so to cast a film of gloom over each and every lesson.

This teacher said: "I am going to teach these boys to love their music lesson. I will measure my success or failure by the smiles or sighs visible on their faces when the lesson period is announced." An so he began.

One day he took for an appreciation lesson, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Second Movement. He first told them of Beethoven, of his life as a boy, of his drunken father who woke him up at night and dragged him out of bed to practice; of his peculiar disposition and how it came out in his music; of the tragedy which marred his later life; and all through the telling, so keen was the interest, that the clock on the wall could be heard ticking away the minutes.

Then he told them of the "inner working" of a musical composition; of how a musician had to work and work to ex-

press his ideas, just as they worked and worked to express their ideas in their school compositions.

He then played the little bit that forms the theme of that movement. He told them that Beethoven worked a long, long time at that little bit because he was not satisfied with the first idea, then of how he developed the whole movement from that little piece.

He played that little bit over and over until the boys could hum the tune, then he told them that Beethoven would hide that under another tune or mix it up a bit, and he wanted to see how many boys could recognize it whenever they heard it, just as they would recognize their chum if he were dressed up for a masquerade.

He then played the record through, and the attention could be actually felt, it was so keen. At each part the variation of expression showed, more plainly than words could tell, how much these boys were getting the composer's thoughts and ideas.

The bell rang for dismissal, and the teacher said: "I am sorry we will not have time to play it over again."

A prolonged and dismal "Awh" from the whole class brought a surprised smile to the teacher's face.

"You don't want to stay and hear it again?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes," the chorused cry was not feeble.

They stayed in and lost the larger part of their recess period to hear the highest of high-class music "over again." Could any interest be more plainly expressed?

Signing This Pledge is Found to Increase Pupils Interest in Music

MARGUERITE C. KAISER, a music teacher gifted with creative ability, writing in a recent issue of the Etude, tells of a unique way in which she has been able to interest her pupils more keenly in music.

"I have had a number of blanks like the following printed," she writes. "I call it a pupil's pledge; and every new pupil is expected to sign it. It is then pasted in front of the Instruction Book or Study Book. Its effect upon the minds, hearts, characters and zeal of my pupils has been excellent. It also makes a very advantageous impression upon the parent."

Students' Pledge

I promise my teacher that:

1. I will always regard my teacher as my sympathetic friend and helpmate. I will tell her without shame exactly what I do not understand, so that she can help me when I need it most. I will try never to deceive or disappoint her in any way; for I fully realize that she is constantly planning and laboring for my success.
2. I will come regularly for my lessons and will be absent for very serious reasons only.
3. I will try always to be punctual—rather too early than too late.
4. I will practice every day faithfully and as much as possible. I can be only as skilled a player as I am willing to put in the time to be.
5. I will practice slowly and with intelligence and care. If I practice beautifully I shall play beautifully.
6. I will not waste my time on Jazz, but rather shall use that time to under-

stand finer music. When I come in contact with a famous work which seems to be outside of my sympathies, I will say, "This work bears the name of an artist whom the best judges have pronounced to be great, and the work is called a masterpiece. I cannot see its beauty; but that must be because I am not yet educated to it. I will study it; and, perhaps, by and by I shall appreciate its qualities." A love of good music is the one unmistakable mark of culture the world over.

7. I will cultivate a love for all that is beautiful and uplifting in this life—good books, pictures, nature with its stars and sunsets, forests and hills, and friendships which bring us closer to God. Life to me, without music and art and loveliness, would certainly not be worth living.

8. I will go to concerts, recitals and lectures whenever possible.

9. I will try with all my mind and heart and soul to be a beautiful and accomplished pianist and a broad, well-informed musician. No sacrifice will be too great for me in order to accomplish this.

10. I will be a piano enthusiast and a firm believer in thorough foundation study. I shall try to enlighten my friends and acquaintances as to what artistic playing really is, through my own good example. If I play beautifully and correctly, surely they will be satisfied with mere strumming and thumping. My thorough knowledge of technique will make them abandon superficial study, and in this way I shall be an educator and a missionary, making this world a better, happier, richer, more beautiful place in which to live.

A Plea for Home Music

WHAT a lovely word is "home," and how many associations it conjures up. Think of the Christmas parties of old—the re-uniting of families, the songs and carols sung, shouted out, but enjoyed and remade for the time being.

I plead most earnestly for a return to home music. The pianola, the gramophone, the big concert hall, the pictures, the attractions of the theatre are all crowding out our home life of music. Too much is done for us publicly. It

makes for listeners instead of doers. Five thousand people listening to a concert in a fine hall is a splendid thing, but five thousand people, in their various localities, gathering together, making music themselves, is finer.

We are in danger of becoming a nation of listeners, especially now that broadcasting is here, instead of a nation of active doers. Set apart a day for music once a week, or once a month, maybe, so

Continued on page 83

DRESSING THE WEST

EATON'S
AND
SPRING AND SUMMER

SPRING STYLE BOOK

EATON
Wearing
Apparel

Up-to-date and Good Value

FROM the simplest of plain, sturdy clothes for work, to apparel suited to select party occasions, our General Catalogue offers a very adequate range of clothing and personal furnishings for everybody; while supplementing this is our special Style Book for men's made-to-measure tailoring, and our Shopper Service for those who wish personal shopping done for them from among our City stocks.

For satisfaction in dress, use **EATON Service**

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
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In most merchandise you see what you're buying

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That's why it's so important to specify DEL MONTE—and see that you get it.

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Why not take advantage of this quality guarantee—in planning your own menus? Right now is the season when you need plenty of fruit. Order a supply of DEL MONTE—you'll find it available nearly everywhere in Canada. Your own grocer—or some other good grocer in your neighborhood—now carries this quality line. Ask for DEL MONTE by name—and be sure.

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A few Del Monte Varieties you should know

Peaches, Melba Halves
Peach Halves, both Yellow
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Asparagus, Spinach
and many others



Be sure
you say
DEL MONTE

L'Echo de Paris



Blouse, 5394; Skirt, 5239. — An elegant blouse of metal brocade, together with a jaunty skirt, forms this stylish "sport's ensemble."

5404. — A design emphasizing the vogue for the smartly straight silhouette.

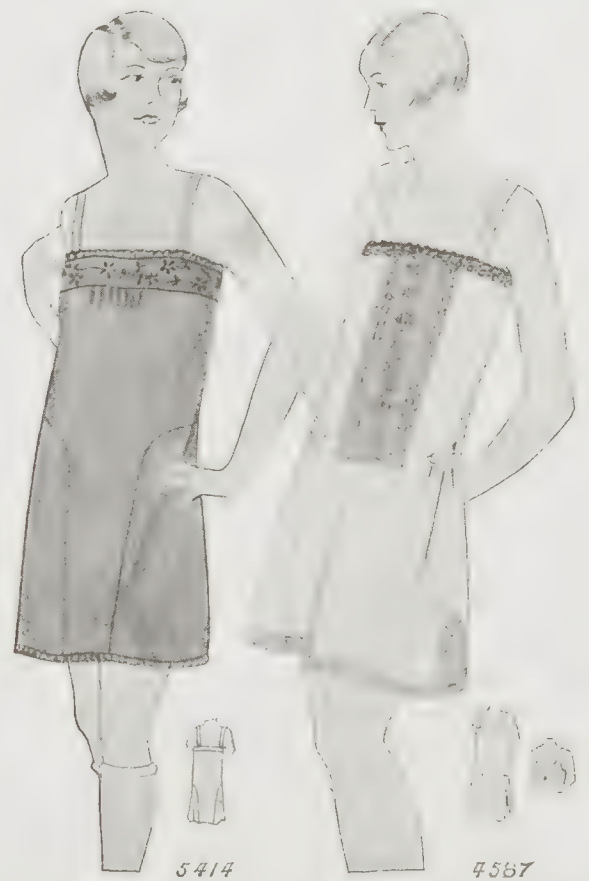
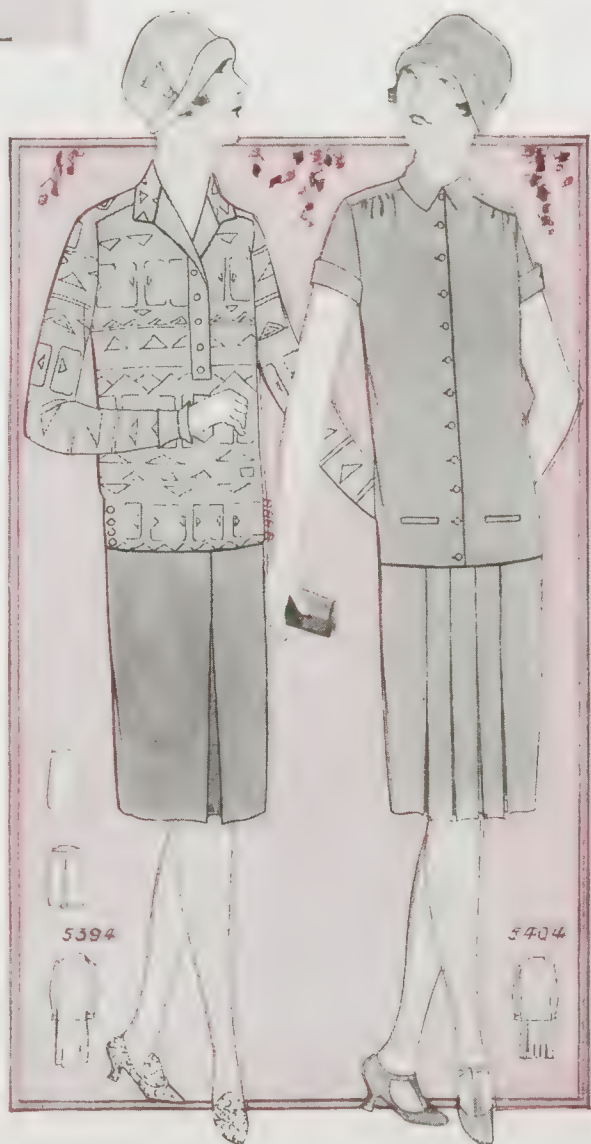
5060. — The acme of chic for the young miss for festive occasions.

5408. — A debonaire tailleur.

5405. — A robe pour le bureau, suitable for many materials.

5266. — Voile of floral design forms this delightful dainty frock, suitable for youthful figures.

5396. — This is a charming little frock in polka dots for the tiny tots.



4587. — Sheer charms for spring wear are unfolded in this practical model of crepe de chene step-ins.

5414. — Radium silk or nainsook could be used for this dainty undergarment.

Billie Burke



At all BILLIE BURKE STORES you will find a display of Dresses suitable for Easter wear. You will also have shown to you the very newest shades for Spring, such as Palmetto, Rose Blush, Brittany Blue, Pervenche, Jalapa and Wood Rose.

The prices of these well known Dresses are very moderate.

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**Beauty
Of Hair and Skin
Preserved By
Cuticura**
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Ointment to Heal

5266. Printed voile, chiffon or georgette would be suitable for this model. It is also good for taffeta and radium silk.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size requires 3 yards of 40 inch material if made as illustrated in the large view. If made with puff sleeves 3½ yards are required. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2½ yards.

5394-5239. Comprising a smart blouse 5394 and a popular skirt 5239. The blouse in this instance is of metal brocade. It is also suitable for crepe, satin or georgette.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 2½ yards of 40 inch material with ½ yard of contrasting material for facings on front and on cuffs. The skirt may be of velvet, chiffon broad cloth or kasha. It is cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. A 29 inch size will require 1½ yard of 54 inch material. The width at the lower edge with plaits extended is 1¾ yard.

5397. In this model the blouse and trousers may be of one material or, as illustrated the blouse may be of contrasting material. Broad cloth and velvet are here combined.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. To make as illustrated in the large view for a 2 year size will require 1 yard for the blouse and ¾ yard for the trousers of 36 inch material.

5009. Voile, dimity, crepe, silk and chambray are good materials for the little dress here portrayed and for the slip and drawers one could use cambric or lawn.

The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 2 year size requires ¾ yard of 36 inch material for the drawers 1½ yard for the slip and, 1¾ yard for the dress if the dress is made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves ¾ yard less is required of 36 inch material. If slip is made without ruffle ½ yard less is required.

5404. Flannel, faille, taffeta, jersey or linen may be used for this design.

The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years for Misses and Small Women, and 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure for Ladies. To make this attractive style for a 38 inch size require 3¾ yards of 54 inch material. The width of the skirt at the lower edge, with plaits extended is 2½ yards.

5408. The one-piece frock is still in great favor. In the model here portrayed back fullness is suggested. The front has a smart "turned-over" collar, and the popular lap closing.

This pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require 3¾ yards of 40 inch material. The width of the dress at the foot is 1½ yard.

5487. This pretty model comprises a vest and "step-in" drawers. The vest portion may be finished with "camisole" top or with shaped shoulders. If desired a closing may be effected at the side of the panel. Crepe, crepe de chine or nainsook is suitable for this design.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44 and extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36 inch material. Panel of embroidery requires ½ yard 9 inches wide.

5405. Satin or taffeta could be used to make this smart frock. The front shows the now so popular surplice closing and the skirt flares with becoming fullness.

This pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3¼ yards of 54 inch material. The width of the dress at the lower edge of the skirt is 2½ yards.

5396. Challie. China silk, voile, dimity or crepe may be used for this design.

The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3 year size requires 2¾ yards of 32 inch material, and ¼ yard of contrasting material for collar and cuff facings.

5060. Chiffon or georgette and lace or embroidery could be used for this style. It is also nice for radium silk, taffeta or crepe de chine. The flounces are mounted on a two piece under skirt.

This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. If made of one material a 10 year size requires 4 yards 32 inches wide. To make as illustrated requires 3¾ yards of material with ¾ yard of lace, embroidery or contrasting material 32 inches wide.

5049. Voile, dimity, batiste, crepe de chine and China silk are good materials for this style. The yolk and sleeve portions are made in one piece.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6 year size requires 2½ yards of 36 inch material.

5419. Wool rep with plaid woolen or linene for collar and cuffs would be nice for this model. It is also a good style for wash materials.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. To make as illustrated in the large view, for a 10 year size, will require 2½ yards of 36 inch material with ¼ yard of contrasting material for collar and cuffs.

5421. Wool rep and taffeta are here combined. The dress is also good for cashmere weaves, for tub silk and gingham. The bolero may be omitted as shown in the small view. Pockets are inserted at the hip bands.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 year. To make the dress as illustrated in the large view for a 10 year size will require ¾ yard of taffeta 40 inches wide for collar facing and front of the waist, and 2¾ yards of wool rep 40 inches wide for skirt, short sleeves, bolero, back of waist and underportion of collar. If made without bolero ¼ yard less of the rep is required. If made with long sleeves, 2½ yards of the rep is required.

5414. Nainsook, crepe de chine or radium silk could be used for this model. The circular side portions afford ease and fullness.

This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36 or 40 inch material.

GOSSARDS

even in

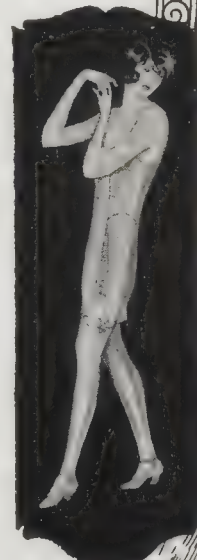
INDIA

GOSSARD CORSETRY has become international. Even in India, but a few years ago a stranger to European dress, Gossards are favored because of clean lines and comfort. Even in Delhi, where nautch girls still dance in the streets on festive occasions, the best shops show Gossards. Yes, in the best shops all over the world you will find Gossard garments the foundation for the latest mode in day, evening, sport or dress wear.

See that the fittings of your new summer wardrobe are made over Gossards, for the right Gossard will give your figure the correct contour, your gown the proper hang.

Those stores where ladies trade who are most careful in matters of dress, are the proper places to look for the complete Gossard Line of Beauty.

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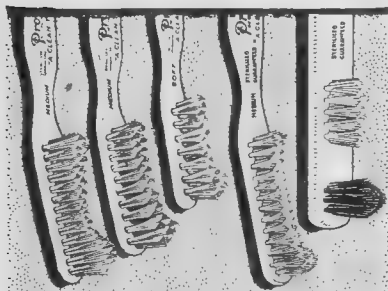
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SEND 20c in silver or stamps for our Up-To-Date Spring and Summer 1926 Book of Fashions showing color plates, and containing 500 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a Concise and Comprehensive Article on Dressmaking, also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

Witching Fashions Welcome Spring

PREVAILING styles make it very apparent that curves are again in fashion, waists seem to exist, and hips are in evidence although slightly. Tiers, flounces, plaits and plaitings make both day time and evening dresses interesting, even the two piece jumper frock is shown with a two tiered skirt.

Prints are again used for ensemble suits and costumes, with coats of silk or cloth, and as in the previous season, the cloth of the coat trims the frock, and the dress material lines the coat.

The ensemble with short jacket is new, featured, a dress of printed silk trimmed with satin, and a hip length coat of satin trimmed with printed silk.

Short coat suits are much in evidence.

Scallops are seen on many new dresses. A very pretty skirt shows scallops cut in sawtooth outline.

Plastron effects are in great favor. One recalls the "bosom" effects of former seasons in this new feature.

A very attractive blouse has the plastron extending over the back in the form of a round yoke. The front is embellished with embroidery and a graceful jabot.

The metal cloths so much in vogue during the past season, are again in evidence, and used for daytime dresses and blouses.

A pretty model in gold and brown metal cloth portrays a one-piece tailored dress, with high tie collar, and close fitting sleeves. Fullness in plait effect at the sides of the skirt portions relieves the otherwise plain effect.

Necklines continue high, sometimes with tie or scarf collar, again with convertible collar. The turnover collar is good "between" the high and low effect.

Where an open neck is desired the "V" outline is usually chosen.

Chemsettes and gilets of crepe de chine or lingerie are much in evidence. A narrow fold of white makes a pretty finish for a "V" neck.

Many of the long sleeves are slim and tight, and finished with tailored cuffs or cuff facings.

Puff sleeves are also shown, some with the puff added at or below the elbow.

Short sleeves in kimona cut are also in vogue.

Knife plaiting is used for trimming on coats and dresses.

Capes are generally accepted, they have ceased to cause much comment. They may be long or short, tailored, formal or informal, and of silk or cloth.

In the matter of colors, green has first place. It is a good daytime color as well as attractive for evening, and most all shades are in vogue. With black for tailored garments, with white for sports frocks and blouses, and in soft shimmering materials it is shown in two tone effects.

Red combined with beige, or red with black is in good style.

Red georgette and red crepe de chine is popular.

In grey all pinkish tones are shown, excellent for evening and sports wear.

Navy blue is very popular in cloth and in silk.

Printed crepe makes a smart two-piece frock. The separate skirt is plaited at the front and sides, and the blouse is severely plain and straight with long close sleeves, and a scarf collar. Many of these two-piece "jumper" dresses have the skirt joined to a cami-sole top under body.

Washable silk is a very desirable material for "jumper" dresses.

One pretty model in green and white striped silk, has a two-piece skirt gathered over the centre of the front. The blouse has a convertible tie collar, and bishop sleeves. Hip bands and cuffs, also the tie ends of the collar, are of the material cut crosswise.

A colorful linen smock is made with lengthwise tucks at the shoulders, below yoke extensions. The sleeve is in comfortable bishop style, and the round collar is finished with a bow tie.

Shirtings at the hips hold graceful fullness in a simple dress of rayon silk. The round neck is finished with a tie bow and long ends at the left side.

Rep is a popular material for youthful frocks; it adapts itself well to bolero styles.

Inserted godets on a frock of fine serge, give graceful flare.

The fronts are open above the low waistline, and finished with a shawl collar, and a plastron buttoned at the centre and topped by a low round collar.

Both shantung and taffeta are well thought of as material for the spring wardrobe. There are new plaited taffetas, that may be combined with crepe backed satin.

The shantung may be used alone or in combination with jersey weaves.

A frock that is made in two parts is often attractive in two fabrics.

Jersey and crepe de chine, or kasha and balbriggan combine well.



An assemblage of the latest models for Juniors

Avoid Gray Hair as these women do



No need now to grow old before your time—to allow gray, faded or unbecomingly bleached hair to age you. For Brownatone, used so successfully for years by thousands of women throughout the United States and Canada, brightens and beautifies—tints any shade. Mrs. A. B. Jordan of Woodland, W. Va., who has used Brownatone satisfactorily for several years remarks that "No gray haired woman can afford to let such a golden opportunity go by as Brownatone offers. I recommend it to any one."



The antiseptic qualities of Brownatone are assurance of its perfect safety. So there's no need to fear results. Brownatone is guaranteed to be absolutely harmless to hair growth or skin. Mrs. Marie James of 339 Nixon Street, Biloxi, Miss., even remarks that "When I started using Brownatone, six years ago, my hair was thin and short. But now it is beautifully long and heavy. I like my hair a chestnut brown, and have had no difficulty in getting it the right shade, since using Brownatone. I must say it is a wonderful tint for gray and faded hair."



As Brownatone permeates each entire hair itself it cannot rub off or wash out. There's no interference whatsoever with shampooing—or even with permanent waving, marcelling or scalp treatments. For the color is lasting. You need apply it again only as the hair grows. And it is so simple to use that you can apply it yourself at home. Merely brush the color through. Which is, of course, one reason why Dora Paserk of 8811 St. Catherine Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, says, "I prefer Brownatone to any other hair tint I have ever used."



There are two colors in Brownatone from which any shade may be obtained—one from Blonde to Medium Brown; the other Dark Brown to Black. Sold at drug and toilet counters everywhere, 50 cents and \$1.50. Use Brownatone and you will say as does Mrs. R. H. Staebli, 836 North Lafayette Park Place, Los Angeles, Cal., "It is the best hair tint I have ever used."

Test the Merits of Brownatone. Mail the coupon with 10c for a trial bottle.

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Enclosed is 10c. for test bottle of Brownatone. () Blonde to Med. Brown. () Dk. Brown to Jet Black.

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Address.....
City..... Prov.....

GUARANTEED HARMLESS
BROWNATONE
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 12

ON THE morning following the day when Jacques Davol had left Armande, a woman, wrapped heavily in furs and veil, knocked at the door of his lodgings, demanding to see him. Visitors to Monsieur Davol were few, and Madame Roget, the mistress of the house, took the precaution of first asking her lodger whether he wished to see the caller. But he came himself to the door, where a muffled voice addressed him.

"It is of the utmost importance, Monsieur Davol, that I see you at once and alone."

His eyes searched the heavy draperies for a feature that he could recognize, but he bowed and showed her into his rooms, which were on the lower floor.

"It is my misfortune not to be aware—" he began when the visitor doffed her hood and veil, revealing the handsome head of Angelique de Pean.

"Madame," he said in surprise, "I am honored indeed. Will you sit at my fire?"

She glanced curiously around the disordered room, at the piles of books and papers, accepting his invitation and stretching her pretty pink fingers to the blaze.

"You are no doubt surprised at my imprudence, Monsieur Davol. But the reason for my visit will explain its necessity."

"I am, of course, wholly at your service."

"Perhaps you may not think so when you hear what I have to say."

She searched his face keenly for a moment as though seeking there some sign of charity upon which she might rely.

"Perhaps you know, Monsieur Davol, of the unfortunate estrangement with my husband which threw me upon the friendship of Francois Bigot. You are a man and can afford to be generous. It is to that generosity that I must now appeal, and I do so in the knowledge that my visit is perhaps in your interest as well as my own."

"Mine, Madame?"

"Yes. We, you and I, are the creatures of a common misfortune, and must rely upon each other to find the happiness denied us."

"I pray that you will explain," said Davol coolly.

She smiled.

"You need not be alarmed, Monsieur Davol. I am not in love with you. For you are in love with Armande de Lusignac. Oh, you need not deny it. And I, you will not mind if I dare to confess it? am in love with Francois Bigot. For many months, before Armande de Lusignac came to New France, he was my lover and my slave."

"I can not see—"

"Listen," she broke in impatiently. "You think that I come to you as a disappointed, broken woman, seeking encouragement or advice. That is not the truth," she said with a dark flash of her eyes. "You do not know my spirit or my pride. It is costing me something to tell you these things, but the urgency of my mission leaves me no alternative. I am not one to relinquish my rights easily. I have seen as you have seen the progress of this affair between Monsieur Bigot and Mademoiselle de Lusignac. He has chosen to prefer this woman to me. I came to tell you that this affair must end at once."

"And you expect me to help you? How, Madame?" he asked soberly.

"By taking her, at the earliest moment, back to France."

It was curious how the wish that was in his heart should come from the lips of this visitor. He had risen, impatiently kicking at the blazing log, then

smiled at her.

"That is all very well to say. But how shall such a thing be accomplished? I hold no commission from the Minister of Police to abduct a lady under the very eyes of the Intendant."

She gave a quick shrug of her pretty shoulders.

"Fortunately, that shall be made easy for you. I want this girl out of my way. She must go at once. You will serve me as well as yourself, and I shall help you."

"In what way?"

Angelique de Pean rose and paced the room to the window, turning to face him.

"First by telling you of things that have happened in Quebec in the last few weeks to put the plans, the mission of this spy of Madame de Pompadour, into danger of miscarriage."

Davol, who was in the act of repairing the fire, let the log drop from his fingers and straightened.

"Madame!"

"I do not know how much of a part you have had in her affairs. You arrived upon the same ship that brought her here, but I prefer, for purposes of my own, to believe you are innocent of them."

And while Davol listened with grave anxiety Madame de Pean told him of the plight of the Marquise de Brinvilliers and of the results of her misfortune and imprudence, concealing only her own share in the revelation.

"These facts were brought to Monsieur Bigot. You may imagine," she said with a bitter laugh, "that he is not very happy over them. Francois Bigot is not one to take lightly such a blow to his self-esteem, which he values more highly than anything under heaven. It is enough to say that Heloise Gueret is revealed to him and that even the wishes of Madame de Pompadour might not deter him from the consummation of his vengeance."

It was no moment for subterfuge. Monsieur Davol spoke quickly.

"When did Monsieur Bigot learn of this?"

"Four days ago." She shrugged carelessly. "I do not love this girl, Monsieur Davol. She is a victim of her own temerity and the folly of the old fool that she employed."

"Heloise Gueret did not seek this mission," Davol broke in violently. "She was forced to take it to save her honor and the life of her father." And rapidly he told her of what had happened in Paris.

Angelique listened with interest, but all the while her lips wore a careless smile.

"All of that may be true. Another woman might forgive her, but she has trampled upon my pride. I can not forgive. Could you ask it?"

"Perhaps not forgiveness, only justice. She may have been fascinated by the glamor of his attentions," he said painfully. "I do not know. But since you have come to me, there must be at least some pity in your heart."

"No, not pity. My visit is one of expediency. You have shown me some courtesies, Monsieur, and my feeling toward your misfortune gives me the wish to help you."

The woman suffered, but the pangs of her jealousy were greater even than her hope for revenge.

"In God's name, Madame de Pean, tell me what you wish me to do."

She straightened, her face clearing.

"I will. The ice in the river has broken. The Navarre is sailing, the first ship out of the basin of Quebec."

Continued on page 68

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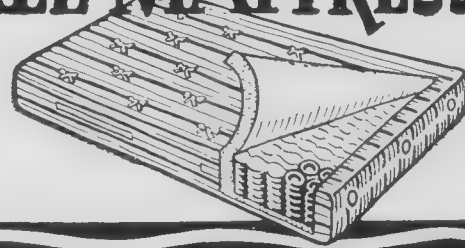
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The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 67

You must secretly take Heloise Gueret aboard—if she will not go willingly, by force. I will do what I can to help you. Come to my house tonight and I will have a plan."

"The Navarre," he repeated. Then frowning, slowly raised his head. "There is something that I must accomplish in Quebec before I go."

"That should not be difficult. You have forty-eight hours, or more."

"If I can accomplish it."

She smiled and offered him her hand.

"One would think, Monsieur Davol, that you contemplate the completion of your history."

"No, Madame," he muttered sombrely, "nothing so light as that, merely the completion of a purpose."

"Then you will come to the Rue Saint Louis tonight?"

"Yes, Madame de Pean. You may expect me." He bowed over her fingers. She replaced her heavy veil and, forbidding him to come to the door, found her way out of the house. Monsieur Davol closed the door of his room and stood for a moment staring into the fire as his mind caught up again the phrases Angelique de Pean had left with him. And out of the confusion of his mind as to the disaster to the woman he loved, two words seemed quickly to emerge with startling clearness. Bigot. Vengeance.

He paced to and fro along the rug as he faced her problems and his own. It was time that Heloise Gueret sailed for France; if not willingly, against her will. It was a good plan and feasible, perhaps, with the help of Angelique de Pean. It was necessary that he tell Heloise Gueret at once all that Madame de Pean had revealed. It was no time for half measures, for the qualms of injured pride, or for any hesitation on his part or hers. There was danger for her in the very air of Quebec.

He got into his furs and went quickly to the house in the Place d'Armes. Batiste answered his knock, only to inform him that Madame de Lusignac was not at home, telling the visitor with an air of great pride that she had already driven out with Monsieur the Intendant. Davol asked to see Madame de Brinvilliers. She was sitting by the fire in the drawing room.

He entered, closing the door behind him. He and Madame de Brinvilliers had not always been good friends, for she had no sympathies for one of his trade and showed her contempt of him too plainly for his liking. And Davol could not forget, now, that this was the woman who had by her weakness betrayed the girl he loved. Poor creature! She was huddled by the fire—reading, warming her skinny hands and sipping at intervals from a glass of brandy and water.

"Mademoiselle de Lusignac has gone for a drive with Monsieur Bigot. Could you tell me how long she will be gone, Madame?"

"How should I know, Monsieur Davol?" she croaked. "They drive and drive in the cold. It is preposterous. It is a preposterous country, all ice and snow and so cold, so cold! If there is a hell for those who desire warmth, it is here, in New France."

"You do not know then where they have gone?"

"Why should you be so curious? Have you not enough to do, looking after your manuscripts?"

"My reason is urgent. I wish to see mademoiselle the moment she returns. If you think she will not be gone long I will wait."

"Oh, la, la!" said the old lady with a laugh. "You need not trouble yourself to wait for Armande, Monsieur Davol, for she will be gone all day."

Davol took a pace or two forward.

"Where has she gone?" he growled.

"Upon my word, you still lack graciousness, Monsieur Davol. One would think that the fine manners of Quebec would have done something to soften your austerity. What business is it of yours where she has gone?"

"The business of one," he muttered almost at her ear, "who can still look to her interests and those of her employer where you have failed, Madame."

Madame de Brinvilliers started back so abruptly that she spilled the glass of brandy and water upon her silk dress. Her thin face had gone livid with anger and fear.

"You, you know?"

"Yes. So does Monsieur Bigot. That is why I must know where she has gone, Madame de Brinvilliers."

The old lady started up from her chair, then suddenly relaxed, her yellow eyes staring up at him as though in dreadful fascination at what he had said.

"Where has he taken her?" he insisted harshly.

"They were going to drive, to dine, to spend the day at Beaumanoir."

Davol stood looking at her for a moment, and then without a word more turned and rushed from the room.

BEAUMANOIR. Beaumanoir. Beaumanoir. It sounded in the galloping hoofs of his horse as Davol rode furiously over the road toward Charlebourg. Beaumanoir. The fair name of an evil place. He had never been there, but after Charlebourg it should not be difficult to find the way, for there would be the tracks of the sleigh to follow. He did not know yet what he would do when he reached his destination, or what difficulties lay before him. He had blindly followed his instincts to this point, armed himself heavily, and chosen from the stable where he hired his horses the strongest animal that he could find. At present his will seemed to urge speed and the good horse was doing his best. At Charlebourg he was directed to the road through the forest, and in a moment he picked up in the soft snow in the tracks of the sleigh of Monsieur Bigot.

Less to his liking were the hoof-marks of the two horses of the escort that followed the sleigh. Soldiers, the Intendant's militiamen probably; but why? The gentlemen of New France who drove their ladies out sleighing found no use for horsemen to protect them from their enemies. Nor had Bigot on previous occasions when he had driven out with Armande found it necessary to employ his soldiers as an escort. The fact of their presence there in the road somewhere before him annoyed Davol, in fact made him look to the priming of his pistols as he walked his horse up a hill.

It was wiser now, he thought, to proceed more slowly, and accordingly he kept his gaze upon the road ahead, upon the trees in the forest, watching for the broken surfaces of the snow to warn him of an ambush. For though he was not sure that Monsieur Bigot had guarded himself against pursuit, or even that these horsemen were intended offensively, he decided to take no chances. He passed a few habitants upon the road, who gave him, as was their custom with the gentry, their salute and their glance of suspicion. From them he learned that the sleigh with its escort had preceded him by more than an hour.

Riding cautiously he came within a distant view of the gates of the palace of Beaumanoir, when, according to a plan he had thought out upon the way,

he led his horse into the woods, tethering him to a tree. Then he took off his fur coat, fastening it carefully over the sweating animal, and, looking to his arms, he went forward, from tree to tree, approaching the gates. There was no one in sight. Smoke came from the chimney of the lodge. As he emerged from the bushes with the intention of pushing boldly in, an armed soldier came from behind the house.

"Halt! What's your business?" he cried.

It was a fellow he had seen doing sentry duty at the Intendancy.

"It's necessary for me to see Monsieur Bigot at once."

"He is busy," said the soldier gruffly. "No one may pass."

As Davol took a pace forward the man drew a pistol from his belt.

"I tell you my business is important," said Davol. He wished to get near enough to the man to use his sword.

"Halt, Monsieur, or I fire. Help!"

If he had not shouted and fired at the same time, his shot would have gone nearer the mark. As it was the fur hat of Monsieur Davol was twitched from his head as he rushed forward. Davol drew his sword quickly and drove the man back, thrusting at him so that he stumbled and fell. The other soldier and the lodge keeper came running out of the house. The lodge-keeper, a great, hairy fellow, was the bolder, dashing at the visitor with an adze handle which missed his head as he dodged, by the breadth of a hand. Luckily the rush of the man carried him within reach of the point of Monsieur Davol's sword, which passed quite through him.

The other soldier now fired. Davol felt the sting of the bullet in his left shoulder as he turned toward this last adversary, who, seeing that his shot had done no great damage, ran toward the chateau to give the alarm. Davol's case seemed desperate. He did not know how many men besides Bigot were in the house—a wasp's nest, perhaps, ready to be prodded. Already, the element of surprise on which he had relied, had been eliminated. He aimed and fired in desperation at the fleeing soldier, who fell, then rose, hobbling on toward the door of the kitchen at the right.

Davol ran up the avenue to the main entrance of the chateau. Here he wasted some valuable seconds, for the stout wooden doors defied him. but he reached the kitchen door just as the other man pushed it open and fell within, shrieking loudly.

The situation was not amusing. He clambered over the wounded man, threatening him with the point of his sword, and leaped inside the kitchen. Two men armed themselves with kitchen implements. One of them, the cook, more dangerous than the other, struck at him with a cleaver. Davol turned it with his sword-blade, then hurled his empty pistol at the man's head, springing over the fallen man against the wall.

There he faced a man in the clothes of a groom and a tall old man in black with white hair, who faltered a moment and then ran through a door into the house. Davol had no time to spare for the stableman, so he forced the fellow into the larder, turning the key in the lock. Then he followed into the house, into a room of firelight and candles, where he quickly made out the figure of Monsieur Bigot, who stood, sword in hand, awaiting him.

ARMANDE stared at the wild figure of her rescuer, not sure that the events that had happened were not the emanation of some strange sickness of the brain. And yet the pains in her wrists where Francois Bigot had seized her were as real as the sounds of the

labored breathing of Jacques Davol, the sight of his naked weapon, and the crimson streaks upon his shirt. He had dared to follow alone; was still in desperate danger. But the one glance that he gave her was quite cool and reassuring. He was rather glorious at that moment.

If she had any other thoughts of him, the immediate assault of Monsieur Bigot drove everything but the danger of Jacques Davol from her mind, and she watched, fascinated with terror, as she saw him driven back against the wall.

"I am sorry, Monsieur Davol," she heard Bigot say through thinned lips, "that I cannot give you a more hospitable welcome. It will at least be a warm one."

Davol did not reply. He seemed to be saving his breath and studying the method of his adversary, who still pressed him closely. As Bigot thrust again and again and Davol parried skilfully, she regained her courage. She could see now that there had been a purpose in the retreat to the wall, for there he was in no danger from an attack by any of the valets from the rear. In her anxiety Armande rose, and as she did so, her toe touched the fruit-knife that had been wrenched from her hand. She picked it up. Bigot saw from the tail of his eye.

"Fair play, mademoiselle," he said. "Monsieur Davol would scarcely care to be dishonored by having me struck from behind."

She glanced at Davol.

"Watch for others," he cried coolly.

Monsieur Bigot fought well. There were both variety and ingenuity in his use of the blade, but his arm was shorter than Davol's, his wrist not so heavy. A good defense for the *riposte*, but slow. Perhaps Bigot wanted to draw him out into the room.

There was no time to be lost, so Davol, who had recovered his strength, feinted in *terce*, drawing a thrust, and then with a sudden fury sprang forward, thrusting his blade through Bigot's shoulder. A quick gliding blow from the hilt to the point of his sword along Bigot's blade that wrenched it from his nerveless fingers and sent it clattering along the floor.

Bigot stepped back, sinking into a chair and clutching his injured arm.

It was Armande who saw the sudden change in Bigot's glance and followed it quickly.

"Prenez-garde, Jacques!" she shrieked in terror.

Davol leaped to one side, as a gilded chair crashed to the spot where he had stood. Bertrand, bewildered by his failure, staggered back; but Davol was upon him, and like a flash his sword-point leaped like fire full into the middle of the old man's breast.

Monsieur Bigot had made no effort to regain his weapon. He was bleeding freely and seemed quite willing to relinquish the encounter. But even with the master rogue disposed of, Davol could not be sure that other men might not be running to the rescue. He told Armande to keep her eyes upon the door at the farther end of the room, then took from his belt his remaining pistol. Monsieur Bigot watched him uneasily.

"Well, you have won, Monsieur Davol," he muttered. "May the plague take you."

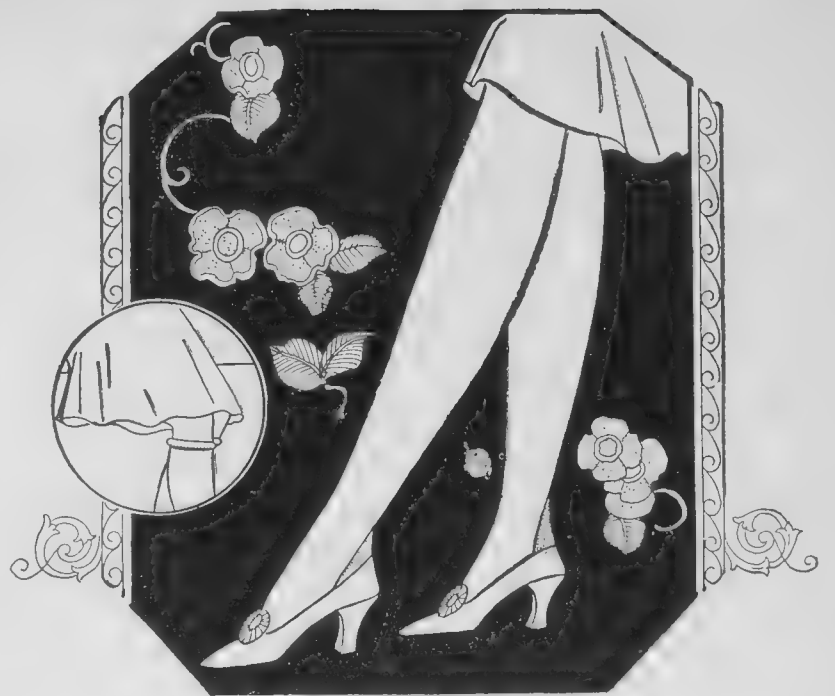
Davol waved his pistol in the direction of Bigot's waistcoat.

"I'm rather desperate, Monsieur Bigot," he said rapidly. "I hold you as hostage for the safety of Mademoiselle de Lusignac and myself. If any of your men offer us violence, you shall go first."

Bigot made a wry smile.

"What do you want me to do?"

Continued on page 71



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CANADIAN PACIFIC SUMMER TOURS

The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 69

"Answer my questions truthfully. How many men are there at Beaumanoir?"

"My faith, in winter, very few. Merely Bertrand, and the cook, hostler and gatekeeper."

"And your soldiers?"

"Two only. They came with me."

His replies seemed to satisfy Davol. "Very good, Monsieur Bigot. But I need further assurance of your amiable disposition toward this lady and myself. You have been guilty of a piece of stupidity quite beneath your dignity and intelligence, especially since you have been unsuccessful. It will not be a pretty tale for the polite ears of Quebec."

"Tonight Mademoiselle de Lusignac goes under the protection of Madame de Vaudreuil, who has little sympathy for the debaucheries of Beaumanoir. It remains with you to say how much of this dishonorable venture reaches the ears of General de Montcalm, whose correspondence with Monsieur d'Argenson is beyond the reach of meddlers."

"What do you want, then?" asked Bigot gruffly.

Davol toyed with the lock of the pistol, which he kept pointed in a playful manner directly at the body of the Intendant.

"I'll make a bargain with you, Monsieur Bigot," he said briskly. "Immunity for Mademoiselle de Lusignac and myself in exchange for silence with General de Montcalm."

"Very good. I agree," replied the Intendant promptly, "but for the love of Heaven turn that damnable pistol in another direction."

"Your word of honor, Monsieur Bigot."

"I give it," he muttered.

Davol lowered his weapon.

"Very well, I believe you." He turned toward Armande. "Your cloak, Mademoiselle; we are going at once." And then again to Bigot, "I could bind you and your servants and leave you here. But that would be beneath your dignity. Instead I shall trust to your wisdom. I must trouble you, Monsieur, for your sleigh. You will drive with us as far as the gate, thus guaranteeing safe-conduct."

"As your wound will doubtless be troubling you, you will wish to return to the city. For this purpose you will find my horse tethered in the woods beyond the gate. We are ready to go. You will kindly precede us through your kitchen, giving the proper orders to the groom, whom I was forced to lock in your larder."

The Intendant rose and essayed a laugh of resignation, but there was little mirth in it. He knew that he was forced to be content with his bargain, and led the way, as Davol directed, giving some orders to the militiaman who had been shot and releasing the groom, who brought the sleigh from the stables. They drove in silence past the gate where the lodge-keeper and soldier still lay in the snow.

Monsieur Bigot had lost some dignity, but he made the best of the situation.

"*Au revoir*, Monsieur, I shall keep my promise. But I may say that I am constantly reminded that you fight almost too well for a student of history."

"Adieu, Monsieur Bigot," cried Davol lightly, and cracked his whip over the ears of Monsieur Bigot's fine horse.

ARMANDE had moved through the last few scenes of this drama with the obedience of complete bewilderment. It was now a man's affair in the capable hands of her rescuer, before

whose prowess and initiative all of her terrors had taken flight. His appearance upon the scene, bloody and disheveled, with the bright lust of battle in his dark eyes, assured her that this was the real Monsieur Davol, like the other that she had known for a moment upon the hill of the Citadel, and that if he died in her service and defence, she also wished to die. She knew too that his dangerous venture, so miraculously successful, was her responsibility, and the weight of her sin lay heavy upon her.

As they drove in silence, she dared not speak, but sat beside him breathing deeply, aware of a desire to weep and yet not daring even that. He kept his gaze upon the road ahead of them, urging the good horse of Monsieur Bigot at a lively trot upon the homeward way. From time to time he looked behind them through the trees, then urged the horse on again. She glanced at his profile. He was still hatless and very pale and his dark hair had broken loose from its ribbon and lay matted against his forehead.

He had seemed so strong, so assured, in spite of the blood-stains upon him, that she had not thought of him as an injured man, and aside from his pallor and the moisture at his forehead he gave no sign of suffering, but she suddenly realized with a sense of shock that he must have been badly hurt. She turned to him with quick inquietude, aware now of the dark stain upon the shoulder next her and of the blood still trickling to the fingers of his clenched hand upon the robe.

"Monsieur," she whispered in dismay, "Jacques! you're wounded."

"It's nothing," he said with a slow smile. "A scratch on the shoulder—"

But saying that, he sank back in his seat, his head to one side, the reins of the horse slipping from his grasp.

"Jacques! Jacques!"

He smiled at her.

"I'm all right," he muttered. "Drive to the Couronne, Charlebourg."

With an anxious glance at him she caught up the slipping reins and obeyed, supporting his head with her arm. He seemed to lose consciousness for a moment and she was in terror that he might die before she could tell him of her gratitude and tenderness. She whispered his name again and again and presently he seemed to hear, for he smiled again, though his eyes were closed. And before they came to the village he was sitting upright, speaking to her.

"Idiotic of me," he muttered. "I—I must have lost some blood."

"It—it's all my fault." There was a break in her voice, but he reassured her quickly.

"Courage, Armande. We are soon there. Some brandy and we will both be better."

"Heaven knows I can never forgive myself."

"Sh— All is well," he finished gently.

They drove into the yard of the inn of the Couronne, where the sight of a few gold pieces inspired the heart of Pierre Goujon the host, with a sincere desire to be of service.

He led them, in accordance with Davol's request, into a small parlor beyond the taproom, where he brought them brandy, hot water, and some clean linen, which Armande tore into bandages. The inn-keeper helped the wounded man to remove his coat, and then offered his services in the dressing of the wound. But Armande would not have it so, choosing to cut away the sleeve of his shirt herself and bathe

Continued on page 72



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The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 71

the wound with her own gentle fingers. It was a gash upon the outer part of the arm, and though the bleeding had been severe no bones had been touched.

During these regenerative rites Armande was as pale as he, but she tied the arm with the bandages, gave Davol brandy and water to drink, wrapped him in a blanket, and made him sit in the deep armchair by the fire, while she helped Monsieur Goujon to cook some eggs and coffee, which she brought him and made him eat; to the end that in a while Monsieur Davol professed himself completely restored and anxious to bring Armande safely to Quebec.

But this idea did not seem to be to her liking, for she insisted upon his remaining wrapped in his blanket by the fire to rest, while she brought a stool and placed it beside him, speaking gently, like a sinner at confession.

"You must listen to me, Jacques Davol," she began gently. "While we are warm here and safe, for Heaven knows how soon we may again be alone together. You have exacted from Francois Bigot a promise of immunity, but what assurance have you that he will keep that promise? He is so utterly, so terribly base." She bent her head to her hands in a moment of vivid and terrible retrospection.

"As to that, we must take our chances," Davol said quietly, looking into the fire.

She sought his eyes with her own. He did not turn toward her; and she already had a vague sense that he was attempting to resume the old, distant relationship. But her new humility made her proof against his stoicism. For had she not seen him fighting against odds in her honor?

"No. This hour, at least, is mine, yours and mine, and whatever happens after, I must speak of what is in my heart and you must listen."

"Don't, Mademoiselle," he said in a hushed voice.

"No, not mademoiselle," she interrupted softly. "There is to be no more estrangement between us two. You cannot daunt me with your chill looks, or deter me from what I must say by words of protest. For you have given me the right, Jacques Davol, to speak the truth of what is in my heart. For I have seen today a new glory to the name of manhood, new splendor to the meaning of courage, and yet too a new gentleness to the meaning of charity."

"It was nothing," he protested coolly. "Any man would go to the help of a woman in distress."

"Perhaps. And yet it is nothing to me what other men have done or would do. It is the miracle that you yourself have done so, in such a way, after such cruelties from my wicked tongue." She gave a gasp of self-deprecation and then finished softly, "Why have I always been so cruel to you? I do not know, Jacques Davol, unless it be that I have always loved you."

He started up away from her, leaving his blanket in her grasp.

"You must not, Armande. I cannot listen."

Here was something definite for her mind. The old attitude, but expressed in a reality of words which might not be mistaken. A week ago, yesterday even, this rebuff would have been enough to have driven her into silence. But her love of him, it seemed, was great enough to suffer all things. For had she not the assurance of his devotion, the sure proof of his passion, in the ardor with which he dared death in her behalf? She smiled and rose to follow him to the window where he stood. Had he saved her from Francois

Bigot merely to gain for himself anew the privilege of denying his affection?

"You will find in this hour that I am not so easily intimidated, Jacques Davol," she went on gently. "We have come to the moment of honesty. It is not Armande de Lusignac that speaks, but Heloise Gueret." She smiled at him. "Is it the fact that I have fallen from my high estate and am now no more than the provincial actress of Rouen? Am I less desirable now, that I am betrayed and humiliated, than I was months ago upon the hill of the Citadel, where you told me that you loved me?"

"Hush, Mademoiselle, hush!"

Her intelligence was fighting the battle of her heart, for she knew that these reproaches would touch him deeply.

"For months you have tried to show me how little you cared. You have given me cold courtesy when all I wanted was some sign from the heart. You have given me advice when all I wanted was the phrase you once spoke on the hill of the Citadel. If you had looked back on that day you would have seen your image in my eyes, even after you had fled away from me. For always, since the beginning, have I cared. Why have you denied me? Why do you deny me now? Is it that you think I am unwomanly in telling you how greatly I love?"

Her voice, the voice of the actress, was more gentle and sonorous in the voice of the woman.

She laid her fingers along his arm and then found his hand. He still turned his head away from her in a bitter struggle with this enemy of hers that was bent upon keeping them apart. What was this enemy? Surely none so powerful as all the forces of Beaumanoir, and yet his love had defeated those. Her enemy now, as well as his, that her love must vanquish.

"If I cared for you then, Jacques Davol, how much more must I care for you now, when you've made death itself the measure of your loyalty. Give me this hour, my beloved," she whispered from the depth of her love; "just this hour. We are still in great danger, within the reach of one who never forgets a vengeance. But this hour, this moment is ours. Afterward, I do not care. Even death could not be more bitter than the knowledge that you do not love me. Turn to me, and read in my eyes what I have tried so long to deny; give me the warmth of your hands, your lips—"

She knew that she was winning, that she had won. For he turned to her and caught her against his breast.

"God help me!" he groaned. "I love you."

She gave a joyous laugh up at him, the woman in love, triumphant.

"God help you to love me more, Jacques."

Their lips met and all wounds, old and new, were forgotten. It was love grown stronger with denial. Beaumanoir was a haunted castle far up on the mountain of long ago. Quebec, the future, Francois Bigot, had no existence. Like their hearts, the pulse of time had for a moment ceased to beat. It was a moment stolen from eternity.

Continued in the May Issue

Old Enough to Shave

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Mr. Bing—"What's the difficulty, my dear?"

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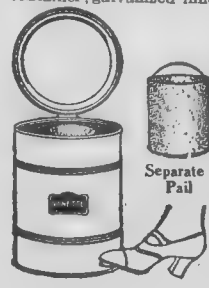
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We Choose Our Bungalow Furnishings

For the Charming Little Home Shown on Page Thirteen

Continued from page 18

frequently, perhaps, it is the large chesterfield, or the smaller chesterfield that has more lately developed. The day-bed is an admirable type of couch for the bungalow living room, as it provides an emergency bed that lacks no whit of comfort; with its day-time cover and cluster of cushions it makes a quite sufficiently formal couch.

The space you have for it will help decide upon the desirable type of your couch. Select its position in the room and decide how long it should be. There is a very good place for it in the living room of our bungalow, against the wall opposite the dining room door—unless this space is required for a piano. In a room of the dimensions given, the couch should be of moderate size—too heavy a one will throw the entire room out of proportion.

Fabrics will mean everything in this room. It would be worth while to work hard and look long, if necessary, to find exactly the right thing. By that I do not necessarily mean the expensive thing. There are perfectly delightful chintz and cretonnes in the most artistic designs and coloring available at very modest prices nowadays. I should look for one of them in a blocked design, or one which suggests hand-blocking—not merely a rambling floral pattern, charming though it might be. Very wonderful hand-blocked designs come in linen crash and in chintz and whilst we cannot expect to duplicate these in the low-priced materials, we can often, if we try hard enough, find a fabric that carries something of their atmosphere—an atmosphere that is particularly appropriate to the comparative informality of a bungalow.

If you have chosen a rug that is patterned in too decisive a manner to look well with cretonne, I should advocate the use of striped material for the curtains and for perhaps some of the furniture. Very smart striped goods are to be had in the very colorings we have chosen—cream, tan, green-blue, with touches of yellow and red.

Plain denim is a splendid material for some of the furniture which will be expected to bear up under hard wear. The little self-toned patterns that come in denim, repp and such sturdy stuffs, are always good. Something of this kind would be admirable to use on the seat in the inglenook, possibly on the couch and one armchair, introducing the patterned material in cushions for the other chairs. Add to the couch a few colorful cushions, one of them, at least, down-filled (for there is no luxury like a down cushion beneath one's head when one snatches a brief rest).

Gold light is usually good light. For a room of this type, parchment shades, in the warm, golden-ivory tone, would be excellent. They need not be plain parchment—one or two might show a gay bird with plumage echoing the bright notes of the room's color scheme. Very creditable shades come in an imitation of parchment, if the latter is too expensive.

You have an admirable wall here for pictures, if you have two or three good color prints. In the absence of pictures, colorful pottery is excellent against the plaster. And by all means, have two or three pottery bowls in good color, to hold flowers in season, to grow bulbs in, perhaps, when the garden's days are over, and to be cheerful of themselves in between times.

THE architect suggests that the color scheme in the dining room might take on a trifle more vividness. If the walls have been restrained in this use of yellow in the living room, it would be quite in order to deepen their hue a bit in the dining room, if desired; or they may be treated in exactly the same way in both rooms—never a bad idea when the two open into each other in such

intimate fashion. What happier selection than a gate-leg table and slat-backed chairs for this room? The slat-backs, by their open design, increase the feeling of space in the room. With these I should like what is commonly called a Welsh dresser, on the open shelves of which a very few pieces of colorful china or pottery would have an excellent effect. As to the wood—dark oak would be thoroughly in keeping, or if you prefer it, you might choose walnut.

At the windows, I would strongly advise the use of the same material for side curtains as is used in the living room. This plan not only creates a feeling of harmony throughout but gives an impression of greater space. If a patterned material is used in the living room and you prefer not to use the same thing in the dining room windows, then by all means use a striped fabric in the same colorings. The blue might be developed more in this room by bringing it out in the rug—one with a small close pattern in the centre and a border of blue would be a happy choice. For table linens, cream colored linen crash suggests itself automatically, and on some sets of runners and doilies, simple embroideries in the prevailing colors would be good.

I omitted so far to mention glass-curtains for these two rooms. I think that a plain ecru net would be an admirable choice if glass curtains are to be used. If the view is good, I should let them hang plain and straight, with three inch hem at the bottom, and push them well back to the sides of the windows.

Let us turn now to the bedrooms. Furniture that follows the straight lines of the suite in our illustration, is always an admirable choice for the bungalow bedroom. It would be pleasant to do these rooms one in dark wood and one with a light painted suite. Just what pieces you select depends chiefly upon the occupant of the room. The low dressing table, with its bench or stool or low-backed chair, is the invariable choice of a woman; a man feels lost without his high chest of commodious drawers. The needs of the individual will dictate the choice of pieces, which in a room approximately twelve feet square, must not be too numerous.

For the light room, we might choose a warm gray for the walls and paint the furniture a delicious apple green. At the windows, just one set of curtains—frilled apple-green organdy—and these drawn back, if you like, and caught with a green cord and tassel. Perhaps you would like a washable rag rug for the floor, choosing one with a gray field and bordered with rose and mauve and a touch of green. Let the bedspread, table-covers and so on, be white, and the lights and small accessories, show tones of rose and mauve.

For the other bedroom, furniture of walnut or maple might well be chosen. Blue is always delightful with these woods, so why not the rug of rich deep blue? Palest apricot for the walls would be lovely and it might deepen to peach tones for the lights, etcetera. Apricot runners for the tables, and a bedspread of apricot repp, bound with peach, would be charming. Small light pattern in the wall paper would be completely in harmony, and would be a change from the plain walls in the other rooms. With such a wall paper, plain curtains of peach casement cloth would be good, over plain cream net glass curtains.

As to the kitchen—as has already been said, its furnishing is highly specialized, but we might go so far as to indicate a pleasant color scheme. With all the rooms on one floor, I should keep the kitchen in harmony with the others—cream walls, blue and tan linoleum, furniture painted Dutch blue and cheerful blue gingham at the windows.



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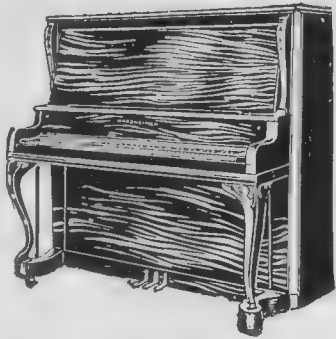
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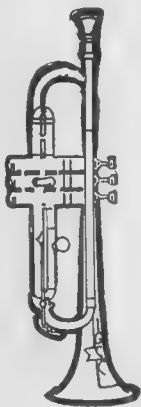
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Second Chance

Continued from page 9

Myrtle fitted in beautifully in Garden Hills although the group drank a little more than the folks in Galesville and were a little difficult to understand sometimes, for they, too, were full of references to things she didn't know about and told jokes she did not think particularly funny. Nice people, though, with children and homes of their own, who kept one servant and a car and were usually worried about money.

Myrtle was fatter now, and had quite a double chin, which she was always making ineffectual efforts to get rid of—a trip to a beauty parlor, a new kind of massage, an ice treatment. She bobbed her hair when it became fashionable and felt that it made her look younger, though she had to wear clothes a trifle older in cut than would have been necessary if she had been more slender.

She was a careful mother; sent her children to a private school in the neighborhood as they grew older and to dancing school on Saturday mornings, when, clad in scant chiffon draperies, they learned peculiar dancing steps. George thought the dancing ridiculous, but left the education of the children entirely to Myrtle. The children were inclined to be a bit exhibitionistic and conceited, as are so many modern children, and George was glad to have them out of the way when he was at home, though he was fond of them and exceedingly worried when they were ill.

George, too, seemed to fit into the life of Garden Hills. He had grown tired of his artistic acquaintances, and although one or two of them still came to see them he actually preferred the men in Garden Hills, though most of them were engaged in quite commercial enterprises. He liked golf, he enjoyed driving his car, the semi-formal dinners, the Saturday night parties, the affairs at the Country Club.

HE WAS doing fairly well, although he realized now that he would not succeed in an artistic way as he had hoped when he was a boy. He was recognized as a good commercial artist, and his drawings in wash appeared as illustrations for stories and advertisements in the better magazines.

Then, when he was forty-two, George Warener met and fell in love with Celia Scott. Curiously enough, George met Celia in Garden Hills at the Morriltons' one Saturday night. She was spending the week-end there and fitted but poorly into the Saturday night festivities. Ordinarily George would have been slightly put out with any woman who had not seemed at home in the group. Now, suddenly, the entire group seemed cheap, foolish. He, himself, had been carrying on just a little with Bessie Clinton, and now Mrs. Clinton's giggles and her coyness offended him.

He saw Myrtle with fresh eyes, as he felt Celia must see her—a fat, middle-aged woman, her bobbed hair streaked with gray, her profile lost in her double chin. Myrtle laughing too loudly at everything. Myrtle, her voice always strident, seemed to be talking all the time. When he danced with her he noticed how heavy she was. Her skin looked blotchy and there were little red veins around her nose, which had broadened and flattened a little during the years.

Myrtle's former cute little profile—small, straight nose, rounded chin—had lost most of its contour and all of its charm. Her rather prominent front teeth seemed to stick out more and the one new false tooth did not exactly match the others.

He was forty-two and Myrtle—why, Myrtle was forty-one. Middle-aged! Decidedly. Myrtle had acquired a smug contentment. Well, why shouldn't Myrtle be contented? Didn't she have him for a husband, a fine home, a servant, a good-looking car—they had a new one that spring—everything she wanted?

George felt then that Myrtle looked—and acted, too—at least ten years older than he did. He didn't feel old and he knew he didn't look his forty-two years. To be sure, he was stouter than he had been as a boy, and when he didn't exercise in the winter, he was inclined to be pouchy. His hair was getting slightly gray at the temples, but women frequently told him that this only made him distinguished-looking. His hair was receding too, but he told himself that his forehead wasn't much higher than it had been for years.

Celia Scott! He said the name over and over to himself. A lovely name. Celia! It was a name you could write poetry about. Celia was tall and quite slender. Her eyes were blue-gray and a trifle prominent. She didn't talk much and seemed apart, as if she viewed the group from a distance and yet with a great amount of understanding.

When George danced with her he felt a thrill that he had not thought he was capable of. Her body was supple and warm and yielding. In spite of the fashions Myrtle and most of her group were tightly corseted, and though Myrtle's figure had changed from the narrow waist of her girlhood, she accomplished the more modern straight lines only by wearing tight underthings. Celia was uncorseted, straight, and slim.

In a conversation about ages, Celia admitted to being twenty-four. George was delighted. He had no way of knowing that Celia was really twenty-seven. Her rather light-brown hair was bobbed and she wore it almost straight, in contrast to the women in Garden Hills, whose hair was forever being waved. Myrtle had a permanent now, but it was not a great success, for it made her hair almost woolly looking.

It was early spring, which may have been one of the reasons for George Warener's emotions. He felt as if a sleeping stream inside of him had suddenly broken through to the surface. He felt young and eager and alive.

When he suggested that Celia go for a drive with him he felt like a boy sneaking away from school, although the ride itself was not an unusual proceeding. At the Saturday night parties some of them were always going driving to the delicatessen store or the drug store or going out for a short drive "to get a breath of air." You got teased, but nothing serious came of it. Now, when Celia nodded her acceptance, George was happier than he had been in a long time.

HE WAS glad he had a new car. He drove Celia through the quiet streets of Garden Hills, pointing out the houses of the more important people. When Celia talked to him he felt a tightening of his throat. He did not even feel guilty when he heard himself laughing with Celia at his own little group. He was conscious that he had been aware all the time how foolish they were. He did not realize that this was the only social life he had had or had wanted for years.

"A man like you," said Celia, "an artist—I don't understand how you can be content with these people. The Morriltons are darlings—they are sort of ninth cousins of mine—but, I wouldn't think of taking them seriously."

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Once in a while I'm forced to come out to see them and I'm usually bored to death. I never thought I'd meet any one like you here."

Why, of course he was an artist. He didn't belong in a group like this, a little group of middle-aged, stupid people. The men were practically all commercial, the women silly, giggling things. He explained to Celia that this was Myrtle's crowd, that she had to have some social life and that he "lived within himself."

"Of course," said Celia, "only I don't know how you can stand it; you're awfully brave not to complain—"

Celia, it seemed, was an actress, although she was not working at present. All alone, self-supporting, valiant.

Later, when they were back at the Morriltions', George said how difficult it was for him to get a model for a story he was illustrating for one of his magazines. He was almost overcome when Celia asked if she could pose for him.

When Celia appeared two days later at his studio in town, where he did most of his work, she seemed even more charming than ever. She was frailer than he had remembered her and there were slight violet shadows under her eyes. She was delicate and needed protection, and was all alone in the city, and fat, stupid Myrtle had a home and a servant and had him to look out for her.

The poses were simple and Celia took them excellently. George managed to stretch the work out over several months, which meant long talks about life, and teas and lunches together. When it was over he continued to see Celia. It was easy enough to make excuses for staying in town, for he had old friends and had made a number of business acquaintances with whom it was good to keep up a social relationship.

There were parties in town, too, to which he was invited, given by friends and by the organizations to which he belonged. Once he had taken Myrtle to these, but when most of the conversation proved incomprehensible to her and she grew bored he had got into the habit of going alone. For years he had scarcely gone at all. Now he took Celia to these parties. This was quite all right according to the modern standards of those who attended the parties. George didn't think it necessary to make any report to Myrtle concerning his evenings in town.

In the summer, although it was cooler in Garden Hills than in town, Myrtle insisted on going away with the children for a month or so. She took a cottage in Connecticut, and George promised to run up week-ends. The maid would see to his comforts in the Garden Hills house as usual.

WITH Myrtle out of town George was with Celia almost constantly. She had formerly shared her apartment with a girl, but the girl was now playing stock in Philadelphia. Celia and George had dinner together nearly every evening at one of Celia's favorite restaurants. She was rather particular about food.

"I'd rather go without eating anything if I cannot have the best," she would say. "I don't mind being hungry, but I do mind eating mediocre food. I hate anything commonplace. I'd rather not have anything if I can't have something really good."

Funny. That's the way George felt, although he had never expressed it quite that way. He grew more particular about himself, discarding the decent underthings Myrtle had got him and substituting more expensive things bought in shops he had never even thought of visiting before he met Celia. He began getting good ties and choosing his shirts with great care. When he had a suit made he went to a new

tailor, paying almost double the price he had paid before and getting one of a slightly younger cut. He had "let himself go" dreadfully.

Of course Myrtle hadn't meant to make an old man of him but, getting old herself, she hadn't realized what she was doing. With Celia he felt particularly happy and care-free. She was so pleased over everything he did for her, over things that Myrtle would have taken as a matter of course. Oh, to be sure, he didn't bring Myrtle flowers except for birthdays, nor candy, save the usual Saturday box, but if he had brought things for Myrtle she probably wouldn't have appreciated them.

Celia gave little cries of delight at his gifts and told him how clever he was to get just the things she wanted. She made him feel as if he were courting her, as if he were a mere boy. They would dance together and then go for long drives. In September Myrtle came back to town and Celia got a small part in a company leaving New York.

At once life became absolutely unbearable to George Warener. The comfortable home, the regular meals, the bridge parties, the Saturday night festivities became gray, tiresome, ridiculous. Why, he had been going with a set of middle-aged people not alive to what was going on, buried in themselves, satisfied with narrow gossip and parodies of affection! He became curiously aware of the shortcomings of every one around him. What a silly couple the Clintons were! Had he actually thought he liked Bessie Clinton? The Morriltions were all right, but settled, middle-aged, stodgy. The Brennings were the most uninteresting couple in the world, and the Houstons were always quarreling—they were climbers, too. He couldn't stand it. That was all.

Celia was playing in Wilmington. He wired her that he was coming; made an inadequate excuse for the trip and met her there. After the show that night he asked her if she would marry him if he got a divorce.

TWO weeks later George took a bachelor apartment in New York and wrote a long letter to Myrtle telling her he was through. It was a brutal thing to do. Myrtle meant well and he was fond of her, in a way. She had done all she could—it wasn't as if she had ever been interested, seriously, in another man, or had neglected him or the children. She dressed with as much style as her figure allowed. She was good fun, jolly. She was a good housekeeper. The house was comfortable and always clean and yet not too immaculate for comfort.

It was just that he had grown away from Myrtle—he had stayed young while she had grown old. He wanted his chance for happiness. Why, Celia had pointed out to him how much more out of life he was entitled to than he was getting! He was an artist! Celia thought that he had been neglected, in a hundred ways, doing things that would help him. He had never cared anything about publicity and she had let him see that a little publicity would be excellent for him—would raise his prices, make him better known. He had got in with this middle-aged Garden Hills crowd and they hadn't a thought above golf or bridge.

George asked Myrtle to get a divorce at once. He would give her the Garden Hills house and enough alimony so she would be comfortable. He hated giving up the children, of course, but then he really never knew quite what to say to them—wasn't with them much—and although he was awfully fond of them, in a way, he knew that Celia wouldn't want to take care of them even if Myrtle had been willing to part with them. After all, a daughter's place was

Continued on page 76

Why Are Some People UNDERNOURISHED In the Midst of Plenty?



Eat This Delicious Food for These Good Reasons



WRONG food is the evil today—not lack of food. We eat too much of highly "refined" foods, designed to satisfy the *Appetite* rather than the *Body*. That is why you will find in the finest homes in the land people lacking in energy, low in vitality, suffering from nervousness and "breakdowns" in the best years of their lives!

Set *Your* body right. Get from *Your* daily diet the certain essential elements of nutrition that your body needs for energy, health and strength.

GRAPE-NUTS was originated by a food expert to supply to the body these essential elements of nutrition: Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for energy; iron to enrich the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body building; and the essential vitamin-B.

Grape-Nuts is a perfectly-balanced food!

And a delicious food! For in the small, crisp kernels of Grape-Nuts, two healthful grains are combined—whole wheat and malted barley. Their flavors are brought out more richly, more fully, in Grape-Nuts

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The special baking process by which Grape-Nuts is made prepares it for digestion—And Grape-Nuts is a *crisp* food, a food you like to chew—thus giving teeth and gums exercise.

Four teaspoonfuls with milk or cream is sufficient Grape-Nuts for each person. Grape-Nuts comes to you, in a wax-wrapped package ready to eat with milk or cream. Very economical—each serving costs less than one cent. Ask for it at your grocer's to-day, or take advantage of the following offer.

"A Book of Better Breakfasts—and two servings of Grape-Nuts, FREE!"

Mail the coupon and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts free. We will send, also, "A Book of Better Breakfasts" written by a former college physical director. Follow these delightful menus and form the habit of healthful breakfasts.

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40-40-20 is the name and registered trade mark of a new paint in paste or liquid form for outside painting. It is made in Canada by Canadian manufacturers according to the specifications of The New Jersey Zinc Co. These manufacturers are therefore authorized to use the 40-40-20 trade mark.

This paint contains no lead. Its pigment consists of 40% XX Zinc Oxide, 40% Albalith (the super-lithopone) and 20% inerts. As the pigments XX Zinc Oxide and Albalith are permanently and extremely white with superior hiding power, 40-40-20 is a paint that is supremely white—and one that will stay white.

40-40-20 is a high-grade outside white paint. It is easy to brush out. It has great hiding power. It does not turn yellow. It wears well. 40-40-20 gives a lasting beauty to your home.

A booklet giving the complete story of 40-40-20 will be sent free on request.

If your dealer does not have 40-40-20 write to any of the following authorized manufacturers of 40-40-20 who will tell you where it is sold.

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St. Boniface - Winnipeg.
THE LOWE BROTHERS CO., LTD., - - - Toronto
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A. RAMSAY & SON COMPANY - - - - - Montreal

The New Jersey Zinc Company

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MONTREAL TORONTO



Second Chance

Continued from page 75

with her mother. If there had been sons, now, he wouldn't have given them up so easily. It was just like Myrtle to have girls instead of boys!

Because he stayed in town George did not see any of the Garden Hills crowd, but he knew how they talked when Myrtle told them. He could see Myrtle being a martyr, noble, misunderstood. He was even indifferent as to what tone she took about the affair or what people said. Just so she'd get a divorce! Away from Myrtle he couldn't believe that he had spent sixteen years with her. He felt absolutely apart, separated completely from his old life. Sixteen years—he had been married when he was twenty-six and he was forty-two now. Nearly forty-three. Oh, well, he was having his chance—a second chance. More than some folks got.

Nervous days. Red tape. Talks with lawyers. His lawyer. Myrtle's lawyer. Myrtle with a lawyer! Myrtle secured her divorce. In six months he was free.

AS SOON as possible after the divorce was granted George and Celia were married. George took an elaborate studio apartment in West Fifty-seventh Street. It was more expensive than he could afford, for he had two households to support now, but he knew Celia's fondness for nice things.

He felt the things Celia told him were quite true—if he had the right kind of studio in New York he would get in with people who could help him make a real success. No reason why he couldn't be rich and famous! The studio was a duplex with two bedrooms and a bath on a small balcony. Celia insisted on having her own bedroom—she was not accustomed to sleeping with anyone.

In spite of his infatuation for Celia, when he tried to settle down again, George found it rather difficult to work with her around. He was not accustomed to working with anyone except his model, and although Celia had once modeled for him, now their relations were changed. It was harder to concentrate. She posed for him a little, but didn't like to sit still very long. It tired her.

George began to learn new things about marriage. Myrtle had had the old-fashioned Galesville idea that it was the man who had to be considered. His meals had always been on time even when they had lived in the cheap studio in the Village. There were always ash-trays conveniently placed, his favorite paper where he wanted it, clean pajamas hanging in his closet.

He had never noticed it, but Myrtle had kept his socks darned, had seen to it that he changed his underthings regularly. She had even put the studs in his dinner-shirt, had arranged his clothes in his dresser-drawers. There were things he couldn't eat, that made him too fat or didn't agree with him, and these had never been on the table. Now, Celia liked the role of helplessness—wanted to be waited on, cared for.

OF COURSE Celia couldn't cook. He hadn't expected her to. They had planned to get their own breakfasts in the kitchenette and to go out for their dinners. In order to increase his income George took a half-time job with an advertising agency, such as he had had a number of years before. This meant getting to the office around half past nine and staying until one o'clock.

Celia made a few ineffectual attempts to get up in the morning and prepare breakfast for him, but after a few months he got in the habit of not expecting her. He would tiptoe to her

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Rice and Romance

Continued from page 24

likely as not to leave her new handbag in the train and as for the groom, if his groomsman hadn't bought the tickets for him and looked after all the other little chores he'd probably have started off without anything to show the conductor but a radiant smile. To be sure, no conductor would ever throw a pair of newly-weds off the train, for most conductors have been married themselves; but it sometimes happens that a bride and groom run up against a crusty bachelor ticket-puncher, and then the situation is apt to be less easily handled.

AT ten-fifteen the major was roused by the sharp voice of a spinster lady sitting next to him. She was giving advice to her niece, a bride, who stood before her listening with absent-minded politeness, while she waited for her brand new hubby to come back with the evening paper.

"—and my dear, *whatever* you do, don't make a doormat of yourself for any man!"

"Bah!" said the major, hunching himself round to face the other way. But there was a married aunt or friend too, for soon he heard another voice:

"Now, Mabel dear, I *do* hope that you and Jack will be happy. But always remember that it takes two to make a quarrel. John and I always got along because I never forgot the two chief rules for handling a husband. I pass them on to you, my dear—Feed Him and Flatter Him."

"Huh," grunted the major to himself.

During a brief lull one of the redcaps came and sat down beside the major.

"It sure is a relief to set here awhile an' rest my dogs," he said.

"Aren't you letting a lot of tips get away from you?" inquired the major with heavy irony.

"You said it," returned the tired boy, "but at that I ain't done so bad. Nineteen of 'em off that last train—and all of 'em so goofy they didn't care what they spent. One feller gave me a dollar."

"In my day," remarked the major, "a handy-boy around a railway station was satisfied with a five-cent honorarium."

"Aw, tell it to Sweeney!"

"Young man—" the major was beginning impressively, but the boy cut in on him with a cheerful impudence so characteristic of modern youth:

"You ol' mossbacks give me a pain in the heart! Say, maybe y' think us guys don't *work*? People travel with a lot more truck than they did in your day. J'ever see the inside of a checking room on Thursday afternoon?"

"Can't say that I have."

"Well, it's worth a visit. Take it from me."

"Why Thursday particularly?"

Young Woman and Her Problem

Continued from page 48

A WAVE of interest is moving towards healthful physical perfection. Fifteen thousand mothers were in a recent competition for the healthiest mother. Doctors are centering their interests on preventive work. An organization has just been formed in Winnipeg which is a branch of the Dominion body known as the Health League. The objects of this league are to promote conditions to preserve and foster the home and home life as the foundation of a healthy society, and for the development of healthy bodies and sane minds in Canadian citizens so that the moral life in the community may be improved. An educational programme is planned.

Young women who are healthy are strong in any line of work that interests them and they are attractive—as a rule. Every girl wants to look well.

ATTENDANTS have found that in asylums and sanitariums, beauty parlors help in curing demented women, so they have had beauty parlors equipped in these institutions. As soon as the first beauty parlor was opened in a state hospital, the doctors noticed distinct improvement in the mental patients. Women who were sunk in hopeless stupor began taking new interest in life and inquired about their friends after being

"Why, on account of all the poor fish that get married Wednesday. I'm gonna get me a new job. Guess what? Soaking the labels off honeymoon baggage! A cinch I'd never be one o' the out-o-works. Wow! Cowbells, saucepans, old shoes an' assorted plasters—an' then that ain't the half of it. The so-called humorists that tie the junk on don't forget to make a good job of it. Last week we had a couple suitcases that it woulda took Houdini himself to untangle. We had t'use a file and saw on them."

"There ought to be a law—" began the major sternly.

"Aw, what's bitin' yuh? It's only once in a lifetime for the dear innocents that have th' job of payin' for it. Yeh, we charge a little extra. It may be just once in a lifetime for them but its every Thursday in the week for us, y'see. Only fair."

"Oh, I'll leave it to the railways to come out with a safe margin!"

"Say, you're one fine large gloom, ain'tcha!" remarked the boy. "Bet you never were married in your life."

"Young man, I can't see that it's any affair of yours—"

"Sorehead!"

"Bah!" said the major.

But when the train from the coast finally did pull in he straightened up, set his hat at a jaunty angle, fingered the carnation in his buttonhole to make sure it was still there, pulled his lavender-bordered hanky a trifle higher out of his pocket, twirled his cane smartly, tapped his cravat and made for the big gates with a brisk step.

And the important person he met and greeted warmly was a young—well, comparatively young—and spirited woman, who looked like a consolable widow. She was pretty and well-groomed and she wore a solitaire diamond on her hand. The arch glance she sent the major told a story that wasn't hard to interpret—and he took her arm firmly in one of his, tucked his cane under his other and made a point of carrying her grip himself. A blind man might have seen that she was neither his wife, sister, daughter, aunt, cousin, niece, nor any blood relation whatsoever. It chanced that the same redcap passed them as they entered the rotunda.

"Carry your grip, sir?"

"No!" said the major gruffly. Then:

"Yes, yes. Here, take it."

As the youth accepted a half-dollar tip he winked slyly.

"When's yours coming off, old sporting life?" he whispered.

"Bah," said the major.

But he grinned a trifle sheepishly as he spoke—and took a firmer grip of his fair companion's arm.



The Inside Story of Keystone's Hidden Quality

THE most important feature of a hair brush is the locking of the bristles in the back of the brush.

The diagram above shows the exacting care with which all Keystone Hair Brushes are made. The long, stiff, pure-white Russian bristles are everlastingly locked into place. Neither water, time nor hard service can unloosen their grip. These lively bristles are set in uneven length to penetrate through to the scalp, to stimulate the hair roots and promote hair health.

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A successful cook is always glad to pass on little secrets of her success. One of the practical hints most often given is "use Borden's St. Charles Milk wherever the recipe calls for milk." Its creamy richness makes it the ideal unsweetened cooking milk, whether for soups, sauces, cakes or pastry. If your baking results have been disappointing try St. Charles Milk in place of ordinary milk and note the improvement.

St. G. 32-26

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ST. CHARLES MILK
USE IT WHEREVER THE RECIPE CALLS FOR MILK

"I Don't Know What I'd Do Without Them"



"I CALL them my 'servants'—though I suppose there never was any servant who gave me so little cause for complaint."

"On this grill, I can cook quite a complete meal right on the table. For a quick little luncheon or before-bedtime snack like this, it's simply ideal."

"Oh yes—you can boil, broil, roast or fry on it—any two at once if you like."

"The percolator, too. Isn't it a beauty? But wait till you taste the coffee it makes. Tom says it's the best coffee he ever drank. Of course it's made at the table."

"Yes—I have a toaster too—one of the 'reversible' kind that turns the toast without handling, or burning your fingers. Oh, a Hotpoint of course—all my 'servants' are Hotpoints. It was my Hotpoint Iron that first introduced me to the family. Now we are old friends."

You, too, will find Hotpoint appliances true Servants for the Home. To ensure satisfaction, look for the Hotpoint name on all the electrical appliances you purchase. All good electric stores and hydro shops sell them.

Hotpoint

Servants for the Home

**Electric Toasters, Grills,
Percolators, Irons, Ranges
Vacuum Cleaners, Etc.**

A Canadian General Electric Product

Second Chance

Continued from page 76

door, turn the knob quietly, peep in. Usually he would find her fast asleep, her pretty arms above her head, the Georgette gown slipped off one fair shoulder. Celia loved attractive lingerie. A flimsy negligee hung over one chair, thin stockings and a step-in of pastel-colored georgette over another. The room smelled of perfume and sachet in spite of the open window.

WHEN Celia was awake, though she was usually not in a pleasant mood in the morning, she slipped into her negligee and helped him prepare breakfast, but as time passed George found her asleep more and more frequently when he looked in. He prepared breakfast for himself in the kitchenette—toast, coffee, a bit of jam. He missed his chilled grapefruit, the bright dining room, with Myrtle in a fresh morning dress pouring coffee. Oh, of course, Myrtle was stupid—he knew that, still—

After a while he stopped trying to get his own breakfast, eating in a restaurant in the basement, though that meant there wasn't any coffee for Celia when she woke up. Usually he squeezed the juice of an orange in a glass for her so she'd have it the first thing.

He didn't like the office job after years of having his own hours. It was the same agency that he had been with before, but there were new men in the art department and their work was odd—full of peculiar grotesqueries—drawings a bit out of line and proportion. They rather laughed at him for his conservativeness. When he put the modern touches into his drawings they seemed out of place, so he stuck to his old methods. They were good—other artists were using them—no reason why he had to change.

At noon he would stop in for a bite at a restaurant, meet a friend sometimes. He got into the habit of going to places where he could get something to drink, get cheered up, and then he'd go back home to his studio in Fifty-seventh Street for an afternoon's work.

CELIA got him several commissions for portraits—an old woman, a young girl, a stout business man. The subjects were not especially inspiring, but he was glad to get the opportunity for portraits and was heartened by Celia's interest in his work. The three portraits were exhibited in his studio and were greatly praised. Only one was ever paid for. This was a start. With Celia's help there was nothing he couldn't achieve.

Celia liked the theatre a great deal, and although George professed an interest in it and had always felt that he kept up with plays, he really had not gone more than on an average of once every two weeks. Now he was bored at most of the plays, although he liked revues a great deal. Celia liked to go on opening nights and encouraged him into thinking that this would be good for him too.

"You want to be thought of as a success, and the way to succeed is to let people think you have already succeeded. They're talking enough now about the divorce—now you are just ready to become someone. Let them see you are getting ahead."

George had already thought of himself as a fair success, established and rather well settled before he met Celia, but he saw her point of view. He was much in love with her and was glad of this opportunity to display her. He found that the kind of clothes Celia liked cost far more than those Myrtle had worn. This rather pleased him.

Myrtle's clothes had been without distinction, and Celia knew just what to buy. People turned around to look at her even if they did not know who she was.

AT THE theatre he met old acquaintances whom he had nearly forgotten and made a few but not especially important ones. Celia had rather dwelt upon the fact that she knew innumerable famous people, but George found that she had met these people usually on only one occasion and that they did not remember her.

Celia liked to dance after the theatre at one of the more popular restaurants, and for a while George enjoyed dancing too. It was different from dancing to phonograph records on Saturday nights in Garden Hills. Sometimes Celia would invite one or two couples to go with them—young people whom she had gone with before her marriage or older people whom she thought George ought to know. George always had to pay the bills, and there were few invitations in return. He didn't mind this. He believed in paying his share, and if his share just now was not like "going Dutch" in the old Garden Hills crowd he was just as glad.

Nothing ever came of these meetings with people whom Celia introduced him to, but he enjoyed the dances. They gave him a feeling of youth—a feeling he had never had even when he had been young. Then he had been earnest and ambitious and had little money to spend—had never been able to go to restaurants at night at all. He congratulated himself on the fact that he had been able to get away from Myrtle and the stifling Garden Hills life—had been able to get a chance—almost a second youth.

It was hard to get up in the morning after these parties, and Celia was always asleep. That meant going to the basement restaurant for breakfast. It was not pleasant having breakfast alone in a restaurant with a slight hangover from the night before. Oh, well, he had got what he wanted.

George had thought the balls given by the societies to which he belonged were rather silly affairs, and when he and Myrtle had gone they had always worn the simplest costumes permissible and had been almost onlookers. Now, under Celia's directions, he and she attended these affairs dressed in magnificent costumes which Celia planned. Celia maneuvered so as to meet people—even to get their pictures in the paper. She told him that she was glad she could get him out of the rut into which he had fallen.

"You would have been an old man in five years if I hadn't come along," she would say.

The first winter passed pleasantly enough. George was still madly in love with Celia. If she annoyed him by her selfishness and her lack of thoughtfulness for his comfort, he blamed himself—felt that Myrtle's pampering had spoiled him.

WHEN summer came they took a furnished house in an artists' colony in Westchester County. George was afraid to give up his half-time salary job and it proved too strenuous to commute every day, so he went out only for week-ends. Celia told him that she was making friends which would be valuable for them next winter. George missed his golf, for now he could play only on week-ends, and not always then, for Celia did not play golf and was always asking people in to tea on Sunday and was cross if George was not there.

"I see so little of you now," she would pout; "I'd think you'd want to be with me every minute you could. What's the use of coming at all if you don't take advantage of meeting people while you're here?"

She would tell him the gossip of the place, but he couldn't feel greatly interested in it because he was not close enough to the people. Toward the end of the summer he wondered why the gossip and the life which Celia enjoyed were so different from those she had made fun of in Garden Hills. Little people, little scandals. The life here was a little faster; that is, the indiscretions were more serious. Otherwise the two communities were much alike.

At the Westchester resort the homes were larger and the people themselves were perhaps more important, but the life they led was essentially the same—more gossip perhaps and less bridge, dancing to the same records or newer records of the phonograph, drives in the moonlight afterward—It had been he and Myrtle who had gone driving, usually. Now it was Celia—no harm in it—men who were nice to her all week when he was in town—no need for jealousy—

In another year George was able to give up his salary position. He got several important commissions. He was not able to drop advertising work altogether, also Celia looked forward to the time when could be a "real artist," and get away from all this "commercial stuff."

ALTHOUGH he felt he still loved Celia, an unrest began to take hold of him. It was partly the studio. He was used to living in larger quarters. In the studio you couldn't walk around. One room—a miniature stairs, two cubby-holes. Celia was satisfied—she could spend hours curled up on a couch with a book or magazine. They took a larger apartment finally. This was more expensive, of course, and gave George a little more to worry about.

George did not enjoy the activities Celia planned as much as he had formerly. After all he was, well—forty-five, and forty-five isn't young even when you are married to a pretty girl who believes that you are quite youthful.

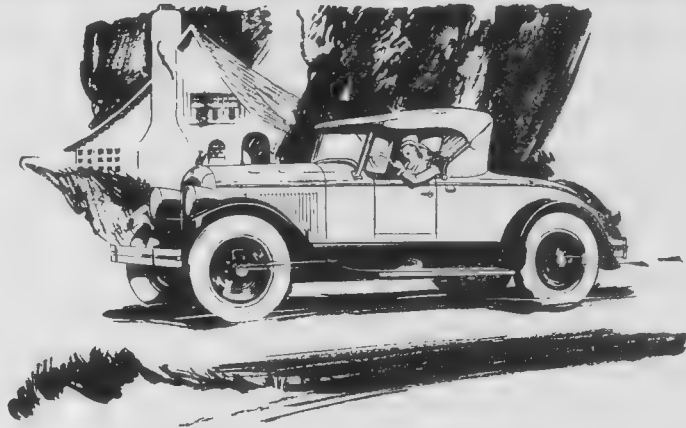
Did Celia really believe he was youthful, that he had the boyish spirit she used to talk so much about? He wondered. He had found out little things about Celia. She had said she was twenty-four when she first met him, but he knew now that she had been several years older. She had surrounded herself with mystery, with talk of great popularity, and because George had known that Myrtle, with far less attractiveness, had really been popular when a girl, he had taken it for granted that Celia had been besieged by many admirers.

Now, when he met some of Celia's old friends they proved to be unimportant, penniless young fellows or business men with far less money and position than he possessed. He found, too, that Celia had spent four or five years in New York attempting to get on the stage and during all that time had had several not at all important jobs and many months of idleness. She had had to write her people to send her money, and finally they had refused to assist her further. Celia spoke casually of going back on the stage, but she did not have any offers, did not possess any particular talent.

AS THE months passed, George found himself working very hard, and he seemed to get less out of life than he had before. He could not afford to keep a car in town, but anyhow Celia thought a car unnecessary—there was

Continued on page 80

Men and Women Who Know Prefer Chrysler "70"



Men and women who are judges of performance and who appreciate inbuilt quality in motor cars, have unhesitatingly expressed their preference for Chrysler "70".

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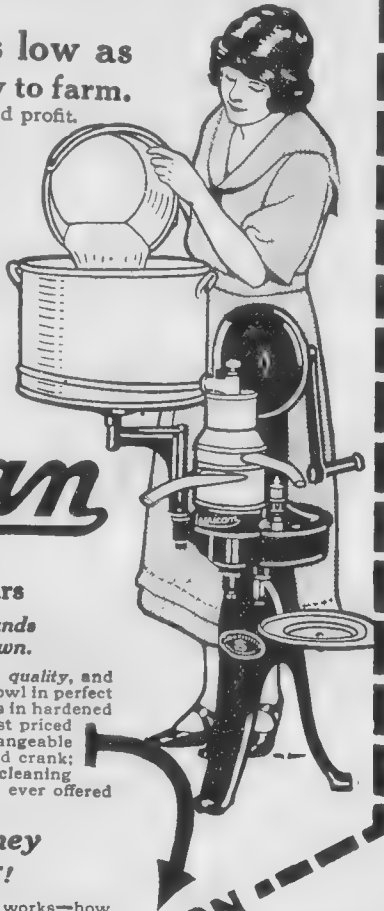
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An idea of the progress made can be gained by the reference to the Annual Report of the Company appearing in the news columns of this issue.

MANITOBA CO-OPERATIVE DAIRIES LIMITED

844 Sherbrook Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Second Chance

Continued from page 79

a taxi the second you wanted it. But he had enjoyed his car—the feel of the wheel under his hands, the sense of power and possession it gave him. The people he went with took him most casually, and even when they visited him and drank his Scotch he felt a lack of the friendliness he had found in the old Garden Hills set.

Celia's conduct did not please him. When she found that he did not care for symphony concerts she went with younger men. The group they were in now thought it was quite all right for married women to accept other men as escorts, so he had no legitimate complaint. Even in Garden Hills they had laughingly accepted "boy friends," but now they seemed a serious menace to his happiness.

When they danced, too, after the theatre, Celia liked to dance with men far younger than he was, and on nights when he was too tired to dance she even suggested that he go home and let her stay. He stayed, of course, but he did not make an especially agreeable companion, sitting there a bit gloomy and not at all in the supposed spirit of the evening.

GEORGE knew now that Celia was absolutely selfish and self-centred. She did little things for him, of course—looked over his clothes in a perfunctory way, sent out the laundry, but she cared nothing for home-making. They had one maid in the new apartment, but when the maid was not there—and Celia was always finding out that servants were taking advantage of her or weren't efficient, and firing them, or the servants would lose their tempers and leave—things were very unpleasant.

Celia spent hours over her toilet—wore negligees around the house, had a way of lying on a couch seemingly lost in introspection for hours at a time. She did not seem to read a great deal, although she always had a book in her hand. George noticed with amusement sometimes that she would moon over the same book for weeks, but it was always a book that was being talked about or was considered a bit superior. She never read the more popular fiction that Myrtle had liked and that George dipped into when he read at all.

Celia's temper was uncertain. She grew impatient and cross over some almost infinitesimal matter and to George's surprise often flew into a rage over something he considered of no importance. After her fits of temper she would be charming for a few days, but George could not forget the things she said on these occasions—unbelievably sharp and hateful things about his appearance, his sense of humor, his understanding.

George found that Celia was interested in no one except herself, and that, with her self-absorption, went a curious mixture of deceit, pretense, and apparent frankness. Celia would tell little fibs whether or not they were necessary, and sometimes George had the feeling that he was being taken in when he was not aware of it.

ONE night in a restaurant he heard something about Myrtle. It was the first direct news he had had in months, though he knew that she was still living in Garden Hills, where she had returned after she got her divorce; that Sylvia and Bernice were still at the same school. Little Martin Brocker, who visited relatives occasionally in Garden Hills, came up to his table, and after the usual inanities—Celia was dancing with another man—said to George:

"I see the first Mrs. Warener is about to take the plunge again."

"I hadn't heard of it," said George a bit stiffly, "but I'm glad, of course—hope she'll be quite happy."

"Yes." Brocker went on, "sells bonds, I believe. I saw him when I was out in Garden Hills a couple of weeks ago—quite a fine fellow—widower, I think—Southerner."

For some reason the news of Myrtle's approaching marriage was a great shock to George. But, after all, why shouldn't Myrtle marry again? He had married—had caused her to get a divorce so that he could marry. He thought of Myrtle's marriage all that evening while he was dancing.

WHEN he was back in his room that night he continued to think of it. Myrtle married again! An inexplicable emotion came over him. Jealousy! That and something more. Why, Myrtle had been his wife; in a way he loved her as he had no other woman. Sixteen years together! Thoughts came to him now—curious thoughts. Why, he had always sort of imagined that she would always be there.

In the back of his head there was the idea, even, that in some way he would get back to her. Stupid? Well, perhaps she was. Weren't other women? He had not found the great sympathy he had thought he would find in Celia.

He thought now of those Garden Hills days, and they seemed more pleasant than any other memories. Those had been nice times—that roomy, clean house with its crisp curtains—comfortable chairs. Funny he had never noticed it then, but even after a party, in the morning the living-room smelled fresh and pleasant. Breakfast was always on time—that had been pleasant too—and the car in the garage to tinker with, the garden, the children, Myrtle with her wide, pleasant smile.

Putting on his pajamas, the silk pajamas that Celia preferred him to wear, he looked at himself in the glass. Well, he wasn't a young man—that was certain. Forty-six! His cheeks were sagging, the skin was flabby under his chin, and there were circles under his eyes, pouches really.

His indigestion had been much worse the last few months and the doctor had advised a careful diet. Myrtle had always watched over what he ate, but it's hard to get the things you want when you're eating in restaurants. Still, Celia had to have fun too. She was young—years younger than he was even if she weren't as young as she said. Nice girl, Celia. Complacent, self-centered. Well, what of it? She must have cared for him—she married him, didn't she?

Myrtle—those pleasant days at Garden Hills, sitting near the fireplace in winter, half asleep, bridge games with some of the neighbors, and the little intimate neighborhood jokes. Those Saturday nights with the Clintons and the Brennings and the Morrilltons. Did they still meet every Saturday night now? Did they think of him sometimes? Myrtle married again. She'd keep on living in Garden Hills most likely. The house was hers. They'd take the new man into the crowd, all right—well, a bond salesman would fit in better than an artist anyhow.

With Myrtle married he'd have more money. He'd probably have to support the children, of course, but even so, it would make things easier for him and Celia. He'd talk to his lawyer. It would make Celia happy. Celia—why, she was his wife! He loved Celia. He had given up Myrtle—Garden Hills, everything—for her. Of course. A real love.

The kind of love Myrtle couldn't have understood.

Myrtle—married—he couldn't go back. Why, he couldn't have gone back anyhow. Myrtle would never have taken him back. This was real—not just an interlude. He couldn't get away from Celia—she was his—his second chance. Forty-six—why, he'd keep on living—years and years.

He wasn't an old man even if he were forty-six. Of course not. He tiptoed to Celia's door. Knocked lightly.

There was no answer. He turned the knob slowly so as not to make a noise. Celia's night-lamp was burning; she kept it on all night, and the rose-colored georgette shade threw a pretty glow on her face. Her eyes were closed. Either she was asleep or—or, well, she didn't want to be bothered, anyhow. Oh, well—he could talk to her in the morning—or at dinner-time, if she weren't awake then. He closed the door noiselessly and tiptoed back to his room.

And Eve Beguiled Adam

Continued from page 22

IT WAS a sultry night. Silas, detailed for duty in the kitchen, was "redding-up" after a four-day bachelor occupation. Charley was coming from the stables, his alert shoulders stooped with the weight of the last two pails of evening milk, which he was carrying to the water-tank under the elms, into whose cool depths wisdom prompted that the milk cans should be lowered till morning.

Charley's thoughts were infinitely heavier than the burden he bore. Nita, he reflected for the hundredth time, was now in her element—the luxurious surroundings to which she was born. On her return, the contrast of her own continued inferior home could not help but appeal to her with renewed force. For five years he had fought against the truth. They both had. Why not admit it and be done with it? He was a failure. He couldn't provide for Nita like the Percys of her own set, whom she had refused, would have provided. He had persuaded the girl to a rash choice. It was a bitter admission for him to swallow. What must it be for her?

Suddenly he halted with a start. His lowered glance had encountered a bouquet of rare roses drooping over the corner of the tank. A silk parasol lopped against it. Glancing up, he saw a small fair woman, in a figured voile dress, cascading milk with a long-handled dipper from bucket to bucket of the cooling liquid. Between the rhythmic movements, she studied with narrowed eyelids the contour of the weatherbeaten house beyond the barrage of elms and falling apple-blossoms.

"You back? . . . Already?" Surprise, pleasure, misgiving struggled in his face.

"Certainly I am," the woman faced him with a teasing smile. "I hope you're not disappointed."

He embraced her tenderly, set the pails in the tank, and began with his greater strength the more rapidly cooling process of pouring from pail to pail. He still looked puzzled.

"Is—anything the matter? Didn't they treat you well?"

Nita laughed. "The very best. And Laura was properly indignant I didn't stay my time out, I assure you. But how could I tell her I was actually homesick in her gorgeous bungalow? And that I cried myself to sleep one night in her marvellous walnut bed?"

Light had sprung to his eyes. "Do you mean you could be homesick for . . ."

"Nobody could be for that hot house," nodding through the trees. "But I was for my garden, and the birds, and—my man. There was nothing like any of you—at Laura's."

"And besides . . . Charley, lying there nights and thinking about my orioles and robins, I had an inspiration. All our building problems, that have baffled us and pruned away our enjoyment for five years, clarified in my mind like the mists in the valley there before a healthy wind. We've been so silly. Five of our most blessed young years half wasted. And all the while the very birds have been trying to tell us."

"Tell us—tell us what, Nita?" It had always been hard for staid, responsible Charley to follow his temperamental wife on her meteoric mental excursions.

"Why, to begin at once to possess the thing we want. To take time as we go to enjoy each detail of our progress to the level brim. Not to hurry. Not to save and wait . . . and swallow it all in some final, spectacular gulp . . . Charley, we

can begin on the cement foundation for our kitchen just as well tomorrow as ten years from now. And have ten times the enjoyment. I came home at once to get off to a good start."

Charley was silent. It was plain, after all, that the visit had upset Nita. She had always had her fancies. But never before to equal this. He would have to soothe her. Gravely he rinsed the milk pails at the spout, turned them upside down on fence pickets and protected the uncovered milk for the night with a frame of fine, open steel netting.

Then drawing Nita's hand through his arm, he sought to change the topic as they went toward the house: "I suppose they've a pretty nice home—Laura's?"

"They haven't any home at all," absently. With narrowed eyes she was measuring that portion of airy space lying immediately at the end of the detested Sothern kitchen.

"What! Have they sold—been burned out?" He spoke sharply with surprise.

"Goosey!" forgetting her measurements of the air-space to squeeze his arm. "They've a house, of course. A perfectly stunning place filled with china and curtains and rugs, artistically arranged. But it's not what I call a home. I doubt if Percy and Laura have had a real home since their cottage on Granville street."

"They took me over their bungalow and showed me every new thing they'd bought, swelling with pride when I'd go wild over each chair or table—oh Charley, their antiques are dear! But when I'd wanted to camp out for a bit in each delightful spot and visit and enjoy it—sort of take it to my heart, you know—they'd smile patronizingly and draw me on to exhibit something else . . ."

"Where do you suppose we spent those soft May evenings? Sweltering away in a little January den. And Laura has put in the loveliest new porch set—pale blue enamel, picked out in pink rosebuds. The sole time it occurred to her to use that set was for formal entertaining on my birthday."

They came upon Silas at the stoop. The kitchen reduced to order he had sought relief from the heat by sousing his head in a bucket of water at the pump, and was now alternately mopping and fanning himself with a towel. Beside him lay a strip of clean, but soft, old carpet.

Grinning pleasure at her return, he pulled a damp forelock to Nita. Then, pointing to the carpet:

"If you folks haven't any objection, I'm for camping out in the carriage-house tonight. Seems the only place around these diggings a fellow can scare up any breeze."

"Go to it," consented Charley. "Any comfort you can find a night like this, hold it down."

"Silas has the idea," nodded Nita, seating herself on the grey bench under the Snow, now scattering its short-lived blossoms. "He recognizes a normal, healthy craving for enjoyment when he sees it, and heads directly for it. But poor Percy and Laura have lost the knack. Imagine a Laura who never sings except at some formal function. And a Percy rushing back to an office evenings, working madly to make more money to build a winter place in Florida. They'll never have any more of a home than now if they build from here to Egypt."

"But what's got the matter with them?" puzzled Charley.

Continued on page 86



Spring

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Our Income Tax

By David Cooper, C.A.

THE Income Tax Act while a comparatively new enactment is now accepted as a more or less permanent measure.

The rates are not likely to be changed materially—not for the present at least—although other countries have made substantial reductions in their income taxes, but in the opinion of the writer Canada should seriously set about devising ways and means for the reduction of this direct method of taxation.

Whether or not this reduction can take place we must remember that the Act is a law of our country and as such must be lived up to.

During the legislative session of 1924 and 1925 only one amendment to the

Dominion Income Tax Act was made whereby the clause giving the Government a lien upon the assets of a taxpayer for any unpaid income tax was repealed.

Regulations

The regulations relating to the filling in of forms and the payment of the tax are now fairly well known to the taxpayers, but to again briefly mention these regulations may not be out of place.

1. Employers including companies must file a return on form known as "T-4", not later than March 31st, of salaries and wages paid during the previous calendar year. Employees receiving less than

\$500.00 during the year or receiving pay at a monthly rate less than \$1,000.00 a year need not be included in this report.

2. Joint stock companies must file returns on form known as "T-5", not later than March 31st of all dividends paid to shareholders within the previous calendar year.

3. Joint stock companies and individuals including farmers and ranchers must file, not later than the 30th day of April, a statement of their income for the calendar year.

Taxpayers are required to obtain the necessary forms on which their returns are made from the Inspector of Taxation for the district or from the Post Office.

They are required to fill in the forms

as prescribed and in addition are required to calculate the tax payable. When the returns are filed they should be accompanied by marked cheque for at least 25% of the tax payable.

The whole tax may be paid at once, but if it is desired to pay by instalments the tax may be divided into four payments, the first of which should be paid at the time of filing and the remaining payments at two, four and six months respectively with interest at 6% from the 30th April on the deferred payments. All cheques should be made payable to the Receiver General of Canada.

Penalties

1. For failure to file returns within the time prescribed a penalty of 5% is added to the tax with a maximum limit of \$500.00.

2. Employers incur a penalty of not less than \$2.00 with a maximum of \$50.00 for failure to file returns required to be filed at the end of March.

3. Joint stock companies for the same offence may be fined \$10.00 per day for each day of default with a maximum of \$50.00 in respect of each return required to be filed.

4. Where less than the required 25% is paid at the time of filing the returns in addition to the 6% interest which begins to accrue there is an added penalty of 4% per annum on the amount by which the payment falls short of the 25%.

5. The tax officials have the right to demand any information they may require in order to determine a taxpayer's income. Furthermore the Minister at Ottawa may compel the taxpayer to keep proper books and should the taxpayer fail to keep the necessary books after being requested to do so, or should he fail to give the desired information, he may be fined a penalty of \$25.00 a day for each day until the default is remedied.

6. False statement can be punished by a gaol sentence together with a fine of \$10,000.00.

To Whom Does the Act Apply?

The Dominion Income Tax Law applies to all single persons whose income is over \$1,000.00 a year, or married persons whose income is over \$2,000.00 a year.

Taxable Income

Income is defined as Revenue from salary, fees, bonuses, business profits, rents, interest, dividends and other income, including that received from another country for the calendar year, or, in the case of a business, for the fiscal period ended within the calendar year under report.

There are certain classes of income exempt from taxation, and these may be briefly stated to be:

Interest on Victory Bonds issued free from taxation,

Pensions,

Money made by speculation,

Money received from the sale of a capital asset, (such as a house, when selling houses is not the business of the taxpayer),

Legacies, gifts, proceeds of life insurance policies and annuities.

Expenses Allowed as Deductions

Ordinary business or professional expenses; cost of up-keep including taxes, interest, insurance, repairs, depreciation, etc. of buildings held as investments, but not on the home of the taxpayer.

Interest and other carrying charges on shares, bonds and other investments, but not exceeding the total income received from such investments.

Any monies paid into any pension or superannuation fund.

Depreciation has been mentioned, but a question here arises as to what is a reasonable depreciation because this is something that cannot be determined with accuracy.

Depreciation allowed in most cases is as follows:

2% on cost of reinforced concrete buildings,

2½% on cost of brick or stone buildings,

5% on cost of frame buildings.

Up to 10% on plant and machinery,

10% on office furniture and fixtures.

Autos, trucks, etc. used in the taxpayer's business are subject to depreciation at the following rates:

25% on cost the first year,

15% on cost the second year,

10% on cost all subsequent years.

Continued on page 85

The Will of the North

Continued from page 7

Marker, forgetting for a moment the pain in his foot, was standing as the half-breed entered with Cameron. He had heard his own name, and Benson's, and was anxious to hear more.

"You're Mark'am, eh?" said the breed. "I tellum by d' froze foot. By gar! I see d' track where you break t'rough. She's dam bad, eh?"

"Here's d' note from Benson. She's ver' seek. Maybe she's die one day, maybe two. *Sacre!* but d' fine man too."

Marker studied the note through lowered brows, then silently handed it to Cameron.

A FEEBLE sun, in setting, hurled its whole force in defiance at the mocking frost fiends which had swooped down on Echo Lake for their night's cruel work.

In a cloud of steam, Chartier's dogs swung on to the lake, eagerly straining at the traces on the last leg of the forced mush.

The long whip which had cracked persistently over the dogs' heads was now thrust into the sled alongside Marker. Chartier was compelled to hang on as the dogs increased their speed.

On entering the cabin, where he was assisted by the breed, Marker's eyes met the lovely, dark eyes of the white girl.

"Father!" Dolores had recognized her father, in Marker, despite the change the north had wrought.

"Dolores, my girl!"

Benson turned his face to the wall and strove with a mighty effort to stifle the cough that threatened to disturb the meeting—father and daughter.

Releasing his daughter, Marker, or perhaps better, now, to give him his proper name—Markham, turned to the bunk on which Benson lay.

The north is a welder of hearts. A cementer of souls in comradeship. Its work with Markham and his dying friend was characteristic: tears coursed their way down Markham's bearded face as he took Benson's extended hand in his own mighty grip.

A faint smile flashed across Benson's flushed and pain-weary countenance. In that smile was a semblance of the old-

time smile—the smile that had meant so much to Markham.

Benson beckoned Dolores and her father to seats at the bunkside.

"Some years ago," he commenced, raising himself up on his elbows, "I had to leave Yale on account of lung trouble. I hit out for Arizona, where, after a year or two of roughing it in the outdoors, I seemed to get better.

"I thought of quitting and getting back to varsity, when I met a girl!

"I haven't time to tell you much about that girl. I loved her and intended to ask her to marry me, but a cur of a man stepped in and ruined my name and my chances with the girl's people.

"For her sake I left Arizona. I was absent a little more than two years. I returned. The day I met you, Markham, was my first day back. Your wife was the woman I loved! The man I shot was the swine who framed me two years previously."

Benson's voice weakened. The cough played havoc with his efforts to continue.

"Tell me, partner, before you leave," Markham's voice was broken as he put the question to his friend, "was that ace of spades marked, back at the cabin, when we cut for trips.

Benson nodded feebly and forced a grin. "It was for her sake, Marie's and yours, Markham. There was a chance for you and her.

"Perhaps you have heard her speak of Ben Carson. That's me. That's the name I was christened."

It was some time before Benson could continue. There was a rattle in his heavy breathing which came in short, hard-won gasps.

"I am sorry she will not be there for you ol' timer when you return, but you have Dolores, who is truly her mother's daughter!"

With one hand in the hand of Dolores and his other in that mighty grip of his partner, Benson—we shall know him as Benson to the end, as the people of Fort Smith knew him—gave himself up to the will of the north.

A deep roar from the crackling lake and its echo, long and resounding, caused the Indian and her husband to hold their hands aloft. The Great White Spirit had spoken. He had claimed another soul.

A Plea for Home Music

Continued from page 62

that your friends and relations may know that they are welcome, and that they will be encouraged to do something as well as listen if they be so minded. Folk and old English songs could be sung by all, and instrumental and vocal music (of the best type) rendered each evening. This is surely a most simple and delightful opportunity for fellowship and pure enjoyment.

If your musical taste is influenced by your thought, and your thought is right, then, as a natural sequence, your music will be right, for music is a means of expressing the deeper self in all of us which must be expressed if we are to know one another and sympathize with each other and "keep close to the children—for the world is a big child."—Music Teacher.

The Organ Recital

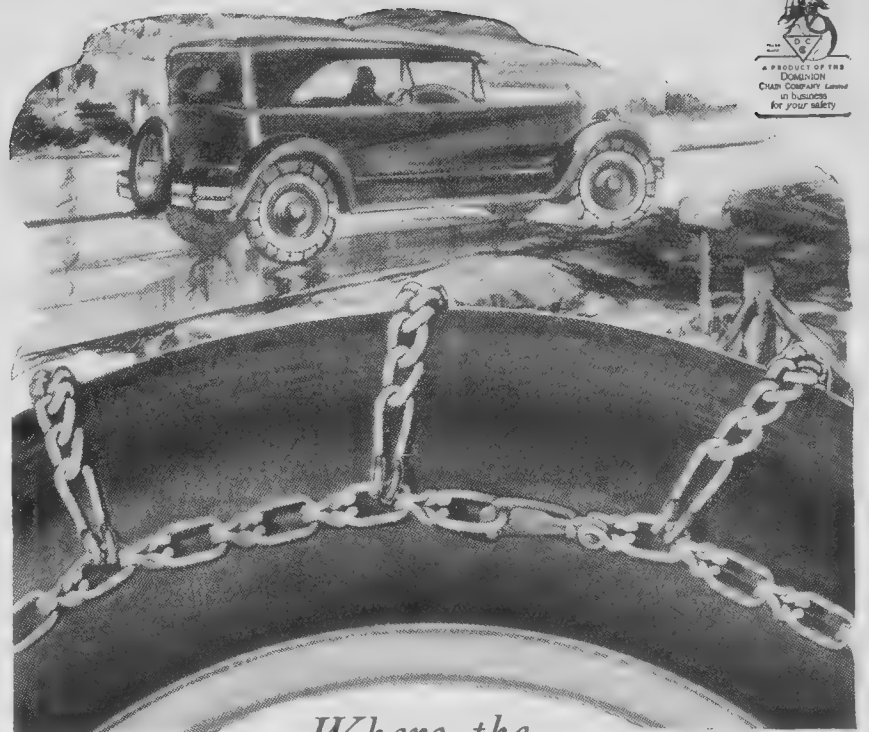
THE possibilities of the organ are not appreciated by many non-musical people. They hear it in church in the accompaniment to the hymns and anthems. They may have some local pride in their parish church organ. They may be pleased with the music they hear from Sunday to Sunday and so commend the work of the organist.

As to the artistic possibilities of the organ or the rich store of music which has been written for the noblest of all instruments, they are profoundly ignorant. But how shall the non-musical public be taught to appreciate and admire the music for the organ unless it is played for them? Yet they seem to treat the work of the organist, when he plays strictly organ music or music not connected with the singing of the choir, as

quite unworthy of their attention. There is some justification for the organist when he says, as we have recently heard one, "There is no use playing a Mendelssohn sonata or other decent music. The people will not listen to it. I give them what they want, light, easy stuff, popular melodies." The people do want more than that. They are willing to listen to more than that. This remark, we believe, is not wholly justified by the actual conditions.

Schumann—1810-1856

Schumann, born in Saxony. By his parents meant to be A lawyer, never studied law, Nor in it any pleasure saw. He sang the livelong day instead, The music running in his head. On the piano he would play Funny pictures of friends, they say, So like that they could recognize, With tears of laughter in their eyes. Each one as he was thus portrayed By little Schumann as he played. Most brilliant music he composed, Ere scarce his gifted youth had closed: Concertos, songs and symphonies He wrote, his future wife to please. A famous pianiste was she, A fitting mate for such as he. To other artists generous, Schumann will always seem to us As good a man as ever grew. To be a sick and sad one, too, When melancholy in his mind, In place of reason, was enshrined. No finer songs than his are sung Wherever music finds a tongue.



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For the best letter sent in, telling us of original uses for Twink, based on actual experience, we will pay a cash prize of \$50; \$25 for the next best, and \$5 each for the five next best letters received.

There is a wider variety of shades than ever before in the 1926 new Twink colours, and these include the new fashionable spring shades, as well as a wonderful White Twink.

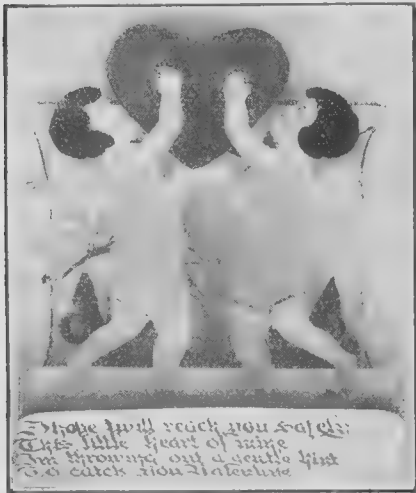
Turn your experiences into cash. Write your letter, telling us in your own words what you did with Twink. Attach it to the front portion of a Twink package, and address it not later than June 1st, 1926, to.

**TWINK CONTEST
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
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Twink

The Lucky Ones

WELL there is one thing very certain and that is that Cosy Cornerites love making valentines. There was such a shower of them, and so many of them were so pretty, and so many were clever, that poor Bobby Burk had a terrible time deciding which was the best and the cleverest. And just imagine how difficult it was to harden your heart when such loving messages came with most of the valentines! It was pretty hard to put one in the basket that had a most loving message to the editor, and yet some of those, sweet as they were, were not neat, or even pretty. Some were original, and some just pretty; some were comic and some like the nice old fashioned valentines that our mothers and fathers used to send. After a great deal of thought it was decided that there must be three prizes, three lucky people who won a box of paints, for their valentines were all good. One was from Winnie Wilson of Beaverville, Sask., with a dainty little hand painted heart done in rose and blue; another from Edna Detwiller of Brandon, R. R. 1, shows two cupids holding up a heart against a background of birds and butterflies and with a verse written in



Second prize Valentine made by Edna Detwiller, R. R. 1, Brandon, Man.

lovely script underneath. Edna is fifteen and quite an artist (I wonder if she did the script) Leila M. Quance of Robson, B.C., is the lucky third, with a comic little valentine that is most original.

Gold buttons instead of being only three will have to be increased to six, for Katherine Griffin of Hamlet, Ontario, Dykes, 2621-15th St. W., Calgary; Anna Kleckner, Odessa, Sask.; Louise Paul of Govan, Sask.; Mary Crosby of Rosendale, Man.; Mary Chown, Sandwick, V. I., B.C.

Honorable mention is given to Harriet M. Walker of Greenan, Sask.; Doreen Chappelle, Blairmore, Alta.; Evelyn Fernie, Theodore, Sask.; Margaret Boswell, Keewatin, Ont. Jean Pielow, Braintree, Man.; Dorothy Zeigler, Parkside; Margaret Cornell, 4431 Quebec St., Vancouver; Anna Hughes, Mulvihill, Man.; Alice Craig, Keyes, Man.; Margaret Coleman, Lockwood; Basil & Olive Gross of Keyes.

We would be glad to give buttons to nearly all the Honorable Mentions they were so good, but they will do a little better next time and then hurrah! for a button.

Something Received

A letter from Annie Hughes of Mulvihill, containing three riddles, and here they are:

Four S's, four I's, two P's and an M,
Pray tell me what you can make of them?

Mississippi.

What is the difference between an oak tree and a tight shoe?

One makes acorns and the other makes corns ache.

What is it which by adding something it becomes smaller, but if you add nothing it will become larger?

A hole in a stocking.

A letter from Doreen Chappell, aged ten of Blairmore, Alta. Doreen would like to receive letters from boys and girls in the Corner. She has received honorable mention for her valentine.

A letter and an original verse from Margaret Kippan of Semans, Sask. Margaret has quite made up her mind that "Bobby Burke" is "Miss" Bobby Burke. Here are the verses:

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

'Tis Winter

When the old earth is covered
With a blanket of snow,
And the snow birds are singing,
Wherever you go,
'Tis Winter.

When the river is frozen
And trees cold and bare,
And children are sliding
Here and there,
'Tis Winter.

When the wind from the north,
Is cold and keen,
And children with cheeks so red
Are seen,
'Tis Winter.

Margaret Kippan.

Una Beck of R. R. 2, Portage la Prairie, writes asking about her gold button. If you have not received it yet let me know Una, as it must have gone astray.

Vendela R. Sederberg of Malakwa, B.C., writes to say she wants to be a Cosy Cornerite, and would like to have boys and girls write to her. Vendela is thirteen and has been interested in the Corner for a long time.

Something to learn.

The Wrong House

I went into a house, and it wasn't
a house,
It has big steps and a great big hall;
But it hasn't got a garden,
A garden,
A garden,
It isn't like a house at all.

I went into a house, and it wasn't
a house,
It has a big garden and a great high
wall;
But it hasn't got a may-tree,
A may-tree,
A may-tree,
It isn't like a house at all.

I went into a house, and it wasn't
a house,
Slow white petals from the may-tree
fall;
But it hasn't a blackbird,
A blackbird,
A blackbird,
It isn't like a house at all.

I went into a house, and I thought it
was a house,
I could hear from the may-tree the
blackbird call—
But nobody listened to it,
Nobody
Liked it,
Nobody wanted it at all.

—A. A. Milne.

April

My name is April, sir, and I
Often laugh, as often cry;
And I cannot tell what makes me,
Only, as the fit o'ertakes me,
I must dimple, smile, and frown,
Laughing though the tears roll down.
But 'tis nature, sir, not art,
And I'm happy at my heart.



First prize Valentine made by Winnie Wilson of Beaverville, Sask.

SOMETHING TO PLAN FOR THE
SUMMER

A Bird Bath

THOSE of you who use your eyes to watch our little feathered friends in the summer time, know how much they enjoy a little drop of fresh cool water, both to drink and bathe in, and there could be, I am sure, no more pleasant task than to make a bird bath to decorate your grass plot this summer. You will see in the picture that the bath is nothing but an old hand basin, and this will serve as well as anything else, only I am sure that if you begin with this you will very soon want to experiment with something far nicer. I know a man who not only has a bird bath on his front lawn in the summer but one in the backyard as well, and in the winter he hangs out nice meaty bones, and you may be sure he got a scolding from his wife when once he decorated the wire over the verandah with the bones of a goose that had been well picked! The birds are always singing in his trees though, and he tells me that in the winter the chickadees are so friendly that they will peck seed from his hand or off his shoulder. In these April days why not plan a bird bath for the first spring days so that your home, too, may be a place beloved of birds.

Birds differ a great deal in regard to their need for water. Some seem to be thirsty nearly all the time and visit fountains and baths with great regularity. Others seem to get along very well without water. The fact remains, however, that we should provide many of our feathered friends with water, especially in regions far from ponds and streams.

A pan or a basin may be set out with water in it for the birds. The kind of receptacle used is of very little importance. One summer, at my home, I sank an old dish pan in the ground and placed some stones in its bottom. I then filled it with water and refilled it each day. Later, I made two concrete baths to take the place of the unsightly dish pan. I used four parts of gravel and one of cement and then added enough water to make a thick mortar. I plastered the mortar about the bottoms and sides of two holes I had previously dug in the ground. I made the bottoms and sides about three inches thick.

Both the pan and the concrete baths proved very popular with the birds. Flickers, blue jays, thrashers, red-headed woodpeckers, robins, orioles, chipping sparrows, kingbirds, bluebirds, grackles and vesper sparrows visited them regularly. On several occasions, twenty or more birds were counted in or about them at the same time. By counting the number of visits for several consecutive hours, I found that the number averaged about fifteen to the hour. This average held good for about sixteen hours each day. That means that the number of visits to the baths per month was somewhere in the neighborhood of six thousand. You can readily understand, then, that our baths meant considerable to the comfort and well being of the birds in that particular neighborhood.

A Valentine from me
to you.

Requires a lot of
thought.

For it should be the
sweetest thing

For Bobby Burke.

SOMETHING TO DO—EARN A
BIRD HOUSE

OUR little friends of the woods and prairies, Mr. Bird and family, will soon be coming north again after their pleasant winter in the south, and when they come are you going to have homes ready for them? How about a few plans for bird houses? If any boy or girl in the Cosy Corner has a bright idea about bird houses, now is the time to spread it. Now, boys, you come into this; you are the carpenters and architects; see what you can do in the way of house-building. Draw a plan of the house, giving measurements; describe how you would build it; how you would paint it; where you would put it. If you can, draw the house completed. To the boy or girl who gives the best design, most neatly drawn, colored and described, the Cosy Corner will give a bird house. You know girls are not barred from this, not by any means, but the boys in the Corner seem shyer than the girls, and don't get as many prizes lately, and we would like them to share too.



May be you are bashful but its the proper day, to say you'll be my Valentine and turn your face this way. Third prize Valentine made by Leila M. Quance of Robson, B.C.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

LETTERS from some of our many correspondents who don't forget the Cosy Corner.

Jean F. Pielou of East Braintree, Man., has received the fountain pen which she chose for her prize for the summer competition and she says: "I am delighted with it, and I hope to take part in any further competitions that appear in the C. C. C., for I might stand the chance of winning another beautiful prize."

Mildred Bossard of 813-4th Ave., W. Calgary, wishes to join our Club, and would like to have correspondents. Mildred is fifteen, and if she wishes to win a gold button should try some of our competitions in "Something to Do."

Edwina Baalim, R. R. I., Vernon, B. C., says that her mother has been taking the W. H. M. for three years and finds it improves all the time. Edwina is ten years old and wants to join the C. C. C. and win a gold button. We should be delighted to have her do so. Consider yourself a member of the Club Edwina and write some stories or try some of the things that you will find outlined in the page each month and I haven't a doubt you will win a button.

Alice Merkel of Langbank, received her gold button for her successful try and says, "I am very pleased with the gold button. Thank you very much for it. We have great fun sliding on the ice around here. I enjoyed reading the Water Fall fairy stories so much."

Esther E. Lackner of Scott, Sask., says: "I have been away from home for the past few weeks and did not hear that I had won the prize for my fairy story. The book was forwarded to me but I did not receive it till I got home. Thank you for this lovely gift, I am sure any boy or girl would be very proud of winning such a prize."

A Holy Moment

List to the wind! It grieves.
Snow spreads a suede-soft pall.
Pause! God holds obsequies
To mark a sparrow's fall.

SOMETHING TO PLAY

Throwing Light

TWO of the players agree upon some subject and talk about it without mentioning it. The others try to guess from the conversation what it is. When one thinks he has guessed correctly he joins in the conversation. If it appears that he has not guessed it right he may be challenged, and must whisper his guess in the ear of one of the two who know the subject. If wrong, he must sit through the game with his handkerchief over his face or until he can guess correctly. It is allowable to choose two words of the same sound but of different meanings, and to refer to either at pleasure, for example, blue, blew. One player might say, "Her dress suits her eyes" and the other say, "Yes, but it's too bad the wind carried it off the line." Or take soul and sole. One player says, "I do like to eat it so much," and the other might say, "The preacher gave a beautiful sermon about it on Sunday."

I Love My Love

The first player says "I love my love with an A because she is—(using some

adjective beginning with a). This goes all round the circle, each one adding another word beginning with an a, and the first one who fails to supply a word pays a forfeit. Then begin with B. I love my love with a B because he is beautiful or beastly or bumptious. Or the game might be changed to go by cities. The first player says, "I love Athens for her art" the second "I love Brandon for her bandanas" or any foolish word. It will all help to make fun.

Girls

Who has the very best candy recipe? Not one taken out of a book, but one that you have tried yourself, that you know is good, that turns out well, and is not too expensive. There will be a prize of a pecan roll for the girl who sends in the best recipe, with a story of where and how she made it and how it turned out. (A pecan roll, you know, is the most luscious, delicious roll of creamy candy, with an outside coat of toffee, covered thick with pecan nuts.) Send in your recipe neatly written (and the editor almost said with sample) before April 25th, and you will receive your prize in June.



An old dish pan sunk in the ground with some stones in the bottom and filled with water is a popular bath for our feathered friends

Our Income Tax

Continued from page 82

The Dominion Act imposes three taxes known as the Normal Tax, the Sur-tax and the Additional Tax. The table following shows how each of the three taxes applies to both individuals and companies:

Table of Taxes

individuals including Partners, Farmers, Ranchers, Retired Gentlemen, etc.

Joint Stock Companies

Normal Tax—
4% on first \$6,000.00 of income.
8% on all over \$6,000.00

Flat rate of 10%.

Sur-tax—
1% on the \$1,000.00 between \$5,000.00 and \$6,000.00.
2% on the \$2,000.00 between \$6,000.00 and \$8,000.00.
3% on the \$2,000.00 between \$8,000.00 and \$10,000.00.
Increasing by 1% for each additional \$2,000.00 until a rate of 48% is reached on the \$2,000.00 between \$98,000.00 and \$100,000.00.

NIL.

Additional Tax—
5% of the Normal Tax and Sur-tax combined if income amounts to \$5,000 or over.

Exemptions Allowed

Unmarried person or a widow with no dependents.....\$1,000.00
Married person.....\$2,000.00
Unmarried person or widow or widow with dependent:

- (1) Parent or grandparent,
- (2) Daughter or sister,
- (3) Son or brother under 21 years of age and incapable of self-support on account of physical or mental infirmity.....\$2,000.00

For each child under eighteen years of age dependent upon the taxpayer for support.....\$500.00

Dividends received from Canadian Companies which are themselves paying incomes to the Dominion Government are exempt from the Normal Tax but not from the Sur-tax in the hands of the shareholders.

Joint stock companies have an exemption of \$2,000.00

Partnerships

Partnerships as such are not taxable, but the income of the members of the partnership are taxable as individuals for their share of the partnership profit.

A partnership between husband and wife is never recognized for tax purposes, and the income of the entire partnership will be taxed as if it belonged to either the one or the other. A husband in control of a company is permitted to pay to his wife any salary in keeping with services rendered, but this is not allowed in case of a partnership.

Incomes of Married Women

Married women having independent incomes are entitled to an exemption of \$2,000.00 in the same manner as married men. They are subject to the same taxes and either husband or wife can claim the \$500.00 exemption in respect of children but both cannot claim this exemption.

Incomes of Farmers and Ranchers
Farmers and ranchers file their returns on a special form, known as "T-1A".

Continued on page 87

Extra Mileage means extra value

Gruelling road tests and the experience of thousands of Canadian car owners prove that Dominion Royal Cord Tires are durable and economical.

The extra mileage they give is just so much extra value for your money.

Insist upon Dominion Royal Cords when you buy tires—they save you money.



26-19

Dominion Royal Cord Tires

Dominion Tires are GOOD Tires

Your First

Gray Hair

Have you found it?



THERE will be more, you know, unless you stop them. Gray hair comes fast, once it gets started. Middle-age comes with it.

The wise woman begins at once to stop the gray, before it shows. She uses the scientific cosmetic preparation which never fails to restore original color, perfectly.

Mail coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Test on a single lock of hair. Watch the gray go, replaced by youthful color.

Learn ease of application—simply by combing through hair. And how clean, how dainty, the whole process. Mary T. Goldman's is a clear, colorless liquid—nothing to wash off, rub off, interfere with shampooing or with waving.

Mail "Free Bottle" coupon

Use X to indicate color of hair. Patented Trial Kit, by return mail, explaining all.

Over 10,000,000 bottles sold

Please print your name and address

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
984-D Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....
Name.....
Street..... City.....

Nothing But the Best!

Recipes offered through the Better Cookery Department

are all kitchen tested—each issue contains appropriate dishes for the season.

The June Bride

will find the last word in social correctness in

Stovel's Wedding Stationery

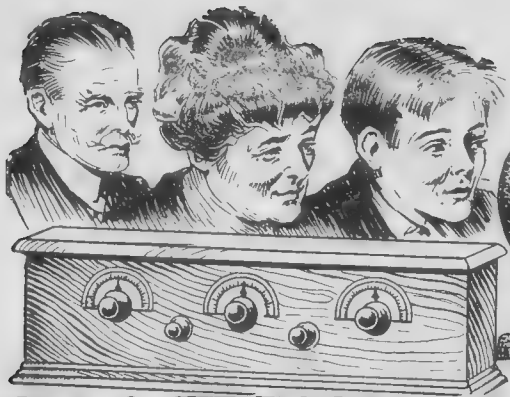
Invitations, Announcements, Receptions, etc.

Every word, whether from type or copperplate, will portray all that is fitting and artistic.

Let us submit samples and ideas so that nothing will mar the greatest of all occasions.

The Cost is small—the Satisfaction great.

Stovel Company Limited
Bannatyne Ave. WINNIPEG



**RG KZBH GL PVVK
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HGVIOGMT SLHRVIB**

**SOLVE THIS GREAT RADIO
MYSTERY MESSAGE**

**WIN New 1926 Overland Car
\$1200⁰⁰ in Prizes**

PRIZES

1st Overland Sedan, Value \$850
2nd Prize.....\$150.00 Cash
3rd Prize..... 75.00 Cash
4th Prize..... 50.00 Cash
5th Prize..... 25.00 Cash
6th Prize..... 10.00 Cash
7th to 14th Prize.. 5.00 Each

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. Write your answers in pen and ink using on side of the paper only. Put your name and address and the name of this paper in the upper right hand corner, stating whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss. Put anything else you wish to write on a separate sheet. Do not send fancy, drawn, or typewritten entries.

2. Contestants must be 15 years or over. Employees of Sterling Hosiery Mills Ltd., friends or relatives of employees and anyone connected with the company are not allowed to compete.

3. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three answers to the puzzle but only one can be awarded a prize.

4. If different members of a family compete only one prize will be awarded in a family or household.

5. The final awards will be made by a committee of three Toronto gentlemen who have no connection with this firm. Their names will be made known to all contestants. Contestants must agree to abide by the decisions of this committee. The prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained by each entry. 200 points, which is the maximum will take first prize. Ten points will be awarded for each word of the mystery message correct, 20 points for general neatness and appearance of the entry, 10 for handwriting, and 60 for fulfilling the conditions of the contest. The contest will close June 30, 1926, after which the judges will award the prizes. Entries should be forwarded promptly.

6. You will be notified by mail immediately if you have solved the mystery message correctly and will be requested to fulfill a simple condition that need not cost you any money. The Company agrees to reward you in addition to any prize you may win for every effort you put forth furthering the popularity of Sterling hosiery.

One night Willie Pinkerton and his family were enjoying a wonderful concert over the radio from station K.A.L.E. when all of a sudden the concert stopped and a mysterious code message came out of the loud speaker. Nobody knew what it meant. But Willie was quick enough to jot it down, and as he had been studying secret codes as used by International Secret Service Agents he soon knew what the mysterious message meant. Willie Pinkerton managed to decipher it. Can you?

HOW HE DECIPHERED IT

His Pa and Ma wanted to know what the message meant but Willie wouldn't tell them. He told them how he worked it out to see if they could do it too. He told them the message contained 11 words, each little group of letters representing a word. Start by writing the alphabet down from A to Z and number each letter beginning at Z first as number 1, Y2, X3, W4, and so on. Then change the letters of the mysterious message into numbers by finding which number each letter represents. Then you must write down another alphabet numbering it the right way A number 1, B2, C3, D4, and so on. Change the numbers back into letters by finding the letter corresponding to that number. In order to help them he told them the first word was "It". Decipher the complete message if you can and send your answer right away to compete for the big prizes.

200 POINTS WINS FIRST PRIZE

The magnificent and valuable prizes in this contest will be awarded according to the number of points gained by each entry. The entry gaining 200 points wins first prize. (See rules). Be neat and careful. Comply with the rules and be sure of a prize.

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST

Frankly this is an advertising contest its aim being to further the popularity of the well-known Sterling Hosiery sold from the mill to the consumer through a chain of Sterling Stores and personal service direct to the home. Thousands of people in Canada already know and wear Sterling Hosiery, but we want to reach thousands more that they may become acquainted with Sterling Quality and Sterling Values in pure silk, silk and wool, and pure wool hosiery for every member of the family.

SEND YOUR ENTRY TODAY

When your answers are received we will write and tell you how many points you have gained towards the prizes, and will ask you to allow us to send you a few sample pairs of Sterling Hosiery to show to a few friends who will gladly become Sterling Hosiery users as a result. This is a simple and easily fulfilled favor, involving little time, and need not cost you a cent of money, and will qualify your entry to stand for the highest prizes. We agree to pay you extra for every effort you put forth in furthering the sale of Sterling Hosiery.

**First Prize
Value \$850.**



OVERLAND SEDAN
Big roomy body. Beautiful
Satin Finish. Powerful.
Economical. Easy to operate.

STERLING HOSIERY MILLS LTD., CONTEST DEPT 53 TORONTO 10, ONT

And Eve Beguiled Adam

Continued from page 81

"Simply that they've submerged their natural cravings so completely, to save and build abreast of the Jones', that they've lost their ideas of home and real living, and become obsessed instead with the craving to accumulate and compete.

"It's a natural enough result, when you think of it. And Charley, we've been skating perilously near some sort of edge. Only, this dear garden and the nature-life about us have held us back."

He smiled, stretching in lazy comfort on the grass. He had begun to catch her idea.

"Well, how do you suggest we rescue ourselves?"

His wife leaned back against the Snow and gazed into the ripening bloom with a far-away look of one corraling illusive visions to nail them to the practical.

"Charley, tell me, all conventions and prejudices aside, if you could rub Aladdin's lamp tonight, what part of a new house would you most desire, at this moment?"

"A cool bed and a bath," he answered promptly.

"Precisely. And I'd add—a cool place in which to cook and eat our food. There's our cue, then. If we'd the sense of a robin we'd begin at once on our kitchen L."

"But we're not robins," he bantered. "Each of them has a natural roof of feathers—with a special brand of waterproofing oil."

"Of course we're not robins. We have powers they have not of thinking ahead, of making the present serve the future. So—while we're extending the kitchen foundation—at this end where the ground slopes away so accommodatingly—we'll calculate to obtain at one stroke my living-room porch, with a door opening into the pantry where is my oil stove; and above it our sleeping porch, and beneath—the garage you've so long wanted. With a little digging out there's loads of room. And behind it, by raising the foundation all round, a nice airy cellar—"

"Have mercy! Call a halt," pleaded Charley. "Give a poor mere man like me time to contrive a shelter for the sleeping porch. It'll mean raising the roof of the whole L."

"More foresight. That will provide a warm, airy winter chamber for us above the range fire—closets—a place for your bath later on, when we want some more fun fixing them."

"In the meantime, we've all summer for our porches and garage. I daresay when the squirrels are gathering nuts for the winter, we'll be seized with a craving to reside our L, batten it warm with paper and put great bands of wind-down across the front to capture the winter sunlight.

"We've another advantage over the robins in being able to work through the winter. Inside, we may then proceed with remodelling that wandering kitchen into its cook-room, winter dining room, closet and wash-room sections."

"But the parlor end of the house?" he brought her back.

"It will provide future fun for future Springs. Sufficient to the day are the joys thereof," she paraphrased gaily.

"I'm afraid all this fun will be only a chimera, my dear. I foresee a life of eternal musses . . ."

Rita suddenly sat up straight. She crossed fair, capable hands over her dainty, flowered draperies.

"Musses," she pronounced with dignity, "are individual. They depend solely on one's methods of working and cleaning up."

Charley struck a conquered attitude. "And . . . Eve . . . beguiled . . . Adam," he drawled, half in consent, half in mischievous.

"Just so," she nodded sagely. "And remember, it was only once that Eve made a mistake."



A beauty spot in the Rockies.

Our Income Tax

Continued from page 85

This form calls for a great deal of information including, in addition to his sales, the value of the products consumed on the farm and of produce traded for other merchandise.

They are, however, entitled to deduct in addition to the ordinary expenses:

Wages and board of hired help employed in preparing land for crops, in cultivating, harvesting, threshing, and selling, and in caring for any live-stock; cost of seed, feed, small implements, tools and repairs to machinery, buildings (except his dwelling). Interest on mortgage or unpaid purchase price of farm machinery or live-stock, and the usual depreciation.

Example No. 1

(Single person with no dependents)

Salary	\$1,200.00
Pension	144.00
Int. on Tax Free Victory Bonds	55.00
Int. on Taxable Victory Bonds	55.00
Dividends (Canadian)	100.00
Spare time work—earnings	90.00

He lost \$200.00 on a real estate deal and made \$500.00 by speculating in grain.

The pension, interest on tax free bonds, Canadian dividends, loss on real estate and gain by speculating are all ignored leaving his taxable income at:

Salary	\$1,200.00
Taxable Int. on Bonds	55.00
Earnings from spare time work	90.00

Taxable Income	\$1,345.00
Exemption	1,000.00

Balance Taxable	\$345.00
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\$345.00 at 4%, his tax	\$13.80
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Example No. 2

(Married man with four children under 18)

Income:	
Salary	\$6,000.00
Dividends (Canadian)	3,500.00

Total Income	\$9,500.00
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NOTE:—While dividends are exempt from Normal Tax they are subject to the Sur-tax.

\$2,000.00 exemption because he is married.

\$4,000.00 subject to 4% Normal Tax

\$3,500.00 subject to 8% Normal Tax

	\$160.00
	280.00

	\$440.00
--	----------

Deductions from Normal Tax:—

\$2,000.00 for four children.

\$3,500.00 for Can. dividends.

\$5,500.00 \$3,500.00 of which is taken at 8% \$280.00

\$2,000.00 bal. at 4% 80.00

	360.00
--	--------

Sur-tax:—

1% on \$1,000.00 between \$5,000.00 and \$6,000.00 \$10.00

2% on \$2,000.00 between \$6,000.00 and \$8,000.00 40.00

3% on \$1,500.00 between \$8,000.00 and \$9,500.00 45.00

	95.00
--	-------

	\$175.00
--	----------

Additional Tax 5%	8.75
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	\$183.75
--	----------

Example No. 3

(Married couple with two children)

His salary \$1,800.00. Being married his exemption is \$2,000.00. No Tax. Her income \$2,800.00; being married her exemption is \$2,000.00 and one of them can claim deduction for two children at \$500.00 each. In this case the husband could gain nothing by claiming any deduction for the children whereas if the wife takes this deduction it cancels the \$800.00 by which her income exceeds the statutory exemption of \$2,000.00.

Things to Forget

"If you know a thing that will darken the joy

Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy

A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it."

THE CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

Dogs

WHIRLWIND COYOTE HOUNDS—Russian wolfhounds, Scotch and Irish staghounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, fox terrier and collie pups. Unsolicited testimonials. Percy Neale, Lovat, Sask. 7-26

Fur Farming

SILVER FOXES—"Notes From My Diary," ten years' experience ranching foxes. Fourth Edition just out Booklet form. Chock full of useful hints for beginners, price 25 cents. Dr. Randall, Truro, Nova Scotia, Canada. tf

Trapping

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. 5-26

Farm and Fruit Lands

FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA FARMS and Chicken Ranches write to Pemberton & Son, 418 Howe St., Vancouver. Established 1887. tf

REASONABLY PRICED Canadian farms wanted from owners. Give full particulars. Emory Gross, North Topeka, Kan. 5-26

Poultry

MAKE POULTRY PAY PROFITS. Shaw's Postal Course insures success. Fully illustrated. Highly Endorsed. Booklet Free. Write Shaw Schools, Department 9, Forty-four Bloor, West, Toronto. 6-26

Nursing

PRACTICAL NURSES frequently earn \$30 a week. Learn by private correspondence course. Catalogue No. 9 Free. Royal College of Science, Toronto, Canada. 4-26

Baby Outfits

A SPECIALTY—Order our special 44-pieces, excellent materials, home-made, for \$15.95. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Mrs. McKenzie, 573 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg. 4-26

Educational

SHORTHAND IN FOUR EVENINGS. Arthor course seven dollars. Sent approval. Particulars, Hollefreund's Correspondence School, Stratford, Ontario. 4-26

Remedies

DR. H. P. McPHAIL, M.D., C.M., Physician and Surgeon for Obsolete conditions. 202 Enderton Bldg., Winnipeg. 4-26

EITHER—HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE OR TOBACCO HABIT, easily, inexpensively overcome, without drugs. Send address, say which. Dr. Rush Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. 4-26

DEAFNESS, HEAD NOISES. A simple home treatment which gives permanent relief, gladly explained free to any sufferer writing Henry Thomas, Andrew's Road, Deal, Kent, England. 4-26

PRESCRIPTIONS, patent medicines and surgical supplies, unobtainable elsewhere, mailed at once. Ruttan's Drug Store, 2579 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. We are agents for Fletcher's A. K. Rheumatic treatment, \$5.00. Ruttan's guaranteed bronchial treatment, \$1.00, and Humphrey's Homeopathic tinctures and remedies. 6-26

Stamps

FREE—Beautiful picture set TEN Mozambique stamps to all applicants for approval sheets at 60% discount. Patton, Box 2384, Winnipeg, Man. 4-26

Writers

STORIES, SCENARIOS, PLAYS, POEMS, criticized, revised, typed. G. Arthur Hallam, Manuscript Man, 212 7th Avenue West, Calgary. 5-26

Books and Novelties

NOVELTY CATALOGUE, listing novelties, masquerade supplies, tricks, books, etc., and also goods for bazaars, sent postpaid. United Sales Co., Station B, Winnipeg, Man. 4-26

HEAVEN AND HELL. Swedenborg's great work on the life after death and a real world beyond. Over 400 pages. Only 25c postpaid. A. W. Law, 486 Euclid Ave., Toronto. 4-26

FORTUNE TELLING HAND—It tells all, 15c. Cochrane Importers, 19 Lachevrotiere, Quebec, Can. 7-26

FREE—250 Silk Pieces—write now. Allen Novelties, St. Zacharie, Que. 7-26

Patents

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 536 Enright, St. Louis, Mo. 4-26

If you want to buy or sell anything, or if you want help or employment, the *Classified Columns* of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you

For Sale

IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER we have it—Write us and mention your wants. Camera Supply Co., Box 2704, Montreal. tf

SOFT WATER FROM ANY WELL. SNOETT, Great Cleaner. Free sample. Large lot \$1 postpaid. Agents wanted. Chemical Products Co., Edmonton. 4-26

LIGHTNING STRANGE BATTERY COMPOUND. Charges discharged batteries instantly. Eliminates old method entirely. Particulars: Lightning Co., St. Paul, Minn. 4-26

FENCE POSTS—TAMARAC, CEDAR AND willow; 8-ft. slabs, cordwood, stove wood, spruce poles, sawdust. Write for delivered prices. The Northern Cartage Company, Prince Albert, Sask. 4-26

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE TO BUY a well-mated, well-furred, well-colored pair of the famous MacIntyre strain of scored registered silver black breeding foxes. Can ranch them for you and deliver the old pair and 3 or 4 pups to you say next Sept. or earlier. Write, explaining fully what you expect in foxes, how much cash you want to put in, when and how. MacIntyre's Ranch, Bathurst, N.B., Can. 4-26

Honey For Sale

PURE MANITOBA HONEY—Crate of six ten-pound pails, \$9.50. Maison Saint Joseph, Otterburne, Man. 5-26

Agents Wanted

CLEAN UP THIS YEAR. Swell New Line. Wonderful fast sellers. Big margin. Hire Sub-agents. Catalog Free. Mission Factory 52, 56 W. Pitt, Windsor, Ont. 12-26

REPRESENT US in your locality. Sell Flavo Lemon Pie Filler and Extracts. Used in every home. Sample free. F. W. Richardson, 9548 Jasper Ave., Edmonton. 4-26

WE PAY \$48 A WEEK, furnish auto and expenses to introduce our Soap and Washing Powder. Buss-Beach Company, Dept. A-85, Chippewa Falls, Wisc. 3-26

EARN \$75 PER WEEK, selling Men's tailored clothing \$22.95 delivered. Money back guarantee. Big commissions. Experience unnecessary. Full or part time. Outfit free. Write Society Craft Tailors Reg., P.O. Box 2022, Montreal. 4-26

AGENTS—Men and women. \$7.00 to \$10.00 day selling our three greatest household necessities on the market. Every housewife buys 2 to 6. Three samples, postpaid 35c. Sells for 65c. M. Manufacturing Co., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. 4-26

SELL guaranteed Ladder-Proof Silk Stockings. New pair for every pair that ladders. Pay daily. Family hosiery catalogue free. Sterling Hosiery Mills, Dept. M, Toronto. 2-27

WE HAVE A FEW VACANCIES in Saskatchewan for good live salesmen to sell direct to consumers, groceries, oils, paints and sundry lines. Good permanent position and income assured for producers. Wylie Simpson Company, Limited, Winnipeg, Man. 4-26

AGENTS—NEW MONEY MAKING INVENTION recently invented. Wonderful chemical fire extinguisher weighs only 3 pounds charged. Kills fire quick and saves lives. Excels work of heavy high priced devices. Works like magic. Selling price only \$2.50, makes a quick easy sale to every home, auto owner, factory and office. Agents make over 100 per cent profit. Send for free particulars today. Superior Products Co., 603 Evho Drive, Ottawa, Ont. 4-26

Musical Instruments

HIGH GRADE HOME-MADE PIANO and chromatic accordions; also repairs. R. C. Sylvestre (acc. maker), 597 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg. 6-26

"THE MAGNAGRAPH." An electric phonograph reproducer, for dancing, skating, etc. Great volume, true reproduction. Box 202, Port Coquitlam, British Columbia. 4-26

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, Conn, Artist and Premier Band Instruments, Cornets, fifteen dollars and up. Saxophones, Mandolins, Banjos, Guitars, Ukuleles, Viols. Send for our Catalogue and Bargain List of Used Band Instruments. Canada's oldest and largest Music House. The R. S. Williams & Sons Company Ltd., 421 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg. tf

Help Wanted

BE A DETECTIVE. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, Dept. 75, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

\$50-\$75 WEEKLY, Evenings, Home. Start with \$3.00. Particulars, 3c postage. Box 11, Britannia Beach, B.C. t.f.

Male Help Wanted

FIREMEN, brakemen, beginners \$150, later \$250 monthly—placed in permanent positions on railroads nearest their homes—everywhere (which position?) Railway Association, Box M-20, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg. 4-26

Seeds, Plants, Etc.

TOM THUMB CHERRIES yielded a full crop in 1925, others failed, \$1.25 each. MacDonald rhubarb, 75c. Catalog. Boughen Nurseries, Valley River, Man. 6-26

SELECT DAHLIA ROOTS—Write for prices. Horticultural Department, Agricultural College, Winnipeg. 5-26

HARDY, NORTHERN GROWN Strawberry Plants, Everbearing, \$3.00 per hundred. Senator Dunlap, \$2.50 per hundred postpaid. Mourad Wigen, Wynndel, B.C. 5-26

A BOOKLET FOR GARDEN LOVERS—Write for the above booklet; it will interest you as it contains the very finest of bedding plants for garden planting and special items for exhibition. A boon to the gardener. R. Delalande, Florist, Lloydminster, Sask. 10-26

STRAWBERRIES—NORTHLAND EVER-BEARING—At last the strawberry question solved; anyone who has a patch of garden may have a plot of berries. This wonderful plant is destined to put its fruit on every table throughout the land as far north as grain will grow, the whole summer long; will bear fruit same year as planted. No danger from winter-kill. Instructions for planting and cultivation with every shipment. Fifty cents dozen, four dollars a hundred, thirty-five dollars a thousand, F.O.B. H. Hassard, 803B Fourth Street, Medicine Hat, Alberta. Phone 2060. 4-26

Stammering

ST-STU-T-T-T-TERING and Stammering cured at home; instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Arcade, 1126 Granville Ave., Chicago. tf

Miscellaneous

IF YOU WANT WINTER EGGS

YOU MUST GET RID of vermin. Your hens can't lay while supporting thousands of lice and mites. We have discovered the simplest, easiest, surest way of keeping our poultry lice-free. No spraying, dusting or handling. Just give a little of our preparation "Suredath" in drinking water. This works out through the oil glands and every louse leaves the birds. Is also a valuable tonic and conditioner. Safe and harmless. A few days' treatment each month will keep your flock clean and healthy. Generous package, lasts average flock six months, postpaid for one dollar. Results guaranteed. Send today. Erindale Poultry Farm, R.R. 7, Erindale, Ont. 9-26



ABSORBINE STOPS LAMENESS

from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar troubles and gets horse going sound. It acts mildly but quickly and good results are lasting. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. \$2.50 a bottle delivered. Horse Book 9 R free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins; heals Sores. Allays Pain. Will tell you more if you write. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Liberal trial bottle for 10c stamps.

W.F. YOUNG, Inc., 152 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Can. Absorbine and Absorbine Jr., are made in Canada



CHINESE GEM FREE

We make this remarkable offer so that every lover of diamonds can have the opportunity of comparing the marvelous CHINESE GEM side by side with a genuine diamond. We want you to see the FIERY FLASHING beauty of this gorgeous gem. Chinese gems have the true diamond cut, so closely do they resemble the genuine that experts are astounded. Send your name and address, and 25c to cover cost of advertising, and postage. You gem will come by return mail. Stamps not accepted, only one gem to same address. O. CADUFF, North Vancouver, B.C.

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without using high-class advertising mediums. The Western Home Monthly will suit your requirements.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Our New Home Study course will interest every live man or woman engaged in the daily task of expressing ideas in private or in public. May we send you our syllabus. Shaw Schools, D.W-1, 46 Bloor W., Toronto. 4-26

EARN \$75 PER WEEK
SELLING
Men's Tailored Clothing \$22.95 delivered. Money back guarantee. Big commissions. Experience unnecessary. Full or part time. Outfit free. Write Society Craft Tailors Reg. P.O. Box 2022 MONTREAL

A Pair of Silk Hose

Goodness gracious, but here's a premium that will be of great interest to our lady readers. Mothers, wives, daughters, sisters, sweethearts, aunts, cousins, nieces—they will all want a pair of silk stockings!



From a Photograph

These hose are made of the very finest quality Art Silk, high spliced heel, double sole, extra fine gauge elastic hem. Your choice of the following colors: black, white, brown, grey, fawn, apricot, airedale and moonlight.

How To Get a Pair Free

We offer a pair of silk hose in return for only one NEW annual subscription to the Western Home Monthly at \$1.00, or three years for \$2.00, and we send you the hose immediately, all charges paid.

Here is a premium well worth trying for, and you should qualify very easily, because it will surely be an easy matter to get one of your neighbors or friends to subscribe to the Western Home Monthly.

This offer, of course, will not last indefinitely, so we urge our readers not to delay too long, but let us hear from you right away.

Use this Coupon

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG.

Enclosed find \$1.00 in payment for the WESTERN HOME MONTHLY to be sent for one year to

Name

Address

And please forward me, postpaid, a Pair of Ladies' Silk Hose

Size Color

Name

Address

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Looking Far into the Future

Traffic judge, 1950—Wrong side of the cloud, eh? Fifty dollars and costs.—Vancouver Province.

That Is So, Unfortunately

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again." And so, in many cases, will a lie.—Toronto Star.

Dietetical Item

A correspondent says he has lost 20 pounds since his wife has been on a diet.—Fort William Times-Journal.

A Matter of Coloration

Many of the young women of the smart set aren't as black as they are painted, or even as pink.—New York World.

A Sarcastic Editor's View

Mussolini lets only the married men emigrate. He likes to keep those who recognize no thumb but his.—Halifax Chronicle.

Antipodean Butter for B.C. Bread

New Zealand sends 336,000 pounds of butter to Vancouver. Greasing the bonds of the Empire.—Peterboro Examiner.

Undoubtedly So

The reason a lot of people never bought any fake stock was because of the lack of the price.—Prince Rupert News.

Where the Locomotive Holds Its Own

Those places where the motor car is displacing the locomotive have not up to this time included the crossing.—Detroit News.

Action, Not Words

The best citizen is the fellow who figures out that something should be done about something—and goes and does it.—Toronto Telegram.

Hasn't the World Had Enough?

Abd-el-Krim says he is prepared for two years of war. That isn't the question. Is the public prepared for two years of war news?—Hamilton Spectator.

Where a Divorce Would Do Good

A fool and his money are soon parted, and some sort of similar arrangement should be made to alienate him from his automobile.—Galt Reporter.

New Bedtime Stories Schedule?

A radio announcer says that not enough of the boys and girls listen in to the bedtime stories. Then why not change the broadcasting hour to 2 a.m.?—Brooklyn Eagle.

Poor Old China!

A million persons are starving in China. Another name for China is the celestial land. This proves that like everything else sarcasm also originated in China.—Victoria Colonist.

The Good Old Days

"They don't have storms like that nowadays," says the old timer looking back some sixty years. And far be it from us to grudge the old gentleman his heavy weather.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Manitoba's Butter Production

Butter seems to be bringing Manitoba further to the fore. Now what do our friends who love to talk about western farmers as a bunch of wheat miners have to say about this?—Neepawa Press.

Another Joke on the Jazzers

When a lunatic escapes from his keepers, a safe place for him to hide is to get a job in a jazz orchestra. Everybody will think he's just one of the bunch.—Niagara Falls Review.

A Dinner Set For Sale

Some housewife who wants to get a really fine dinner set now has an opportunity. The rock crystal set of 900 dishes, which was among the possessions of the late Imperial family of Russia, is on the market. It cost £50,000, but is now on the bargain counter.—Vancouver Sun.

Fortunately

Fortunately our public men are in reality more intelligent than their party harangues would lead one to think.—Toronto Globe.

"Among Those Present"

The king of Spain attended a bricklayer's wedding. Any king would rather see his people laying bricks than throwing them.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Wreckage of China

Renewal of the fighting in China is threatened. The way they go on in China there soon won't be a whole cup or saucer left in the house.—Minneapolis Journal.

When Ontario was "Canada West"

Some of the early settlers got farther with a one-horse power buckboard than many a young man does today with his six cylinders and 40-horse power.—Kingston Whig.

In Regard to Intelligence

Dr. Sandiford has been telling a meeting at Ottawa that the Orientals rank high in intelligence. Well, so do the whites. At least some of them.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

They Were Then Undreamed of

When the gentleman of old wrote that there was nothing new under the sun he probably had no idea of the modern shades in silk stockings.—Quebec Telegraph.

Sound Canadian Doctrine

"We must think of Canada as a whole," said Lord Byng. The trouble is that too many Canadians think the part is greater than the whole.—Lethbridge Herald.

Was the Spectator Chewing Gum?

The Americanization of Europe goes merrily forward. A Spanish bull-fighter has been hit on the head by a pop bottle thrown by a spectator.—Kansas City Star.

A Question, Indeed

A scientist claims that women are 20 per cent. crazier than men. What the women will want to know is how crazy the scientist thinks men are.—Los Angeles Examiner.

So Have Many Others

Prince Oscar, one of the sons of the former kaiser, is so hard up that he has to "lay the fire with his own hands." That's nothing remarkable; we have done that ourselves.—Vegreville Observer.

An Oregon Opinion

A writer in New York is talking about "A Straight Prohibition Fight." Which is absurd, as there is nothing straight about prohibition in the United States—not even the fighting.—Portland Oregonian.

If He Had Lived Longer

The English novelist, W. L. George, who died recently, averred that he had analyzed women and catalogued them, and found sixty-five distinct kinds. He must have had an acquaintance with just about sixty-five different women.—Providence Journal.

Where Spring Will Bring Havoc

Wars in Morocco, Syria and China will be renewed when the fine spring weather comes. It would be a lot healthier for many people in these countries if spring arrived with floods and storms.—Fargo Tribune.

"For West is West, and East is East"

The suggestion that the Ottawa centenary would get the Calgary Stampede is about as absurd as to suggest that the Ottawa centenary would have on display the Calgary sunshine and the foothills.—Calgary Albertan.

Dominion *Inlaid* Linoleum



Design illustrated is Dominion Inlaid Linoleum, No. 7021. The same design can be obtained in wood effect No. 7020.

The Floor Beautiful for Beautiful Homes

There is an air of dignity about Dominion Inlaid Linoleum. Rich and beautiful—it lends an atmosphere of comfort to any home and forms a wonderful background for rugs.

Lovely effects for the reception hall, library, sun-room or bedroom can be readily obtained with Dominion Inlaid Linoleum, while its practical, sanitary features are greatly appreciated in the kitchen and the bathroom.

Dominion Inlaid Linoleum wears for years because the pattern goes right through to the burlap back. It is easy to clean and keep clean, and, being made in Canada, is remarkably moderate in price.

Other Dominion Floors

Dominion Printed Linoleum and Dominion Linoleum Rugs are the choice of thousands of Canadian women. Lower in price than Dominion Inlaid Linoleum, they wear for years and save hours of labor. Many beautiful designs.

At all House Furnishing and Departmental Stores





“...and Jane, dear... Jack just raved about my teeth.”

“I just smiled my prettiest smile... and let him rave. I could have said ‘Of course I have beautiful teeth... I’ve used Colgate’s all my life’. But I didn’t want Jack to think I was a living advertisement for Colgate’s tooth paste.”

* * * * *

Beautiful teeth glisten gloriously. They compel the admiration of all who see them. And there is health as well as beauty in gleaming teeth, for when they are scrupulously kept clean, germs and poisons of decay can’t lurk and breed around them.

Remove Those Causes of Decay

Save yourself the embarrassment so often caused by poor teeth. Fight the germs of tooth decay.

Colgate’s will keep your teeth scrupulously clean. It reaches all the hard-to-get-at places between the teeth and around the edges of the gums, and so removes causes of tooth decay. It is the dependable tooth paste for you to use.

Washes—Polishes—Protects

The principal ingredients of Colgate’s are mild soap and fine chalk, the two

things that dental authorities say a safe dental cream should contain. The combined action of these ingredients washes, polishes and protects the delicate enamel of your teeth.

Use Colgate’s Regularly

Just remember that beautiful, healthy teeth are more a matter of good care than of good luck. Use Colgate’s after meals and at bedtime. It will keep your teeth clean and gloriously attractive.

And you’ll like its taste...even children love to use it regularly.

Priced right too! Large tube 25c.

Colgate & Co.
Limited



MADE IN CANADA

This might have been prevented

“Nerves”
Keep Her
From
Enjoying Life



Nervous Breakdown May Be Caused By Bad Teeth

Authorities Trace Many Other Diseases to Poisons of Tooth Decay

It hardly seems possible to those who haven’t studied the question, that bad teeth can have such harmful effect upon a person’s health.

But just ask your dentist or physician. Either one will give you the sane, simple reasons why decaying teeth may cause heart disease, rheumatism, and even shorten your very life itself.

Nervousness is very often caused by unhealthy teeth. Walker J. Burns, D. D. S., writing in the American Magazine, says:

“We are peculiarly liable to ‘nerve trouble’; and this is one reason why we need to keep careful watch over our teeth.”

Today it is recognized that tooth decay is a menace to the nation’s health. That is why preventive dentistry is sweeping the country.

In schools where preventive oral hygiene has been introduced, children have shown striking advance in health and mental vigor, and increased immunity to disease.

Conditions are improving but much must yet be done. Fight tooth decay before it starts.

Give yourself a chance.

Special Trial Tube Offer

COLGATE & CO. Limited, Dept. H.M.
72 St. Ambrose Street,
Montreal, Canada

I enclose two cents in stamps. Please send me a generous trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

Here are children using Colgate’s to fight tooth decay. Colgate co-operates with thousands of school officials and health authorities in teaching dental hygiene.